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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT

WITH A MEMOIR

TEN VOLUMES IN FIVE

VOL. IV.



BOSTON
HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN AND COMPANY
The Riverside Press, Cambridge



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MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

VOL. VI.

1

THE

BAR D'S I N C A N T A T I O N .

WRITTEN UNDER THE THREAT OF INVASION IN THE
AUTUMN OF 1804.¹

THE forest of Glenmore is drear,
It is of all black pine and the dark oak-tree ;
And the midnight wind, to the mountain deer,
Is whistling the forest lullaby :
The moon looks through the drifting storm,
But the troubled lake reflects not her form,
For the waves roll whitening to the land,
And dash against the shelvy strand.
There is a voice among the trees,
That mingles with the groaning oak—
That mingles with the stormy breeze,
And the lake-waves dashing against the
rock ;—

¹ [This poem was first published in the "English Min-
strelsy," 2 vols. Edin. 1810.]

There is a voice within the wood,
 The voice of the bard in fitful mood ;
 His song was louder than the blast,
 As the bard of Glenmore through the forest past.

“ Wake ye from your sleep of death,
 Minstrels and bards of other days !
 For the midnight wind is on the heath,
 And the midnight meteors dimly blaze :
 The Spectre with his Bloody Hand,¹
 Is wandering through the wild woodland ;
 The owl and the raven are mute for dread,
 And the time is meet to awake the dead !

“ Souls of the mighty, wake and say,
 To what high strain your harps were strung,
 When Lochlin plow'd her billowy way,
 And on your shores her Norsemen flung ?
 Her Norsemen train'd to spoil and blood,
 Skill'd to prepare the Raven's food,
 All, by your harpings doom'd to die
 On bloody Largs and Loncarty.²

“ Mute are ye all ? No murmurs strange
 Upon the midnight breeze sail by ;

¹ The forest of Glenmore is haunted by a spirit called Lhamdearg, or Red-hand.

² Where the Norwegian invader of Scotland received two bloody defeats

Nor through the pines, with whistling change,
 Mimic the harp's wild harmony !
 Mute are ye now ?—Ye ne'er were mute,
 When Murder with his bloody foot,
 And Rapine with his iron hand,
 Were hovering near yon mountain strand.

“ O yet awake the strain to tell,
 By every deed in song enroll'd,
 By every chief who fought or fell,
 For Albion's weal in battle bold ;—
 From Coilgach,¹ first who roll'd his car
 Through the deep ranks of Roman war,
 To him, of veteran memory dear,
 Who victor died on Aboukir.

“ By all their swords, by all their scars,
 By all their names, a mighty spell !
 By all their wounds, by all their wars,
 Arise, the mighty strain to tell !
 For fiercer than fierce Hengist's strain,
 More impious than the heathen Dane,
 More grasping than all-grasping Rome,
 Gaul's ravening legions hither come ! ”

The wind is hush'd, and still the lake—
 Strange murmurs fill my tingling ears,
 Bristles my hair, my sinews quake,

¹ The Galgacus of Tacitus.

At the dread voice of other years—
“ When targets clash’d, and bugles rung,
And blades round warriors’ heads were flung,
The foremost of the band were we,
And hymn’d the joys of Liberty ! ”

THE VIOLET.¹

THE violet in her green-wood bower,
Where birchen boughs with hazels mingle,
May boast itself the fairest flower
In glen, or copse, or forest dingle.

Though fair her gems of azure hue,
Beneath the dew-drop's weight reclining;
I've seen an eye of lovelier blue,
More sweet through wat'ry lustre shining.

The summer sun that dew shall dry,
Ere yet the day be past its morrow;
Nor longer in my false love's eye
Remain'd the tear of parting sorrow.

¹ [This and the following piece appeared in the "English Minstrelsy" vol. ii. Edinburgh: 1810.]

TO A LADY.

WITH FLOWERS FROM A ROMAN WALL.

TAKE these flowers, which, purple waving,
On the ruin'd rampart grew,
Where, the sons of freedom braving,
Rome's imperial standards flew.

Warriors from the breach of danger
Pluck no longer laurels there :
They but yield the passing stranger
Wild-flower wreath for Beauty's hair.

THE RESOLVE.¹

IN IMITATION OF AN OLD ENGLISH POEM—1809.

MY wayward fate I needs must plain,
Though bootless be the theme ;
I loved, and was beloved again,
Yet all was but a dream :
For, as her love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone ;
No more I'll bask in flame so hot,
But coldly dwell alone.

Not maid more bright than maid was e'er
My fancy shall beguile,
By flattering word, or feigned tear,
By gesture, look, or smile :
No more I'll call the shaft fair shot,
Till it has fairly flown,
Nor scorch me at a flame so hot ;—
I'll rather freeze alone.

¹ [Published in the Edinburgh Annual Register of 1808.]

Each ambush'd Cupid I'll defy,
In cheek, or chin, or brow,
And deem the glance of woman's eye
As weak as woman's vow :
I'll lightly hold the lady's heart,
That is but lightly won ;
I'll steal my breast to beauty's art,
And learn to live alone.

The flaunting torch soon blazes out,
The diamond's ray abides ;
The flame its glory hurls about,
The gem its lustre hides ;
Such gem I fondly deem'd was mine,
And glow'd a diamond stone,
But, since each eye may see it shine,
I'll darking dwell alone.

No waking dreams shall tinge my thought
With dyes so bright and vain,
No silken net, so slightly wrought,
Shall tangle me again :
No more I'll pay so dear for wit,
I'll live upon mine own,
Nor shall wild passion trouble it,—
I'll rather dwell alone.

And thus I'll hush my heart to rest,—
“Thy loving labour's lost ;
Thou shalt no more be wildly blest,

To be so strangely crost :
The widow'd turtles mateless die,
The phœnix is but one ;
They seek no loves—no more will I—
I'll rather dwell alone."

EPITAPH.¹

DESIGNED FOR A MONUMENT IN LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL, AT
THE BURLAL-PLACE OF THE FAMILY OF MISS SEWARD.

AMID these aisles, where once his precepts
show'd

The heavenward pathway which in life he trode,
This simple tablet marks a Father's bier,
And those he loved in life, in death are near;
For him, for them, a Daughter bade it rise,
Memorial of domestic charities.

Still wouldst thou know why o'er the marble
spread,

In female grace the willow droops her head;
Why on her branches, silent and unstrung,
The minstrel harp is emblematic hung;
What poet's voice is smother'd here in dust
Till waked to join the chorus of the just,—

¹ [Edinburgh Annual Register, 1809.]

Lo! one brief line an answer sad supplies,
Honour'd, beloved, and mourn'd, here SEWARD
lies!

Her worth, her warmth of heart, let friendship
say,—

Go seek her genius in her living lay.

ON THE
MASSACRE OF GLENCOE.¹

“O TELL me, Harper, wherefore flow
Thy wayward notes of wail and woe,
Far down the desert of Glencoe,
Where none may list their melody?”

¹ [The following succinct account of this too celebrated event, may be sufficient for this place:—

“In the beginning of the year 1692, an action of unexampled barbarity disgraced the government of King William III. in Scotland. In the August preceding, a proclamation had been issued, offering an indemnity to such insurgents as should take the oaths to the King and Queen, on or before the last day of December; and the chiefs of such tribes as had been in arms for James soon after took advantage of the proclamation. But Macdonald of Glencoe was prevented by accident, rather than design, from tendering his submission within the limited time. In the end of December he went to Colonel Hill, who commanded the garrison in Fort-William, to take the oaths of allegiance to the government; and the latter having furnished him with a letter to Sir Colin Camp-

¹ [First published in Thomson's Select Melodies, 1814.]

Say, harp'st thou to the mists that fly,
Or to the dun-deer glancing by,

bell, sheriff of the county of Argyll, directed him to repair immediately to Inverary, to make his submission in a legal manner before that magistrate. But the way to Inverary lay through almost impassable mountains, the season was extremely rigorous, and the whole country was covered with a deep snow. So eager, however, was Macdonald to take the oath before the limited time should expire, that, though the road lay within half a mile of his own house, he stopped not to visit his family, and, after various obstructions, arrived at Inverary. The time had elapsed, and the sheriff hesitated to receive his submission; but Macdonald prevailed by his importunities, and even tears, in inducing that functionary to administer to him the oath of allegiance, and to certify the cause of his delay. At this time Sir John Dalrymple, afterwards Earl of Stair, being in attendance upon William as Secretary of State for Scotland, took advantage of Macdonald's neglecting to take the oath within the time prescribed, and procured from the King a warrant of military execution against that chief and his whole clan. This was done at the instigation of the Earl of Breadalbane, whose lands the Glencoe men had plundered, and whose treachery to government in negotiating with the Highland clans, Macdonald himself had exposed. The King was accordingly persuaded that Glencoe was the main obstacle to the pacification of the Highlands; and the fact of the unfortunate chief's submission having been concealed, the sanguinary orders for proceeding to military execution against his clan were in consequence obtained. The warrant was both signed and countersigned by the King's own hand, and the Secretary urged the officers who commanded in the Highlands to execute their orders with the utmost rigour. Campbell of Glenlyon, a captain in Argyll's regiment, and two subalterns, were ordered to repair to Glencoe on the first of February with a hundred and twenty men. Campbell being uncle to young Macdonald's wife, was received by the father with all

Or to the eagle, that from high
Screams chorus to thy minstrelsy!—

“No, not to these, for they have rest,—
The mist-wreath has the mountain-crest,

manner of friendship and hospitality. The men were lodged at free quarters in the houses of his tenants, and received the kindest entertainment. Till the 13th of the month the troops lived in the utmost harmony and familiarity with the people; and on the very night of the massacre, the officers passed the evening at cards in Macdonald's house. In the night, Lieutenant Lindsay, with a party of soldiers, called in a friendly manner at his door, and was instantly admitted. Macdonald, while in the act of rising to receive his guest, was shot dead through the back with two bullets. His wife had already dressed; but she was stripped naked by the soldiers, who tore the rings off her fingers with their teeth. The slaughter now became general, and neither age nor infirmity was spared. Some women in defending their children, were killed; boys imploring mercy, were shot dead by officers on whose knees they hung. In one place nine persons, as they sat enjoying themselves at table, were butchered by the soldiers. In Inveriggon, Campbell's own quarters, nine men were first bound by the soldiers, and then shot at intervals, one by one. Nearly forty persons were massacred by the troops; and several who fled to the mountains perished by famine and the inclemency of the season. Those who escaped owed their lives to a tempestuous night. Lieutenant Colonel Hamilton, who had received the charge of the execution from Dalrymple, was on his march with four hundred men, to guard all the passes from the valley of Glencoe; but he was obliged to stop by the severity of the weather, which proved the safety of the unfortunate clan. Next day he entered the valley, laid the houses in ashes, and carried away the cattle and spoil, which were divided among the officers and soldiers.”—*Article “BRITAIN.” Encyc. Britannica—New Edition.*]

The stag his lair, the erne her nest,
Abode of lone security.
But those for whom I pour the lay,
Not wild-wood deep, nor mountain gray,
Not this deep dell, that shrouds from day,
Could screen from treach'rous cruelty.

“ Their flag was furl'd, and mute their drum,
The very household dogs were dumb,
Unwont to bay at guests that come
In guise of hospitality.
His blithest notes the piper plied,
Her gayest snood the maiden tied,
The dame her distaff flung aside,
To tend her kindly housewifery.

“ The hand that mingled in the meal,
At midnight drew the felon steel,
And gave the host's kind breast to feel
Meed for his hospitality !
The friendly hearth which warm'd that hand,
At midnight arm'd it with the brand,
That bade destruction's flames expand
Their red and fearful blazonry.

“ Then woman's shriek was heard in vain,
Nor infancy's unpitied plain,
More than the warrior's groan, could gain
Respite from ruthless butchery !

The winter wind that whistled shrill,
The snows that night that cloked the hill,
Though wild and pitiless, had still
 Far more than Southern clemency.

“Long have my harp’s best notes been gone,
Few are its strings, and faint their tone,
They can but sound in desert lone
 Their gray-hair’d master’s misery.
Were each gray hair a minstrel string,
Each chord should imprecations fling,
Till startled Scotland loud should ring,
 ‘Revenge for blood and treachery!’”

PROLOGUE
TO MISS BAILLIE'S PLAY,
OF THE
FAMILY LEGEND.¹

'Tis sweet to hear expiring Summer's sigh,
Through forests tinged with russet, wail and die ;
'Tis sweet and sad the latest notes to hear
Of distant music, dying on the ear ;
But far more sadly sweet, on foreign strand,
We list the legends of our native land,
Link'd as they come with every tender tie,
Memorials dear of youth and infancy.

Chief, thy wild tales, romantic Caledon,
Wake keen remembrance in each hardy son.

¹ [Miss Baillie's *Family Legend* was produced with considerable success on the Edinburgh stage in the winter of 1809-10. This prologue was spoken on that occasion by the Author's friend, Mr. Daniel Terry.]

Whether on India's burning coasts he toil,
 Or till Arcadia's¹ winter-fetter'd soil,
 He hears with throbbing heart and moisten'd eyes,
 And, as he hears, what dear illusions rise !
 It opens on his soul his native dell,
 The woods wild waving, and the water's swell ;
 Tradition's theme, the tower that threatens the
 plain,
 The mossy cairn that hides the hero slain :
 The cot beneath whose simple porch were told,
 By gray-hair'd patriarch, the tales of old ;
 The infant group that hush'd their sports the
 while,
 And the dear maid who listen'd with a smile.
 The wanderer, while the vision warms his brain,
 Is denizen of Scotland once again.

Are such keen feelings to the crowd confined,
 And sleep they in the Poet's gifted mind ?
 Oh no ! For She, within whose mighty page
 Each tyrant Passion shows his woe and rage,
 Has felt the wizard influence they inspire,
 And to your own traditions tuned her lyre.
 Yourselves shall judge—whoe'er has raised the sail
 By Mull's dark coast, has heard this evening's
 tale.

The plaided boatman, resting on his oar,
 Points to the fatal rock amid the roar

¹ Arcadia, or Nova Scotia.

Of whitening waves, and tells whate'er to-night
Our humble stage shall offer to your sight ;

Proudly preferr'd that first our efforts give
Scenes glowing from her pen to breathe and live
More proudly yet, should Caledon approve
The filial token of a Daughter's love.

EPILOGUE TO THE APPEAL.¹

SPOKEN BY MRS. HENRY SIDDONS,

FEB. 16, 1818.

A CAT of yore (or else old Æsop lied)
Was changed into a fair and blooming bride,
But spied a mouse upon her marriage-day,
Forgot her spouse, and seized upon her prey ;
Even thus my bridegroom lawyer, as you saw,
Threw off poor me, and pounced upon papa.
His neck from Hymen's mystic knot made loose,
He twisted round my sire's the literal noose.
Such are the fruits of our dramatic labour
Since the New Jail became our next-door neigh-
bour.²

Yes, times *are* changed ; for, in your father's age,
The lawyers were the patrons of the stage ;

¹ ["The Appeal," a Tragedy, by John Galt, the celebrated author of the "Annals of the Parish," and other Novels, was played for four nights at this time in Edinburgh.]

² It is necessary to mention, that the allusions in this piece are all local, and addressed only to the Edinburgh audience. The new prisons of the city, on the Calton Hill, are not far from the theatre.

However high advanced by future fate,
 There stands the bench (*points to the Pit*) that
 first received their weight.
 The future legal sage, 'twas ours to see,
 Doom though unwigg'd, and plead without a fee.

But now, astounding each poor mimic elf,
 Instead of lawyers comes the law herself ;
 Tremendous neighbour, on our right she dwells,
 Builds high her towers and excavates her cells ;
 While on the left, she agitates the town,
 With the tempestuous question, Up or down ?¹
 'Twixt Scylla and Charybdis thus stand we,
 Law's final end, and law's uncertainty.
 But, soft ! who lives at Rome the Pope must
 flatter,
 And jails and lawsuits are no jesting matter.
 Then—just farewell ! We wait with serious awe
 Till your applause or censure gives the law.
 Trusting our humble efforts may assure ye,
 We hold you Court and Counsel, Judge and Jury.

¹ At this time, the public of Edinburgh was much agitated by a lawsuit betwixt the magistrates and many of the inhabitants of the city, concerning a range of new buildings on the western side of the North Bridge, which the latter insisted should be removed as a deformity.

EPILOGUE

TO THE DRAMA FOUNDED ON "ST. RONAN'S WELL."

[*After the play, the following humorous address (ascribed to an eminent literary character) was spoken with infinite effect by Mr. Mackay in the character of Meg Dodds.*—*Edinburgh Weekly Journal, 9th June, 1824.*]

[*Enter MEG DODDS, encircled by a crowd of unruly boys, whom a town's-officer is driving off.*]

THAT'S right, friend—drive the gaitlings back,
And lend yon muckle ane a whack ;
Your Embro' bairns are grown a pack,
Sae proud and saucy,
They scarce will let an auld wife walk
Upon your causey.

I've seen the day they would been scaur'd,
Wi' the Tolbooth, or wi' the Guard,
Or maybe wud hae some regard
For Jamie Laing—¹

¹ [James Laing was one of the Depute-Clerks of the city of Edinburgh, and in his official connection with the Police and

The Water-hole¹ was right weel wared
On sic a gang.

But whar's the gude Tolbooth² gane now?
Whar's the auld Claught,³ wi' red and blue?
Whar's Jamie Lang? and whar's John Doo?⁴
And whar's the Weigh-house?⁵
Deil hae't I see but what is new,
Except the Playhouse!

Yoursells are changed frae head to heel,
There's some that gar the causeway reel
With clashing hufe and rattling wheel,
And horses canterin',
Wha's fathers' daundered hame as weel
Wi' lass and lantern.

the Council-Chamber, his name was a constant terror to evil-doers. He died in February, 1806.]

¹ [The Watch-hole.]

² [The Tolbooth of Edinburgh, The Heart of Mid-Lothian, was pulled down in 1817.]

³ [The ancient Town Guard. The reduced remnant of this body of police was finally disbanded in 1817.]

⁴ [John Doo, or Dhu—a terrific-looking and high-spirited member of the Town Guard, and of whom there is a print by Kay, etched in 1784.]

⁵ [The Weigh-House, situated at the head of the West Bow, Lawnmarket, and which had long been looked upon as an encumbrance to the street, was demolished in order to make way for the royal procession to the Castle, which took place on the 22d of August, 1822.]

Mysell being in the public line,
 I look for howfs I kenn'd lang syne,
 Whar gentles used to drink gude wine,
 And eat cheap dinners ;
 But deil a soul gangs there to dine,
 Of saints or sinners !

Fortune's¹ and Hunter's² gane, alas !
 And Bayle's³ is lost in empty space ;
 And now if folk would splice a brace,
 Or crack a bottle,
 They gang to a new-fangled place
 They ca' a Hottle.

The deevil hottle them for Meg !
 They are sae greedy and sae gleg,
 That if ye're served but wi' an egg,

¹ [Fortune's Tavern—a house on the west side of the Old Stamp Office Close, High Street, and which was, in the early part of the last century, the mansion of the Earl of Eglington.—The Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the day held his levees and dinners in this tavern.]

² [Hunter's—another once much-frequented tavern, in Writer's Court, Royal Exchange.]

³ [Bayle's Tavern and Coffee-house, originally on the North Bridge, east side, afterwards in Shakspeare Square, but removed to admit of the opening of Waterloo Place. Such was the dignified character of this house, that the waiter always appeared in full dress, and nobody was admitted who had not a white neckcloth—then considered an indispensable insignium of a gentleman.]

(And that's pair picking,)
 In comes a chiel and makes a leg,
 And charges chicken!

"And wha may ye be," gin ye speer,
 "That brings your auld-warld clavers here?"
 Troth, if there's onybody near
 That kens the roads,
 I'll haud ye Burgundy to beer,
 He kens Meg Dodds.

I came a piece frae west o' Currie;
 And, since I see you're in a hurry,
 Your patience I'll nae langer worry,
 But be sae crouse
 As speak a word for ane Will Murray,¹
 That keeps this house.

Plays are auld-fashion'd things, in truth,
 And ye've seen wonders mair uncouth;
 Yet actors shouldna suffer drouth,
 Or want of dramock,
 Although they speak but wi' their mouth,
 Not with their stamock.

But ye take care of a' folk's pantry;
 And surely to hae stoden sentry
 Ower this big house, (that's far frae rent-free,)

¹ [Mr. Wm. Murray became manager of the Edinburgh
 Theatre in 1815.]

For a lone sister,
Is claims as gude's to be a ventri—
How'st ca'd—loquister.

Weel, sirs, gude'en, and have a care,
The bairns mak fun o' Meg nae mair;
For gin they do, she tells you fair,
And without failzie,
As sure as ever ye sit there,
She'll tell the Bailie.

EPILOGUE¹

THE sages—for authority, pray, look
Seneca's morals, or the copy-book—
The sages to disparage woman's power.
Say, beauty is a fair, but fading flower;—
I cannot tell—I've small philosophy—
Yet, if it fades, it does not surely die,
But, like the violet, when decay'd in bloom,
Survives through many a year in rich perfume.
Witness our theme to-night, two ages gone,
A third wanes fast, since Mary fill'd the throne.
Brief was her bloom, with scarce one sunny day,
'Twixt Pinkie's field and fatal Fotheringay :
But when, while Scottish hearts and blood you
boast,
Shall sympathy with Mary's woes be lost ?
O'er Mary's memory the learned quarrel
By Mary's grave the poet plants his laurel,
Time's echo, old tradition, makes her name

¹ ["I recovered the above with some difficulty. I believe it was never spoken, but written for some play, afterwards withdrawn, in which Mrs. H. Siddons was to have spoken it in the character of Queen Mary."—*Extract from a letter of Sir Walter Scott to Mr. Constable, 22d October, 1824.*]

The constant burden of his fault'ring theme ;
In each old hall his grey-hair'd heralds tell
Of Mary's picture, and of Mary's cell,
And show—my fingers tingle at the thought—
The loads of tapestry which that poor Queen
wrought.

In vain did fate bestow a double dower
Of ev'ry ill that waits on rank and pow'r,
Of ev'ry ill on beauty that attends—
False ministers, false lovers, and false friends.
Spite of three wedlocks so completely curst,
They rose in ill from bad to worse, and worst,
In spite of errors—I dare not say more,
For Duncan Targe lays hand on his claymore.
In spite of all, however humours vary,
There is a talisman in that word Mary,
That unto Scottish bosoms all and some
Is found the genuine *open sesamum!*
In history, ballad, poetry, or novel,
It charms alike the castle and the hovel,
Even you—forgive me—who, demure and shy,
Gorge not each bait, nor stir at every fly,
Must rise to this, else in her ancient reign
The Rose of Scotland has survived in vain.

MR. KEMBLE'S FAREWELL ADDRESS,¹

ON TAKING LEAVE OF THE EDINBURGH STAGE.

As the worn war-horse, at the trumpet's sound,
Erects his mane, and neighs, and paws the ground—

¹[These lines first appeared, April 5. 1817, in a weekly sheet, called "The Sale Room," conducted and published by Messrs. Ballantyne and Co., at Edinburgh. In a note prefixed, Mr. James Ballantyne says, "The character fixed upon, with happy propriety, for Kemble's closing scene, was Macbeth, in which he took his final leave of Scotland on the evening of Saturday, the 29th March, 1817. He had laboured under a severe cold for a few days before, but on this memorable night the physical annoyance yielded to the energy of his mind.—'He was,' he said, in the green-room, immediately before the curtain rose, 'determined to leave behind him the most perfect specimen of his art which he had ever shown;' and his success was complete. At the moment of the tyrant's death the curtain fell by the universal acclamation of the audience. The applauses were vehement and prolonged; they ceased—were resumed—rose again—were reiterated—and again were hushed. In a few minutes the curtain ascended, and Mr. Kemble came forward in the dress of Macbeth, (the audience by a consentaneous movement rising to receive him,) to deliver his farewell. . . . "Mr. Kemble delivered these lines with exquisite beauty and with an effect

Disdains the ease his generous lord assigns,
 And longs to rush on the embattled lines,
 So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
 Can scarce sustain to think our parting near :
 To think my scenic hour forever past,
 And that those valued plaudits are my last.
 Why should we part, while still some powers re-
 main,
 That in your service strive not yet in vain ?
 Cannot high zeal the strength of youth supply,
 And sense of duty fire the fading eye ;
 And all the wrongs of age remain subdued
 Beneath the burning glow of gratitude ?
 Ah, no ! the taper, wearing to its close,
 Oft for a space in fitful lustre glows ;
 But all too soon the transient gleam is past,
 It cannot be renew'd, and will not last ;
 Even duty, zeal, and gratitude, can wage
 But short-lived conflict with the frosts of age.
 Yes ! It were poor, remembering what I was,
 To live a pensioner on your applause,
 To drain the dregs of your endurance dry,
 And take, as alms, the praise I once could buy ;

that was evidenced by the tears and sobs of many of the audience. His own emotions were very conspicuous. When his farewell was closed, he lingered long on the stage, as if unable to retire. The house again stood up, and cheered him with the waving of hats and long shouts of applause. At length, he finally retired, and, in so far as regards Scotland, the curtain dropped upon his professional life forever."]

Till every sneering youth around enquires,
 "Is this the man who once could please cur sires?"
 And scorn assumes compassion's doubtful mien,
 To warn me off from the encumber'd scene.
 This must not be;—and higher duties crave
 Some space between the theatre and the grave,
 That, like the Roman in the Capitol,
 I may adjust my mantle ere I fall:
 My life's brief act in public service flown,
 The last, the closing scene, must be my own.

Here, then, adieu! while yet some well-graced
 parts
 May fix an ancient favourite in your hearts,
 Not quite to be forgotten, even when
 You look on better actors, younger men:
 And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
 Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget—
 O, how forget!—how oft I hither came
 In anxious hope, how oft return'd with fame!
 How oft around your circle this weak hand
 Has waved immortal Shakspeare's magic wand,
 Till the full burst of inspiration came,
 And I have felt, and you have fann'd the flame!
 By mem'ry treasured, while her reign endures,
 Those hours must live—and all their charms are
 yours.

O favour'd Land! renown'd for arts and arms.
 For manly talent, and for female charms.

Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line,
What fervent benedictions now were thine !
But my last part is play'd, my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls faltering from my
tongue ;
And all that you can hear, or I can tell,
Is—Friends and Patrons, hail, and **FARE YOU**
WELL.

LINES,¹

WRITTEN FOR MISS SMITH.

WHEN the lone pilgrim views afar
The shrine that is his guiding star,
With awe his footsteps print the road
Which the loved saint of yore has trod.
As near he draws, and yet more near,
His dim eye sparkles with a tear ;
'The Gothic fane's unwonted show,
The choral hymn, the tapers' glow,
Oppress his soul ; while they delight
And chasten rapture with affright.

¹ [These lines were first printed in "The Forget-Me-Not, for 1834." They were written for recitation by the distinguished actress, Miss Smith, now Mrs. Bartley, on the night of her benefit at the Edinburgh Theatre, in 1817; but reached her too late for her purpose. In a letter which enclosed them, the poet intimated that they were written on the morning of the day on which they were sent—that he thought the idea better than the execution, and forwarded them with the hope of their adding perhaps "a little salt to the bill."]

No longer dare he think his toil
 Can merit aught his patron's smile ;
 Too light appears the distant way,
 The chilly eve, the sultry day—
 All these endured no favour claim,
 But murmuring forth the sainted name,
 He lays his little offering down,
 And only deprecates a frown.

We too, who ply the Thespian art,
 Oft feel such bodings of the heart,
 And, when our utmost powers are strain'd,
 Dare hardly hope your favour gain'd.
 She, who from sister climes has sought
 The ancient land where Wallace fought ;—
 Land long renown'd for arms and arts,
 And conquering eyes and dauntless hearts ;—¹
 She, as the flutterings *here* avow,
 Feels all the pilgrim's terrors *now* ;
 Yet sure on Caledonian plain
 The stranger never sued in vain.
 'Tis yours the hospitable task
 To give the applause she dare not ask ;
 And they who bid the pilgrim speed,
 The pilgrim's blessing be their meed.

¹ [" O favour'd land ! renown'd for arts and arms,
 For manly talent, and for female charms."]

Lines written for Mr. J. Kemble.

THE
SEARCH AFTER HAPPINESS;¹
OR,
THE QUEST OF SULTAUN SOLIMAUN.

WRITTEN IN 1817.

I.

O, FOR a glance of that gay Muse's eye,
That lighten'd on Bandello's laughing tale,
And twinkled with a lustre shrewd and sly,
When Giam Battista bade her vision hail!—²
Yet fear not, ladies, the *naïve* detail
Given by the natives of that land canorous;
Italian license loves to leap the pale,
We Britons have the fear of shame before us,
And, if not wise in mirth, at least must be decorous.

II.

In the far eastern clime, no great while since,
Lived Sultaun Solimaun, a mighty prince,
Whose eyes, as oft as they perform'd their round,

¹ [First published in "The Sale Room, No. V.," February 1, 1817.]

² The hint of the following tale is taken from *La Camiscia Magica*, a novel of Giam Battista Casti.

Beheld all others fix'd upon the ground ;
 Whose ears received the same unvaried phrase,
 " Sultaun ! thy vassal hears, and he obeys !"
 All have their tastes—this may the fancy strike
 Of such grave folks as pomp and grandeur like
 For me, I love the honest heart and warm
 Of Monarch who can amble round his farm,
 Or, when the toil of state no more annoys,
 In chimney corner seek domestic joys—
 I love a prince will bid the bottle pass,
 Exchanging with his subjects glance and glass ;
 In fitting time, can, gayest of the gay,
 Keep up the jest and mingle in the lay—
 Such Monarchs best our free-born humours suit,
 But Despots must be stately, stern, and mute.

III.

This Solimaun, Serendib had in sway—
 And where's Serendib ? may some critic say.—
 Good lack, mine honest friend, consult the chart,
 Scare not my Pegasus before I start !
 If Rennell has it not, you'll find, mayhap,
 The isle laid down in Captain Sindbad's map,—
 Famed mariner ! whose merciless narrations
 Drove every friend and kinsman out of patience,
 Till, fain to find a guest who thought them shorter
 He deign'd to tell them over to a porter—¹
 The last edition see, by Long. and Co.,
 Rees, Hurst, and Orme, our fathers in the Row.

¹[See the Arabian Nights' Entertainments.]

IV.

Serendib found, deem not my tale a fiction—
 This Suldaun, whether lacking contradiction—
 (A sort of stimulant which hath its uses,
 To raise the spirits and reform the juices,
 —Sovereign specific for all sorts of cures
 In my wife's practice, and perhaps in yours,)
 The Suldaun lacking this same wholesome bitter,
 Or cordial smooth for prince's palate fitter—
 Or if some Mollah had hag-rid his dreams
 With Degial, Ginnistan, and such wild themes
 Belonging to the Mollah's subtle craft,
 I wot not—but the Suldaun never laugh'd,
 Scarce ate or drank, and took a melancholy
 That scorn'd all remedy profane or holy ;
 In his long list of melancholies, mad,
 Or mazed, or dumb, hath Burton none so bad.¹

V.

Physicians soon arrived, sage, ware, and tried,
 As e'er scrawl'd jargon in a darken'd room ;
 With heedful glance the Suldaun's tongue they
 eyed,
 Peep'd in his bath, and God knows where beside,
 And then in solemn accent spoke their doom,
 " His majesty is very far from well."
 Then each to work with his specific fell :
 The Hakim Ibrahim *instantly* brought
 His unguent Mahazzim al Zerdukkaut,

¹[See Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy.]

While Roompot, a practitioner more wily,
 Relied on his Munaskif al fillfly.¹
 More and yet more in deep array appear,
 And some the front assail, and some the rear ;
 Their remedies to reinforce and vary,
 Came surgeon eke, and eke apothecary ;
 Till the tired Monarch, though of words grown
 chary,
 Yet dropt, to recompense their fruitless labour,
 Some hint about a bowstring or a sabre.
 There lack'd, I promise you, no longer speeches,
 To rid the palace of those learned leeches.

VI.

Then was the council call'd—by their advice,
 (They deem'd the matter ticklish all, and nice,
 And sought to shift it off from their own
 shoulders.)
 Tartars and couriers in all speed were sent,
 To call a sort of Eastern Parliament
 Of feudatory chieftains and freeholders—
 Such have the Persians at this very day,
 My gallant Malcolm calls them *couroultai* ;—²
 I'm not prepared to show in this slight song
 That to Serendib the same forms belong,—
 E'en let the learn'd go search, and tell me if I'm
 wrong.

¹ [For these hard words see D'Herbelot, or the learned editor of the Recipes of Avicenna.]

² See Sir John Malcolm's admirable History of Persia.

VII.

The Omrahs,¹ each with hand on scymitar,
 Gave, like Sempronius, still their voice for war—
 “The sabre of the Suldaun in its sheath
 Too long has slept, nor own'd the work of death;
 Let the Tambourgi bid his signal rattle,
 Bang the loud gong, and raise the shout of battle!
 This dreary cloud that dims our sovereign's day,
 Shall from his kindled bosom flit away,
 When the bold Lootie wheels his courser round,
 And the arm'd elephant shall shake the ground.
 Each noble pants to own the glorious summons—
 And for the charges—Lo! your faithful Com-
 mons!”

The Riots who attended in their places

(Serendib language calls a farmer Riot)

Look'd ruefully in one another's faces,

From this oration auguring much disquiet,
 Double assessment, forage, and free quarters;
 And fearing these as China-men the Tartars,
 Or as the whisker'd vermin fear the mousers,
 Each fumbled in the pocket of his trowsers.

VIII.

And next came forth the reverend Convocation,
 Bald heads, white beards, and many a turban
 green,
 Imaum and Mollah there of every station,
 Santon, Fakir, and Calendar were seen.

¹ Nobility.

Their votes were various—some advised a Mosque
 With fitting revenues should be erected,
 With seemly gardens and with gay Kiosque,
 To recreate a band of priests selected ;
 Others opined that through the realms a dole
 Be made to holy men, whose prayers might
 profit

The Sultaun's weal in body and in soul.

But their long-headed chief, the Sheik Ul-Sofit,
 More closely touch'd the point ;—" Thy studious
 mood,"

Quoth he, " O Prince! hath thicken'd all thy
 blood,

And dull'd thy brain with labour beyond measure ,
 Wherefore relax a space and take thy pleasure ;
 And toy with beauty, or tell o'er thy treasure ;
 From all the cares of state, my Liege, enlarge
 thee,

And leave the burden to thy faithful clergy."

IX.

These counsels sage availed not a whit,

And so the patient (as is not uncommon
 Where grave physicians lose their time and wit)

Resolved to take advice of an old woman ;
 His mother she, a dame who once was *beauteous*,
 And still was call'd so by each subject *duteous*.

Now, whether Fatima was witch in earnest,

Or only made believe, I cannot say—
 But she profess'd to cure disease the sternest,

By dint of magic amulet or lay ;
 And, when all other skill in vain was shown,
 She deem'd it fitting time to use her own.

X.

“ *Sympathia magica* hath wonders done,”
 (Thus did old Fatima bespeak her son,)
 “ It works upon the fibres and the pores,
 And thus, insensibly, our health restores,
 And it must help us here.—Thou must endure
 The ill, my son, or travel for the cure.
 Search land and sea, and get, where'er you can,
 The inmost vesture of a happy man,
 I mean his SHIRT, my son ; which, taken warm
 And fresh from off his back, shall chase your
 harm,
 Bid every current of your veins rejoice,
 And your dull heart leap light as shepherd-boy's.”
 Such was the counsel from his mother came ;—
 I know not if she had some under-game,
 As Doctors have, who bid their patients roam
 And live abroad, when sure to die at home ;
 Or if she thought, that, somehow or another,
 Queen-Regent sounded better than Queen-Mother ;
 But, says the Chronicle, (who will go look it,)
 That such was her advice—the Suldaun took it.

XI.

All are on board—the Suldaun and his train,
 In gilded galley prompt to plough the main.

The old Rais¹ was the first who question'd,
 "Whither?"

They paused—"Arabia," thought the pensive
 Prince,

"Was call'd The Happy many ages since—
 For Mokha, Rais."—And they came safely
 thither.

But not in Araby, with all her balm,
 Not where Judea weeps beneath her palm,
 Not in rich Egypt, not in Nubian waste,
 Could there the step of happiness be traced.
 One Copt alone profess'd to have seen her smile,
 When Bruce his goblet fill'd at infant Nile:
 She bless'd the dauntless traveller as he quaff'd,
 But vanish'd from him with the ended draught.

XII.

"Enough of turbans," said the weary King,
 "These dolimans of ours are not the thing;
 Try we the Giaours, these men of coat and cap, I
 Incline to think some of them must be happy;
 At least, they have as fair a cause as any can,
 They drink good wine and keep no Ramazan.
 Then northward, ho!"—The vessel cuts the sea,
 And fair Italia lies upon her lee.—
 But fair Italia, she who once unfurl'd
 Her eagle-banners o'er a conquer'd world,
 Long from her throne of domination tumbled,
 Lay, by her quondam vassals, sorely humbled;
 The Pope himself look'd pensive, pale, and lean,

¹ Master of the vessel.

And was not half the man he once had been.
 "While these the priest and those the noble
 fleeces,
 Our poor old boot,"¹ they said, "is torn to pieces.
 Its tops² the vengeful claws of Austria feel,
 And the Great Devil is rending toe and heel."³
 If happiness you seek, to tell you truly,
 We think she dwells with one Giovanni Bulli;
 A tramontane, a heretic,—the buck,
 Poffaredio! still has all the luck;
 By land or ocean never strikes his flag—
 And then—a perfect walking money-bag."
 Off set our Prince to seek John Bull's abode,
 But first took France—it lay upon the road.

XIII.

Monsieur Baboon, after much late commotion,
 Was agitated like a settling ocean,
 Quite out of sorts, and could not tell what ail'd him,
 Only the glory of his house had fail'd him;
 Besides, some tumours on his noddle biding,
 Gave indication of a recent hiding⁴
 Our Prince, though Sultauns of such things are
 heedless,
 Thought it a thing indelicate and needless
 To ask, if at that moment he was happy.

¹ The well-known resemblance of Italy in the map.

² Florence, Venice, &c.

³ The Calabrias, infested by bands of assassins. One of the leaders was called Fra Diavolo, *i. e.* Brother Devil.

⁴ Or drubbing; so called in the Slang Dictionary.

And Monsieur, seeing that he was *comme il faut*, a
Loud voice muster'd up, for "*Vive le Roi!*"

Then whisper'd, "Ave you any news of Nap-
py?"

The Sulstaun answer'd him with a cross question,—

"Pray, can you tell me aught of one John
Bull,

That dwells somewhere beyond your herring-
pool?"

The query seem'd of difficult digestion,

The party shrugg'd and grinn'd, and took his
snuff,

And found his whole good-breeding scarce enough.

XIV.

Twitching his visage into as many puckers
As damsels wont to put into their tuckers,
(Ere liberal Fashion damn'd both lace and lawn,
And bade the veil of modesty be drawn,)

Replied the Frenchman, after a brief pause,

"Jean Bool!—I vas not know him—Yes, I vas—

I vas remember dat, von year or two,

I saw him at von place call'd Vaterloo—

Ma foi! il s'est tres joliment battu,

Dat is for Englishman,—m'entendez-vous?

But den he had wit him one damn son-gun,

Rogue I no like—dey call him Vellington."

Monsieur's politeness could not hide his fret,

So Solimaun took leave, and cross'd the strait.

XV.

John Bull was in his very worst of moods,
 Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods;
 His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,
 And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo.
 His wars were ended, and the victory won,
 But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John;
 And authors vouch, 'twas still this Worthy's
 way,

“Never to grumble till he came to pay;
 And then he always thinks, his temper's such,
 The work too little, and the pay too much.”¹

Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,
 That when his mortal foe was on the floor,
 And past the power to harm his quiet more,

Poor John had wellnigh wept for Bonaparte!
 Such was the wight whom Solimaun salam'd,—
 “And who are you,” John answer'd, “and be
 d—d?”

XVI.

“A stranger, come to see the happiest man,—
 So, signior, all avouch,—in Frangistan.”—²
 “Happy? my tenants breaking on my hand;
 Unstock'd my pastures, and untill'd my land;
 Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths
 The sole consumers of my good broadcloths—

¹ See the True-Born Englishman, by Daniel De Foe.

² Europe.

Happy?—Why, cursed war and racking tax
 Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs.”—
 “In that case, signior, I may take my leave;
 I came to ask a favour—but I grieve”——
 “Favour?” said John, and eyed the Sultaun
 hard,
 “It’s my belief you came to break the yard!—
 But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner,—
 Take that to buy yourself a shirt and dinner.”—
 With that he chuck’d a guinea at his head;
 But, with due dignity, the Sultaun said,
 “Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline;
 A *shirt* indeed I seek, but none of thine.
 Signior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well.”—
 “Kiss and be d—d,” quoth John, “and go to hell!”

XVII.

Next door to John there dwelt his sister Peg,
 Once a wild lass as ever shook a leg
 When the blithe bagpipe blew—but, soberer now,
 She *doucely* span her flax and milk’d her cow.
 And whereas erst she was a needy slattern,
 Nor now of wealth or cleanliness a pattern,
 Yet once a-month her house was partly swept,
 And once a-week a plenteous board she kept.
 And whereas, eke, the vixen used her claws
 And teeth, of yore, on slender provocation,
 She now was grown amenable to laws,
 A quiet soul as any in the nation;
 The sole remembrance of her warlike joys

Was in old songs she sang to please her boys.
 John Bull, whom, in their years of early strife,
 She wont to lead a cat-and-doggish life,
 Now found the woman, as he said, a neighbour,
 Who look'd to the main chance, declined no
 labour,
 Loved a long grace, and spoke a northern jargon,
 And was d—d close in making of a bargain.

XVIII.

The Sulstaun enter'd and he made his leg,
 And with decorum curtsy'd sister Peg;
 (She loved a book, and knew a thing or two,
 And guess'd at once with whom she had to do.)
 She bade him "Sit into the fire," and took
 Her dram, her cake, her kebbuck from the nook;
 Ask'd him "about the news from Eastern parts;
 And of her absent bairns, puir Highland hearts!
 If peace brought down the price of tea and pepper,
 And if the *nitmugs* were grown *ony* cheaper;—
 Were there nae *speerings* of our Mungo Park—
 Ye'll be the gentleman that wants the sark?
 If ye wad buy a web o' auld wife's spinning,
 I'll warrant ye it's a weel-wearing linen."

XIX.

Then up got Peg, and round the house 'gan scuttle
 In search of goods her customer to nail,
 Until the Sulstaun strain'd his princely throttle,
 And hollo'd,—"Ma'am, that is not what I ail.

Pray, are you happy, ma'am, in this snug glen?"—
 "Happy?" said Peg; "What for d'ye want to
 ken?"

Besides, just think upon this by-gane year,
 Grain wadna pay the yoking of the pleugh."—
 "What say you to the present?"—"Meal's sae
 dear,

To mak their *brose* my bairns have scarce
 aneugh."—

"The devil take the shirt," said Solimaun,
 "I think my quest will end as it began.—
 Farewell, ma'am; nay, no ceremony, I beg"——
 "Ye'll no be for the linen then?" said Peg.

XX.

Now for the land of verdant Erin,
 The Sultaun's royal bark is steering,
 The Emerald Isle, where honest Paddy dwells,
 The cousin of John Bull, as story tells.
 For a long space had John, with words of thunder
 Hard looks, and harder knocks, kept Paddy
 under,
 Till the poor lad, like boy that's flogg'd unduly,
 Had gotten somewhat restive and unruly.
 Hard was his lot and lodging, you'll allow.
 A wigwam that would hardly serve a sow,
 His landlord, and of middle-men two brace,
 Had screw'd his rent up to the starving-place;
 His garment was a top-coat, and an old one,
 His meal was a potato, and a cold one;

But still for fun or frolic, and all that,
In the round world was not the match of Pat.

XXI.

The Suldaun saw him on a holiday,
Which is with Paddy still a jolly day :
When mass is ended, and his load of sins
Confess'd, and Mother Church hath from her
 binns
Dealt forth a bonus of imputed merit,
Then is Pat's time for fancy, whim, and spirit !
To jest, to sing, to caper fair and free,
And dance as light as leaf upon the tree.
"By Mahomet," said Suldaun Solimaun,
"That ragged fellow is our very man !
Rush in and seize him—do not do him hurt,
But, will he nill he, let me have his *shirt*."

XXII.

Shilela their plan was wellnigh after baulking,
(Much less provocation will set it a-walking,)
But the odds that foil'd Hercules foil'd Paddy
 Whack ;
They seized, and they floor'd, and they stripp'd
 him—Alack !
Up-bubboo ! Paddy had not—a shirt to his
 back !!!
And the King, disappointed, with sorrow and
 shame,
Went back to Serendib as sad as he came.

THE
DANCE OF DEATH.¹

I.

NIGHT and morning² were at meeting
Over Waterloo ;
Cocks had sung their earliest greeting ;
Faint and low they crew,
For no paly beam yet shone
On the heights of Mount Saint John ;
Tempest-clouds prolong'd the sway
Of timeless darkness over day ;
Whirlwind, thunder-clap, and shower,
Mark'd it a predestined hour.
Broad and frequent through the night
Flash'd the sheets of levin-light ;
Muskets, glancing lightnings back,
Show'd the dreary bivouack
Where the soldier lay,
Chill and stiff, and drench'd with rain,
Wishing dawn of morn again,
Though death should come with day.

¹ [Originally published in 1815, in the *Edinburgh Annual Register*, vol. v.]

² [MS.—“ Dawn and darkness.”]

II.

'Tis at such a tide and hour,
Wizard, witch, and fiend, have power,
And ghastly forms through mist and shower
 Gleam on the gifted ken;
And then the affrighted prophet's ear
Drinks whispers strange of fate and fear
Presaging death and ruin near
 Among the sons of men ;—
Apart from Albyn's war-array,
'Twas then grey Allan sleepless lay ;
Grey Allan, who, for many a day,
 Had follow'd stout and stern,
Where, through battle's rout and reel,
Storm of shot and hedge of steel,
Led the grandson of Lochiel,
 Valiant Fassiefern.
Through steel and shot he leads no more,
Low laid 'mid friends' and foemen's gore—
But long his native lake's wild shore,
And Sunart rough, and high Ardgower,
 And Morven long shall tell,
And proud Bennevis hear with awe,
How, upon bloody Quatre-Bras,
Brave Cameron heard the wild hurra
 Of conquest as he fell.¹

¹ [See note, vol. viii. p. 260.]

III.

'Lone on the outskirts of the host,
 The weary sentinel held post,
 And heard, through darkness far aloof,
 The frequent clang ¹ of courser's hoof,
 Where held the cloak'd patrol their course,
 And spurr'd 'gainst storm the swerving horse
 But there are sounds in Allan's ear,
 Patrol nor sentinel may hear,
 And sights before his eye aghast
 Invisible to them have pass'd,

 When down the destined plain,
 'Twixt Britain and the bands of France,
 Wild as marsh-borne meteors glance,
 Strange phantoms wheel'd a revel dance,
 And doom'd the future slain.—

Such forms were seen, such sounds were heard,
 When Scotland's James his march prepared
 For Flodden's fatal plain ; ²

Such, when he drew his ruthless sword,
 As Choosers of the Slain, adored
 The yet unchristen'd Dane.

An indistinct and phantom band,
 They wheel'd their ring-dance hand in hand,
 With gestures wild and dread ;

The Seer, who watch'd them ride the storm,
 Saw through their faint and shadowy form

¹ [MS.—“ Oft came the clang,” &c.]

² [See *ante*, vol. ii., Marmion, canto v., stanzas 24, 25, 28, and Appendix, Note N, p. 396.]

The lightning's flash more red ;
And still their ghastly roundelay
Was of the coming battle-fray,
And of the destined dead.

IV.

SONG.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Our airy feet,
So light and fleet,
They do not bend the rye
That sinks its head when whirlwinds rave,
And swells again in eddying wave,
As each wild gust blows by ;
But still the corn,
At dawn of morn,
Our fatal steps that bore,
At eve lies waste,
A trampled paste
Of blackening mud and gore.

V.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,

And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Wheel the wild dance !
Brave sons of France,
For you our ring makes room ;
Make space full wide
For martial pride,
For banner, spear, and plume.
Approach, draw near,
Proud cuirassier !
Room for the men of steel !
Through crest and plate
The broadsword's weight
Both head and heart shall feel.

VI.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.

Sons of the spear !
You feel us near,
In many a ghastly dream ;
With fancy's eye

Our forms you spy,
And hear our fatal scream.
With clearer sight
Ere falls the night,
Just when to weal or woe
Your disembodied souls take flight
On trembling wing—each startled sprite
Our choir of death shall know.

VII.

Wheel the wild dance
While lightnings glance,
And thunders rattle loud,
And call the brave
To bloody grave,
To sleep without a shroud.
Burst, ye clouds, in tempest showers
Redder rain shall soon be ours—
See the east grows wan—
Yield we place to sterner game,
Ere deadlier bolts and direr flame
Shall the welkin's thunders shame ;
Elemental rage is tame
To the wrath of man.

VIII.

At morn, grey Allan's mates with awe
Heard of the vision'd sights he saw,
The legend heard him say ;
But the Seer's gifted eye was dim,

Deafen'd his ear, and stark his limb,
Ere closed that bloody day—
He sleeps far from his Highland heath,—
But often of the Dance of Death
His comrades tell the tale,
On picquet-post, when ebbs the night,
And waning watch-fires glow less bright,
And dawn is glimmering pale.

SAINT CLOUD.

[*Paris, 5th September, 1815.*]

SOFT spread the southern summer night
Her veil of darksome blue ;
Ten thousand stars combined to light
The terrace of Saint Cloud.

The evening breezes gently sigh'd,
Like breath of lover true,
Bewailing the deserted pride
And wreck of sweet Saint Cloud.

The drum's deep roll was heard afar,
The bugle wildly blew
Good-night to Hulan and Hussar,
That garrison Saint Cloud.

The startled Naiads from the shade
With broken urns withdrew,
And silenced was that proud cascade,
The glory of Saint Cloud.

We sate upon its steps of stone,
Nor could its silence¹ rue,
When waked, to music of our own,
The echoes of Saint Cloud.

Slow Seine might hear each lovely note
Fall light as summer dew,
While through the moonless² air they float,
Prolong'd from fair Saint Cloud.

And sure a melody more sweet
His waters never knew,
Though music's self was wont to meet
With Princes at Saint Cloud.

Nor then, with more delighted ear,
The circle round her drew,
Than ours, when gather'd round to hear,
Our songstress³ at St. Cloud.

Few happy hours poor mortals pass,—
Then give those hours their due,
And rank among the foremost class
Our evenings at Saint Cloud.

¹ [MS.—“ Absence.”]

² [MS.—“ Midnight.”]

³ [These lines were written after an evening spent at Saint Cloud with the late Lady Alvanley and her daughters, one of whom was the songstress alluded to in the text.]

LINES,¹

ADDRESSED TO

RANALD MACDONALD, ESQ., OF STAFFA.

STAFFA, sprung from high Macdonald,
Worthy branch of old Clan Ranald!
Staffa! king of all kind fellows!
Well befall thy hills and valleys,
Lakes and inlets, deeps and shallows—
Cliffs of darkness, caves of wonder,
Echoing the Atlantic thunder;
Mountains which the grey mist covers,
Where the Chieftain spirit hovers,
Pausing while his pinions quiver,
Stretch'd to quit our land for ever!
Each kind influence reign above thee!
Warmer heart, 'twixt this and Staffa
Beats not, than in heart of Staffa!

¹ [These lines were written in the Album, kept at the Sound of Ulva Inn, in the month of August, 1814.]

LINES,

ADDRESSED TO MONSIEUR ALEXANDRE,¹ THE CELEBRATED
VENTRILOQUIST.

OF yore, in old England, it was not thought good
To carry two visages under one hood ;
What should folk say to *you*? who have faces
such plenty,
That from under one hood, you last night show'd
us twenty !
Stand forth, arch-deceiver, and tell us in truth,
Are you handsome or ugly, in age or in youth ?

¹ [“ *When Monsieur Alexandre, the celebrated ventriloquist, was in Scotland, in 1824, he paid a visit to Abbotsford, where he entertained his distinguished host, and the other visitors, with his unrivalled imitations. Next morning, when he was about to depart, Sir Walter felt a good deal embarrassed, as to the sort of acknowledgment he should offer ; but at length, resolving that it would probably be most agreeable to the young foreigner to be paid in professional coin, if in any, he stepped aside for a few minutes, and, on returning, presented him with this epigram. The reader need hardly be reminded, that Sir Walter Scott held the office of Sheriff of the county of Selkirk.*”—Scotch Newspaper, 1830.]

Man, woman, or child—a dog or a mouse?
Or are you, at once, each live thing in the house?
Each live thing, did I ask?—each dead implement,
 too,
A work-shop in your person,—saw, chisel, and
 screw!
Above all, are you one individual? I know
You must be at least Alexandre and Co.
But I think you're a troop—an assemblage—a
 mob,
And that I, as the Sheriff, should take up the job;
And instead of rehearsing your wonders in verse,
Must read you the Riot-Act, and bid you disperse.

ABBOTSFORD, 23d April.¹

¹ [The lines, with this date, appeared in the Edinburgh Annual Register of 1824. M. Alexandre Vattemaire became celebrated as the originator of the system of international literary exchanges.]

VERSES,

COMPOSED FOR THE OCCASION, ADAPTED TO HAYDN'S AIR,

"God save the Emperor Francis,"

AND SUNG BY A SELECT BAND AFTER THE DINNER GIVEN
BY THE LORD PROVOST OF EDINBURGH TO THE

GRAND-DUKE NICHOLAS OF RUSSIA

AND HIS SUITE, 19th DECEMBER, 1816.

GOD protect brave ALEXANDER,
Heaven defend the noble Czar,
Mighty Russia's high Commander,
First in Europe's banded war;
For the realms he did deliver
From the tyrant overthrown,
Thou, of every good the Giver,
Grant him long to bless his own!
Bless him, 'mid his land's disaster,
For her rights who battled brave,
Of the land of foemen master,

Bless him who their wrongs forgave.
O'er his just resentment victor,
Victor over Europe's foes,
Late and long supreme director,
Grant in peace his reign may close.
Hail! then, hail! illustrious Stranger!
Welcome to our mountain strand;
Mutual interests, hopes, and danger,
Link us with thy native land.
Freemen's force, or false beguiling,
Shall that union ne'er divide,
Hand in hand while peace is smiling,
And in battle side by side.¹

¹ [Mr., afterwards Sir William Arbuthnot, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, who had the honor to entertain the Grand-Duke, now Emperor of Russia, was a personal friend of Sir Walter Scott's; and these *Verses*, with their heading, are now given from the newspapers of 1816.]

FROM THE FRENCH.¹

It chanced that Cupid on a season,
By Fancy urged, resolved to wed,
But could not settle whether Reason
Or Folly should partake his bed.

What does he then?—Upon my life,
'Twas bad example for a deity—
He takes me Reason for a wife,
And Folly for his hours of gayety.

Though thus he dealt in petty treason,
He loved them both in equal measure;
Fidelity was born of Reason,
And Folly brought to bed of Pleasure.

¹ [This trifle is from the French collection, found at Waterloo.—See Paul's Letters.]

EPITAPH ON MRS. ERSKINE.¹

[1819.]

PLAIN, as her native dignity of mind,
Arise the tomb of her we have resign'd ;
Unflaw'd and stainless be the marble scroll,
Emblem of lovely form, and candid soul.—
But, oh ! what symbol may avail, to tell
The kindness, wit, and sense we loved so well !
What sculpture show the broken ties of life,
Here buried with the parent, friend, and wife !
Or on the tablet stamp each title dear,
By which thine urn, EUPHEMIA, claims the tear !
Yet taught, by thy meek sufferance, to assume
Patience in anguish, hope beyond the tomb,
Resign'd, though sad, this votive verse shall flow,
And brief, alas ! as thy brief span below.

¹ [Mrs. Euphemia Robison, wife of William Erskine, Esq. (afterwards Lord Kinnedder,) died September, 1819, and was buried at Saline in the county of Fife, where these lines are inscribed on the tombstone.]

INSCRIPTION

FOR THE MONUMENT OF THE REV. GEORGE SCOTT.¹

To youth, to age, alike, this tablet pale
Tells the brief moral of its tragic tale.
Art thou a parent? Reverence this bier,
The parents' fondest hopes lie buried here.
Art thou a youth, prepared on life to start,
With opening talents and a generous heart,
Fair hopes and flattering prospects all thine own?
Lo! here their end—a monumental stone.
But let submission tame each sorrowing thought,
Heaven crown'd its champion ere the fight was
fought.

¹ [This young gentleman, a son of the Author's friend and relation, Hugh Scott of Harden, Esq., became Rector of Kentisbeare, in Devonshire, in 1828, and died there the 9th June, 1830. This epitaph appears on his tomb in the chancel there.]

PHAROS LOQUITUR.*

FAR in the bosom of the deep,
O'er these wild shelves my watch I keep;
A ruddy gem of changeful light,
Bound on the dusky brow of night,
The seaman bids my lustre hail,
And scorns to strike his timorous sail.

* [" On the 30th of July, 1814, Mr Hamilton,¹ Mr Erskine², and Mr Duff,³ Commissioners, along with Mr (now Sir) Walter Scott, and the writer, visited the Lighthouse; the Commissioners being then on one of their voyages of inspection, noticed in the Introduction. They breakfasted in the Library, when Sir Walter, at the entreaty of the party, upon inscribing his name in the Album, added these interesting lines."— STEVENSON'S *Account of the Bell-Rock Lighthouse*. 1824.]

¹ The late Robert Hamilton, Esq., Advocate, long Sheriff-Depute of Lanarkshire, and afterwards one of the Principal Clerks of Session in Scotland—died in 1831.

² Afterwards Lord Kinnedder.

³ Adam Duff, Esq., Sheriff-Depute of the county of Edinburgh.

THE POACHER.

WELCOME, grave Stranger, to our green retreats,
Where health with exercise and freedom meets !
Thrice welcome, Sage, whose philosophic plan
By Nature's limits metes the rights of man ;
Generous as he, who now for freedom bawls,
Now gives full value for true Indian shawls :
O'er court, o'er customhouse, his shoe who flings,
Now bilks excisemen, and now bullies kings.
Like his, I ween, thy comprehensive mind
Holds laws as mouse-traps baited for mankind ;
Thine eye, applausive, each sly vermin sees,
That baulks the snare, yet battens on the cheese ;
Thine ear has heard, with scorn instead of awe,
Our bucksinn'd justices expound the law,
Wire-draw the acts that fix for wires the pain,
And for the netted partridge noose the swain ;
And thy vindictive arm would fain have broke
The last light fetter of the feudal yoke,

To give the denizens of wood and wild,
 Nature's free race, to each her free-born child.
 Hence hast thou mark'd, with grief, fair London's
 race,
 Mock'd with the boon of one poor Easter chase,
 And long'd to send them forth as free as when
 Pour'd o'er Chantilly the Parisian train,
 When musket, pistol, blunderbuss, combined,
 And scarce the field-pieces were left behind !
 A squadron's charge each leveret's heart dismay'd,
 On every covey fired a bold brigade :
La Douce Humanité approved the sport,
 For great the alarm indeed, yet small the hurt.
 Shouts patriotic solemnized the day,
 And Seine re-echo'd *Vive la Liberté !*
 But mad *Citoyen*, meek *Monsieur* again,
 With some few added links resumes his chain.
 Then since such scenes to France no more are
 known,
 Come, view with me a hero of thine own !
 One, whose free actions vindicate the cause
 Of sylvan liberty o'er feudal laws.

Seek we yon glades, where the proud oak
 o'ertops
 Wide-waving seas of birch and hazel copse,
 Leaving between deserted isles of land,
 Where stunted heath is patch'd with ruddy sand ;
 And lonely on the waste the yew is seen,
 Or straggling hollies spread a brighter green.

Here, little worn, and winding dark and steep,
Our scarce mark'd path descends yon dingle
deep :

Follow—but heedful, cautious of a trip,—
In earthly mire philosophy may slip.
Step slow and wary o'er that swampy stream,
Till, guided by the charcoal's smothering steam,
We reach the frail yet barricaded door
Of hovel form'd for poorest of the poor ;
No hearth the fire, no vent the smoke receives,
The walls are wattles, and the covering leaves ;
For, if such hut, our forest statutes say,
Rise in the progress of one night and day,
(Though placed where still the Conqueror's hests
o'erawe,

And his son's stirrup shines the badge of law,)
The builder claims the unenviable boon,
To tenant dwelling, framed as slight and soon
As wigwam wild, that shrouds the native frore
On the bleak coast of frost-barr'd Labrador.¹

Approach, and through the unlatticed window
peep—
Nay, shrink not back, the inmate is asleep ;

¹ Such is the law in the New Forest, Hampshire, tending greatly to increase the various settlements of thieves, smugglers, and deer-stealers, who infest it. In the forest courts the presiding judge wears as a badge of office an antique stirrup, said to have been that of William Rufus. See Mr William Rose's spirited poem, entitled "The Red King."

! "To the bleak coast of *savage* Labrador"—FALCONER.]

Sunk 'mid yon sordid blankets, till the sun
 Stoop to the west the plunderer's toils are done.
 Loaded and primed, and prompt for desperate
 hand,

Rifle and fowling-piece beside him stand,
 While round the hut are in disorder laid
 The tools and booty of his lawless trade ;
 For force or fraud, resistance or escape,
 The crow, the saw, the bludgeon, and the crape.
 His pilfer'd powder in yon nook he hoards,
 And the filch'd lead the church's roof affords—
 (Hence shall the rector's congregation fret,
 That while his sermon's dry his walls are wet.)
 The fish-spear barb'd, the sweeping net are there,
 Doe-hides, and pheasant plumes, and skins of
 hare,

Cordage for toils, and wiring for the snare.
 Barter'd for game from chase or warren won,
 Yon cask holds moonlight,¹ run when moon was
 none ;
 And late-snatch'd spoils lie stow'd in hutch apart,
 To wait the associate higgler's evening cart.

Look on his pallet foul, and mark his rest :
 What scenes perturb'd are acting in his breast !
 His sable brow is wet and wrung with pain,
 And his dilated nostril toils in vain ;
 For short and scant the breath each effort draws,
 And 'twixt each effort Nature claims a pause.

¹ A cant term for smuggled spirits.

Beyond the loose and sable neckcloth stretch'd,
 His sinewy throat seems by convulsion twitch'd,
 While the tongue falters, as to utterance loath,
 Sounds of dire import—watchword, threat, and
 oath.

Though, stupefied by toil, and drugg'd with gin,
 The body sleep, the restless guest within
 Now plies on wood and wold his lawless trade,
 Now in the fangs of justice wakes dismay'd.—

“ Was that wild start of terror and despair,
 Those bursting eyeballs, and that wilder'd air,
 Signs of compunction for a murder'd hare ?
 Do the locks bristle and the eyebrows arch,
 For grouse or partridge massacred in March ? ”—

No, scoffer, no ! Attend, and mark with awe,
 There is no wicket in the gate of law !
 He, that would e'er so lightly set ajar
 That awful portal, must undo each bar ;
 Tempting occasion, habit, passion, pride,
 Will join to storm the breach, and force the barrier
 wide.

That ruffian, whom true men avoid and dread,
 Whom bruisers, poachers, smugglers, call Black
 Ned,
 Was Edward Mansell once ;—the lightest heart,
 That ever play'd on holyday his part !
 The leader he in every Christmas game,

The harvest-feast grew blither when he came,
And liveliest on the chords the bow did glance,
When Edward nam'd the tune and led the dance.
Kind was his heart, his passions quick and strong,
Hearty his laugh, and jovial was his song ;
And if he loved a gun, his father swore,
" 'Twas but a trick of youth would soon be o'er,
Himself had done the same some thirty years
before."

But he, whose humours spurn law's awful yoke,
Must herd with those by whom law's bonds are
broke ;
The common dread of justice soon allies
The clown who robs the warren, or excise,
With sterner felons train'd to act more dread,
Even with the wretch by whom his fellow bled.
Then, as in plagues the foul contagions pass,
Leavening and festering the corrupted mass,—
Guilt leagues with guilt, while mutual motives
draw,
Their hope impunity, their fear the law ;
Their foes, their friends, their rendezvous the
same,
Till the revenue baulk'd, or pilfer'd game,
Flesh the young culprit, and example leads
To darker villany, and direr deeds.

Wild howl'd the wind the forest glades along,
And oft the owl renew'd her dismal song ;

Around the spot where erst he felt the wound,
Red William's spectre walk'd his midnight round.
When o'er the swamp he cast his blighting look,
From the green marshes of the stagnant brook
The bittern's sullen shout the sedges shook !
The wading moon, with storm-presaging gleam,
Now gave and now withheld her doubtful beam ;
The old Oak stoop'd his arms, then flung them
 high,
Bellowing and groaning to the troubled sky—
'Twas then, that, couch'd amid the brushwood
 sere,
In Malwood-walk young Mansell watch'd the
 deer :
The fattest buck received his deadly shot—
The watchful keeper heard, and sought the spot.
Stout were their hearts, and stubborn was their
 strife,
O'erpower'd at length the Outlaw drew his knife.
Next morn a corpse was found upon the fell—
The rest his waking agony may tell !

THE DEATH OF KEELDAR.

PERCY or Percival Rede of Trochend, in Redesdale, Northumberland, is celebrated in tradition as a huntsman and a soldier. He was, upon two occasions, singularly unfortunate; once, when an arrow, which he had discharged at a deer, killed his celebrated dog Keeldar; and again, when, being on a hunting party, he was betrayed into the hands of a clan called Crossar, by whom he was murdered. Mr. Cooper's painting of the first of these incidents, suggested the following stanzas: — *

UP rose the sun, o'er moor and mead;
Up with the sun rose Percy Rede;
Brave Keeldar, from his couples freed,
 Career'd along the lea;
The Palfrey sprung with sprightly bound,
As if to match the gamesome hound;
His horn the gallant huntsman wound:
 They were a jovial three!

* These verses originally appeared in the *Gem* for 1829, (an annual edited for several years by Thomas Hood,) and there accompany an engraving from Cooper's picture. We owe them, however, to a very well edited collection of Scott's poetry in a single volume, published in Philadelphia, 1854. A ballad on the *Death of Percy Reed* is printed in Richardson's *Borderer's Table-Book*, ii. 364, and has been repeated in several other collections.

Man, hound, or horse, of higher fame,
 To wake the wild deer never came,
 Since Alnwick's Earl pursued the game,
 On Cheviot's rueful day ;
 Keeldar was matchless in his speed,
 Than Tarras, ne'er was stauncher steed,
 A peerless archer, Percy Rede :
 And right dear friends were they.

The chase engross'd their joys and woes,
 Together at the dawn they rose,
 Together shared the noon's repose,
 By fountain or by stream ;
 And oft, when evening skies were red,
 The heather was their common bed,
 Where each, as wildering fancy led,
 Still hunted in his dream.

Now is the thrilling moment near,
 Of sylvan hope and sylvan fear,
 Yon thicket holds the harbour'd deer,
 The signs the hunters know ;—
 With eyes of flame, and quivering ears,
 The brake sagacious Keeldar nears ;
 The restless palfrey paws and rears ;
 The archer strings his bow.

The game's afoot !—Halloo ! Halloo !
 Hunter, and horse, and hound pursue ;—
 But woe the shaft that erring flew—
 That e'er it left the string !

And ill betide the faithless yew !
The stag bounds scatheless o'er the dew,
And gallant Keeldar's life-blood true
 Has drench'd the grey-goose wing.

The noble hound—he dies, he dies,
Death, death has glazed his fixed eyes,
Stiff on the bloody heath he lies,
 Without a groan or quiver.
Now day may break and bugle sound,
And whoop and hollow ring around,
And o'er his couch the stag may bound,
 But Keeldar sleeps forever.

Dilated nostrils, staring eyes,
Mark the poor palfrey's mute surprise,
He knows not that his comrade dies,
 Nor what is death—but still
His aspect hath expression drear
Of grief and wonder, mix'd with fear,
Like startled children when they hear
 Some mystic tale of ill.

But he that bent the fatal bow,
Can well the sum of evil know,
And o'er his favourite, bending low,
 In speechless grief recline ;
Can think he hears the senseless clay,
In unreproachful accents say,
'The hand that took my life away,
 Dear master, was it thine ?

“And if it be, the shaft be bless’d,
Which sure some erring aim address’d,
Since in your service prized, caress’d
 I in your service die ;
And you may have a fleeter hound,
To match the dun-deer’s merry bound,
But by your couch will ne’er be found
 So true a guard as I.”

And to his last stout Percy rued
The fatal chance, for when he stood
’Gainst fearful odds in deadly feud,
 And fell amid the fray,
E’en with his dying voice he cried,
“Had Keeldar but been at my side,
Your treacherous ambush had been spied—
 I had not died to-day !”

Remembrance of the erring bow
Long since had join’d the tides which flow,
Conveying human bliss and woe
 Down dark oblivion’s river ;
But Art can Time’s stern doom arrest,
And snatch his spoil from Lethe’s breast,
And, in her Cooper’s colours drest,
 The scene shall live forever.

POEMS PRINTED IN LOCKHART'S
BIOGRAPHY.*

* Except one or two which have been received into the
collective editions.

VOL. VII.

6

JUVENILE LINES.

FROM VIRGIL.

“The autobiography tells us that his translations in verse from Horace and Virgil were often approved by Dr. Adam. One of these little pieces, written in a weak boyish scrawl, within pencilled marks still visible, had been carefully preserved by his mother; it was found folded up in a cover, inscribed by the old lady—“*My Walter's first lines, 1782.*”—LOCKHART, *Life of Scott*, vol. i. p. 129.

IN awful ruins Ætna thunders nigh,
And sends in pitchy whirlwinds to the sky
Black clouds of smoke, which still as they aspire,
From their dark sides there bursts the glowing
fire;

At other times huge balls of fire are toss'd,
That lick the stars, and in the smoke are lost;
Sometimes the mount, with vast convulsions torn,
Emits huge rocks, which instantly are borne
With loud explosions to the starry skies,
The stones made liquid as the huge mass flies,
Then back again with greater weight recoils,
While Ætna thundering from the bottom boils.

1782.—ÆTAT. 11.

ON A THUNDER-STORM.

“In Scott’s Introduction to the Lay, he alludes to an original effusion of these ‘schoolboy days,’ prompted by a thunder-storm, which he says ‘was much approved of, until a malevolent critic sprung up in the shape of an apothecary’s blue-buskined wife; she affirmed that my most sweet poetry was copied from an old magazine.’”—*Life of Scott*, i. 131.

LOUD o’er my head though awful thunders roll,
And vivid lightnings flash from pole to pole,
Yet ’tis thy voice, my God, that bids them fly,
Thy arm directs those lightnings through the sky.
Then let the good thy mighty name revere,
And harden’d sinners thy just vengeance fear.

1783.—ÆTAT. 12.

ON THE SETTING SUN.

These lines, as well as the foregoing, were found wrapped in a paper with the inscription, by Dr. Adam,—“Walter Scott, July, 1783.”—*Life of Scott*, i. 131.

THOSE evening clouds, that setting ray,
And beauteous tints, serve to display
 Their great Creator's praise;
Then let the short-lived thing call'd man,
Whose life's comprised within a span,
 To Him his homage raise.

We often praise the evening clouds,
 And tints so gay and bold,
But seldom think upon our God,
 Who tinged these clouds with gold.

THE ERL-KING.

FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

(The Erl-King is a goblin that haunts the Black Forest in Thuringia.—To be read by a candle particularly long in the snuff.)—Life of Scott, i. 378.

O, WHO rides by night thro' the woodland so
wild ?

It is the fond father embracing his child ;
And close the boy nestles within his loved arm,
To hold himself fast, and to keep himself warm.

“ O father, see yonder ! see yonder ! ” he says ;
“ My boy, upon what doest thou fearfully gaze ? ”—
“ O, 'tis the Erl-King with his crown and his
shroud ”—
“ No, my son, it is but a dark wreath of the
cloud.”

(The Erl-King speaks.)

“ O come and go with me, thou loveliest child ;
By many a gay sport shall thy time be beguiled

My mother keeps for thee full many a fair toy,
And many a fine flower shall she pluck for my
boy."

"O father, my father, and did you not hear
The Erl-King whisper so low in my ear?"—
"Be still, my heart's darling—my child, be at
ease;
It was but the wild blast as it sung thro' the
trees."

Erl-King.

"O wilt thou go with me, thou loveliest boy?
My daughter shall tend thee with care and with
joy;
She shall bear thee so lightly thro' wet and thro'
wild,
And press thee, and kiss thee, and sing to my
child."

"O father, my father, and saw you not plain,
The Erl-King's pale daughter glide past thro' the
rain?"—

"O yes, my loved treasure, I knew it full soon;
It was the grey willow that danced to the moon."

Erl-King.

"O come and go with me, no longer delay,
Or else, silly child, I will drag thee away."—

“O father! O father! now, now keep your hold,
The Erl-King has seized me, his grasp is so
cold!”

Sore trembled the father; he spurr'd thro' the
wild,
Clasping close to his bosom his shuddering child;
He reaches his dwelling in doubt and in dread,
But, clasp'd to his bosom, the infant was *dead!*

BOTHWELL CASTLE.

A fragment written at Bothwell Castle, in the autumn of 1799.—*Life of Scott*, ii. 23.

WHEN fruitful Clydesdale's apple-bowers
Are mellowing in the noon ;
When sighs round Pembroke's ruin'd towers
The sultry breath of June ;

When Clyde, despite his sheltering wood,
Must leave his channel dry ;
And vainly o'er the limpid flood
The angler guides his fly ;

If chance by Bothwell's lovely braes
A wanderer thou hast been,
Or hid thee from the summer's blaze
In Blantyre's bowers of green,

Full where the copsewood opens wild
Thy pilgrim step hath staid,
Where Bothwell's towers, in ruin piled,
O'erlook the verdant glade ;

And many a tale of love and fear
Hath mingled with the scene—

Of Bothwell's banks that bloom'd so dear,
And Bothwell's bonny Jean.

O, if with rugged minstrel lays
Unsated be thy ear,
And thou of deeds of other days
Another tale wilt hear.—

Then all beneath the spreading beach,
Flung careless on the lea,
The Gothic muse the tale shall teach
Of Bothwell's sisters three.

Wight Wallace stood on Deckmont head,
He blew his bugle round,
Till the wild bull in Cadyow wood
Has started at the sound.

St. George's cross, o'er Bothwell hung,
Was waving far and wide,
And from the lofty turret flung
Its crimson blaze on Clyde;

And rising at the bugle blast
That mark'd the Scottish foe,
Old England's yeomen muster'd fast,
And bent the Norman bow.

Tail in the midst Sir Aylmer rose,
Proud Pembroke's Earl was he—
While——

THE SHEPHERD'S TALE.

“Another imperfect ballad, in which he had meant to blend together two legends familiar to every reader of Scottish history and romance, has been found in the same portfolio, and the handwriting proves it to be of the same early date.”—*Life of Scott*, ii. 30.

* * * * *

AND ne'er but once, my son, he says,
Was yon sad cavern trod,
In persecution's iron days,
When the land was left by God.

From Bewlie bog, with slaughter red,
A wanderer hither drew,
And oft he stopt and turn'd his head,
As by fits the night wind blew ;

For trampling round by Cheviot edge
Were heard the troopers keen,
And frequent from the Whitelaw ridge
The death-shot flash'd between.

The moonbeams through the misty shower
 On yon dark cavern fell ;
 Through the cloudy night the snow gleam'd white,
 Which sunbeam ne'er could quell.

“ Yon cavern dark is rough and rude,
 And cold its jaws of snow ;
 But more rough and rude are the men of blood,
 That hunt my life below !

“ Yon spell-bound den, as the aged tell,
 Was hewn by demon's hands ;
 But I had lourd¹ melle with the fiends of hell,
 Than with Clavers and his band.”

He heard the deep-mouth'd bloodhound bark,
 He heard the horses neigh,
 He plunged him in the cavern dark,
 And downward sped his way.

Now faintly down the winding path
 Came the cry of faulting hound,
 And the mutter'd oath of baulked wrath
 Was lost in hollow sound.

He threw him on the flinted floor,
 And held his breath for fear ;
 He rose and bitter cursed his foes,
 As the sounds died on his ear.

¹ *Lourd* ; i. e. *liefer*—rather.

“O bare thine arm, thou battling Lord,
For Scotland's wandering band ;
Dash from the oppressor's grasp the sword,
And sweep him from the land !

“ Forget not thou thy people's groans
From dark Dunnotter's tower,
Mix'd with the seafowl's shrilly moans,
And Ocean's bursting roar !

“ O, in fell Clavers' hour of pride,
Even in his mightiest day,
As bold he strides through conquest's tide,
O stretch him on the clay !

“ His widow and his little ones,
O may their tower of trust
Remove its strong foundation stones
And crush them in the dust !”—

“ Sweet prayers to me,” a voice replied,
“ Thrice welcome, guest of mine !”
And glimmering on the cavern side,
A light was seen to shine.

An aged man, in amice brown,
Stood by the wanderer's side,
By powerful charm, a dead man's arm
The torch's light supplied.

From each stiff finger, stretch'd upright,
Arose a ghastly flame,
That waved not in the blast of night
Which through the cavern came.

O, deadly blue was that taper's hue,
That flamed the cavern o'er,
But more deadly blue was the ghastly hue
Of his eyes who the taper bore.

He laid on his head a hand like lead,
As heavy, pale, and cold—
"Vengeance be thine, thou guest of mine,
If thy heart be firm and bold.

"But if faint thy heart, and caitiff fear
Thy recreant sinews know,
The mountain erne thy heart shall tear,
Thy nerves the hooded crow."

The wanderer raised him undismay'd;
"My soul, by dangers steel'd,
Is stubborn as my border blade,
Which never knew to yield.

"And if thy power can speed the hour
Of vengeance on my foes,
Theirs be the fate, from bridge and gate,
To feed the hooded crows."

The Brownie look'd him in the face,
And his colour fled with speed—
“I fear me,” quoth he, “uneath it will be
To match thy word and deed.

“In ancient days when English bands
Sore ravaged Scotland fair,
The sword and shield of Scottish land
Was valiant Halbert Kerr.

“A warlock loved the warrior well,
Sir Michael Scott by name,
And he sought for his sake a spell to make,
Should the Southern foemen tame.

“‘Look thou,’ he said, ‘from Cessford head,
As the July sun sinks low,
And when glimmering white on Cheviot's height
Thou shalt spy a wreath of snow,
The spell is complete which shall bring to thy
feet
The haughty Saxon foe.’

“For many a year wrought the wizard here,
In Cheviot's bosom low,
Till the spell was complete, and in July's heat
Appear'd December's snow;
But Cessford's Halbert never came
The wondrous cause to know.

“ For years before in Bowden aisle
The warrior’s bones had lain,
And after short while, by female guile,
Sir Michael Scott was slain.

“ But me and my brethren in this cell
His mighty charms retain,—
And he that can quell the powerful spell
Shall o’er broad Scotland reign.”

He led him through an iron door
And up a winding stair,
And in wild amaze did the wanderer gaze
On the sight which open’d there.

Through the gloomy night flash’d ruddy light,—
A thousand torches glow ;
The cave rose high, like the vaulted sky,
O’er stalls in double row.

In every stall of that endless hall,
Stood a steed in barbing bright ;
At the foot of each steed, all arm’d save the head,
Lay stretch’d a stalwart knight.

In each mail’d hand was a naked brand ;
As they lay on the black bull’s hide,
Each visage stern did upwards turn,
With eyeballs fix’d and wide.

A launcegay strong, full twelve ells long,
By every warrior hung ;
At each pommel there, for battle yare,
A jedwood axe was slung.

The casque hung near each cavalier ;
The plumes waved mournfully
At every tread which the wanderer made
Through the hall of gramarye.

The ruddy beam of the torches' gleam
That glared the warriors on,
Reflected light from armour bright,
In noontide splendour shone.

And onward seen in lustre sheen,
Still lengthening on the sight,
Through the boundless hall stood steeds in stall,
And by each lay a sable knight.

Still as the dead lay each horseman dread,
And moved nor limb nor tongue ;
Each steed stood stiff as an earthfast cliff,
Nor hoof nor bridle rung.

No sounds through all the spacious hall
The deadly still divide,
Save where echoes aloof from the vaulted roof
To the wanderer's step replied.

At length before his wondering eyes,
On an iron column borne,
Of antique shape, and giant size,
Appear'd a sword and horn.

“Now choose thee here,” quoth his leader,
“Thy venturous fortune try :
Thy woe and weal, thy boot and bale,
In yon brand and bugle lie.”

To the fatal brand he mounted his hand,
But his soul did quiver and quail ;
The life-blood did start to his shuddering heart,
And left him wan and pale.

The brand he forsook, and the horn he took
To 'say a gentle sound ;
But so wild a blast from the bugle brast
That the Cheviot rock'd around.

From Forth to Tees, from seas to seas,
The awful bugle wrung ;
On Carlisle wall, and Berwick withal,
To arms the warders sprung.

With clank and clang the cavern rang,
The steeds did stamp and neigh ;
And loud was the yell as each warrior fell
Sterte up with hoop and cry.

“ Woe, woe,” they cried, “ thou caitiff coward,
 That ever thou wert born !
 Why drew ye not the knightly sword
 Before ye blew the horn ? ”

The morning on the mountain shone,
 And on the bloody ground,
 Hurl'd from the cave with shiver'd bone,
 The mangled wretch was found.

And still beneath the cavern dread,
 Among the glidders grey,
 A shapeless stone with lichens spread
 Marks where the wanderer lay.”¹

* * * * *

1799.

¹“ The reader may be interested by comparing with this ballad the author's prose version of part of its legend, as given in one of the last works of his pen. He says, in the Letters on Demonology and Witchcraft, 1830: ‘ Thomas of Ercildowne, during his retirement, has been supposed, from time to time, to be levying forces to take the field in some crisis of his country's fate. The story has often been told of a daring horse-jockey having sold a black horse to a man of venerable and antique appearance, who appointed the remarkable hillock upon Eildon hills, called the Lucken-hare, as the place where, at twelve o'clock at night, he should receive the price. He came, his money was paid in ancient coin, and he was invited by his customer to view his residence. The trader in horses followed his guide in the deepest astonishment through several long ranges of stalls, in each of which a horse stood motionless, while an armed warrior lay equally still at the charger's feet. All these men, said the

wizard in a whisper, will awaken at the battle of Sheriffmuir. At the extremity of this extraordinary depot hung a sword and a horn, which the prophet pointed out to the horse-dealer as containing the means of dissolving the spell. The man in confusion took the horn and attempted to wind it. The horses instantly started in their stalls, stamped, and shook their bridles, the men arose and clashed their armour, and the mortal, terrified at the tumult he had excited, dropped the horn from his hand. A voice like that of a giant, louder even than the tumult around, pronounced these words:—

‘Woe to the coward that ever he was born,
That did not draw the sword before he blew the horn.’

A whirlwind expelled the horse-dealer from the cavern, the entrance to which he could never again find. A moral might be perhaps extracted from this legend, namely, that it is better to be armed against danger before bidding it defiance.’”

CHEVIOT.

Life of Scott, ii. 39.

* * * * *

Go sit old Cheviot's crest below,
And pensive mark the lingering snow
In all his scaurs abide,
And slow dissolving from the hill
In many a sightless, soundless rill,
Feed sparkling Bowmont's tide.

Fair shines the stream by bank and lea,
As wimpling to the eastern sea
She seeks Till's sullen bed,
Indenting deep the fatal plain,
Where Scotland's noblest, brave in vain,
Around their monarch bled.

And westward hills on hills you see,
Even as old Ocean's mightiest sea
Heaves high her waves of foam,
Dark and snow-ridged from Cutsfeld's wold
To the proud foot of Cheviot roll'd,
Earth's mountain billows come.

* * * * *

THE REIVER'S WEDDING

“*The Reiver's Wedding*,” never was completed, but I have found two copies of its commencement, and I shall make no apologies for inserting here what seems to have been the second one. It will be seen that he had meant to mingle with Sir William's capture Auld Wat's Foray of the Bassened Bull and the Feast of Spurs, and that, I know not for what reason, Lochwood, the ancient fortress of the Johnstones in Annandale, has been substituted for the real locality of his ancestor's drumhead Wedding Contract.”—*Life of Scott*, ii. 94.

O WILL ye hear a mirthful bourd?
Or will ye hear of courtesie?
Or will hear how a gallant lord
Was wedded to a gay ladye?

“Ca' out the kye,” quo' the village herd,
As he stood on the knowe,
“Ca' this ane's nine and that ane's ten,
And bauld Lord William's cow.”—

“Ah! by my sooth,” quoth William then.
“And stands it that way now,
When knave and churl have nine and ten,
That the Lord has but his cow?”

“ I swear by the light of the Michaelmas moon,
And the might of Mary high,
And by the edge of my braidsword brown,
They shall soon say Harden's kye.”

He took a bugle frae his side,
With names carved o'er and o'er—
Full many a chief of meikle pride
That border bugle bore—¹

He blew a note baith sharp and hie,
Till rock and water rang around—
Three-score of moss-troopers and three
Have mounted at that bugle sound.

The Michaelmas moon had enter'd then,
And ere she wan the full,
Ye might see by her light in Harden glen
A bow o' kye and a bassen'd bull.

And loud and loud in Harden tower
The quaigh gaed round wi' meikle glee ;
For the English beef was brought in bower,
And the English ale flow'd merrilie.

And mony a guest from Teviotside
And Yarrow's Braes was there ;
Was never a lord in Scotland wide
That made more dainty fare.

¹ This celebrated horn is still in the possession of the chief of the Harden family, Lord Polwarth.

They ate, they laugh'd, they sang and quaff'd,
 Till nought on board was seen,
 When knight and squire were boune to dine,
 But a spur of silver sheen.

Lord William has ta'en his berry brown steed—
 A sore shent man was he ;
 "Wait ye, my guests, a little speed—
 Weel feasted ye shall be."

He rode him down by Falsehope burn,
 His cousin dear to see,
 With him to take a riding turn—
 Wat-draw-the-sword was he.

And when he came to Falsehope glen,
 Beneath the trysting-tree,
 On the smooth green was carved plain,
 "To Lochwood bound are we."¹

"O if they be gane to dark Lochwood
 To drive the Warden's gear,
 Betwixt our names, I ween, there's feud ;
 I'll go and have my share :

¹ "At Linton, in Roxburghshire, there is a circle of stones surrounding a smooth plot of turf, called the *Tryst*, or place of appointment, which tradition avers to have been the rendezvous of the neighbouring warriors. The name of the leader was cut in the turf, and the arrangement of the letters announced to his followers the course which he had taken." --*Introduction to the Minstrelsy*, p. 185.

'For little reck I for Johnstone's feud,
The Warden though he be."
So Lord William is away to dark Lochwood,
With riders barely three.

The Warden's daughters in Lochwood sate,
Were all both fair and gay,
All save the Lady Margaret,
And she was wan and wae.

The sister, Jean, had a full fair skin,
And Grace was bauld and braw ;
But the leal-fast heart her breast within
It weel was worth them a'.

Her father's pranked her sisters twa
With meikle joy and pride ;
But Margaret maun seek Dundrennan's wa'—
She ne'er can be a bride.

On spear and casque by gallants gent
Her sisters' scarfs were borne,
But never at tilt or tournament
Were Margaret's colours worn.

Her sisters rode to Thirlstane bower,
But she was left at hame
To wander round the gloomy tower,
And sigh young Harden's name.

“Of all the knights, the knight most fair,
From Yarrow to the Tyne,”
Soft sigh’d the maid, “is Harden’s heir,
But ne’er can he be mine ;

“Of all the maids, the foulest maid
From Teviot to the Dee,
Ah !” sighing sad, that lady said,
“Can ne’er young Harden’s be.”—

She looked up the briery glen,
And up the mossy brae,
And she saw a score of her father’s men
Yclad in the Johnstone grey.

O fast and fast they downwards sped
The moss and briers among,
And in the midst the troopers led
A shackled knight along.

* * * * *

HEALTH TO LORD MELVILLE

Air—*Carrickfergus*.

“The impeachment of Lord Melville was among the first measures of the new (Whig) Government; and personal affection and gratitude graced as well as heightened the zeal with which Scott watched the issue of this, in his eyes, vindictive proceeding; but, though the ex-minister’s ultimate acquittal was, as to all the charges involving his personal honour, complete, it must now be allowed that the investigation brought out many circumstances by no means creditable to his discretion; and the rejoicings of his friends ought not, therefore, to have been scornfully jubilant. Such they were, however—at least in Edinburgh; and Scott took his share in them by inditing a song, which was sung by James Ballantyne, and received with clamorous applauses, at a public dinner given in honour of the event, on the 27th of June, 1806.”—*Life*, vol. ii. p. 322.

SINCE here we are set in array round the table,
Five hundred good fellows well met in a hall,
Come listen, brave boys, and I’ll sing as I’m able
How innocence triumph’d and pride got a fall.

But push round the claret—
 Come, stewards, don't spare it—
 With rapture you'll drink to the toast that I give;
 Here, boys,
 Off with it merrily—
 Melville for ever, and long may he live!

What were the Whigs doing, when boldly pur-
 suing,
 Pitt banished Rebellion, gave Treason a string;
 Why, they swore on their honour, for Arthur
 O'Connor,
 And fought hard for Despard against country and
 king.
 Well, then, we knew, boys,
 Pitt and Melville were true boys,
 And the tempest was raised by the friends of Re-
 form.
 Ah! woe!
 Weep to his memory;
 Low lies the pilot that weather'd the storm!

And pray, don't you mind when the Blues first
 were raising,
 And we scarcely could think the house safe o'er
 our heads?
 When villains and coxcombs, French politics
 praising,
 Drove peace from our tables and sleep from
 our beds?

Our hearts they grew bolder
When, musket on shoulder,
Stepp'd forth our old Statesmen example to give.
Come, boys, never fear,
Drink the Blue grenadier—
Here's to old Harry, and long may he live!

They would turn us adrift, though rely, sir, upon it,
Our own faithful chronicles warrant us that
The free mountaineer and his bonny blue bonnet
Have oft gone as far as the regular's hat.
We laugh at their taunting,
For all we are wanting
Is license our life for our country to give.
Off with it merrily,
Horse, foot, and artillery,
Each loyal Volunteer, long may he live!

'Tis not us alone, boys—the Army and Navy
Have each got a slap 'mid their politic pranks;
Cornwallis cashier'd, that watch'd winters to save
ye,
And the Cape call'd a bauble unworthy of
thanks.
But vain is their taunt,
No soldier shall want
The thanks that his country to valour can give:
Come, boys,
Drink it off merrily,—
Sir David and Popham, and long may they live!

And then our revenue—Lord knows how they
view'd it,
While each petty statesman talk'd lofty and
big ;
But the beer-tax was weak, as if Whitbread had
brew'd it,
And the pig-iron duty a shame to a pig.
In vain is their vaunting,
Too surely there's wanting
What judgment, experience, and steadiness
give :
Come, boys,
Drink about merrily,—
Health to sage Melville, and long may he live !

Our King, too—our Princess—I dare not say
more, sir,—
May Providence watch them with mercy and
might !
While there's one Scottish hand that can wag a
claymore, sir,
They shall ne'er want a friend to stand up for
their right.
Be damn'd he that dare not,—
For my part, I'll spare not
To beauty afflicted a tribute to give .
Fill it up steadily,
Drink it off readily—
Here's to the Princess, and long may she live !

And since we must not set Auld Reekie in glory,
And make her brown visage as light as her
heart;¹
Till each man illumine his own upper story,
Nor law-book nor lawyer shall force us to part.
In Grenville and Spencer,
And some few good men, sir,
High talents we honour, slight difference forgive;
But the Brewer we'll hoax,
Tallyho to the Fox,
And drink Melville for ever, as long as we live!"

1806.

¹ The Magistrates of Edinburgh had rejected an application for illumination of the town, on the arrival of the news of Lord Melville's acquittal.

THE AUTHOR OF WAVERLEY.

“I am not able to give the exact date of the following reply to one of John Ballantyne’s expostulations on the subject of *the secret*.”—*Life*, vol. iv. p. 179.

“No, John, I will not own the book—
I won’t, you Piccaroon.
When next I try St. Grubby’s brook,
The A. of Wa— shall bait the hook—
And flat-fish bite as soon,
As if before them they had got
The worn-out wriggler

WALTER SCOTT.”

LETTER IN VERSE,

ON THE VOYAGE WITH THE COMMISSIONERS OF NORTHERN
LIGHTS.

“Of the letters which Scott wrote to his friends during those happy six weeks, I have recovered only one, and it is, thanks to the leisure of the yacht, in verse. The strong and easy heroics of the first section prove, I think, that Mr. Canning did not err when he told him that if he chose he might emulate even Dryden’s command of that noble measure; and the dancing anapæsts of the second, show that he could with equal facility have rivalled the gay graces of Cotton, Anstey, or Moore.”—*Lockhart, Life*, vol. iv. p. 372.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, &c. &c. &c.

Lighthouse Yacht, in the Sound of Lerwick,
Zetland, 8th August, 1814.

HEALTH to the chieftain from his clansman
true!
From her true minstrel, health to fair Buccleuch!
Health from the isles, where dewy Morning
weaves

Her chaplet with the tints that Twilight leaves;
 Where late the sun scarce vanish'd from the sight,
 And his bright pathway graced the short-lived
 night,

Though darker now as autumn's shades extend,
 The north winds whistle and the mists ascend!
 Health from the land where eddying whirlwinds
 toss

The storm-rock'd *cradle* of the Cape of Noss!
 On outstretch'd cords the giddy engine slides,
 His own strong arm the bold adventurer guides,
 And he that lists such desperate feat to try,
 May, like the sea-mew, skim 'twixt surf and sky,
 And feel the mid-air gales around him blow,
 And see the billows rage five hundred feet below.

Here, by each stormy peak and desert shore,
 The hardy islesman tugs the daring oar,
 Practised alike his venturous course to keep,
 Through the white breakers or the pathless deep,
 By ceaseless peril and by toil to gain
 A wretched pittance from the niggard main.
 And when the worn-out drudge old ocean leaves,
 What comfort greets him. and what hut receives?
 Lady! the worst your presence ere has cheer'd
 (When want and sorrow fled as you appear'd)
 Were to a Zetlander as the high dome
 Of proud Drumlanrig to my humble home.
 Here rise no groves, and here no gardens blow,
 Here even the hardy heath scarce dare to grow

But rocks on rocks, in mist and storm array'd,
 Stretch far to sea their giant colonnade,
 With many a cavern seam'd, the dreary haunt
 Of the dun seal and swarthy cormorant.
 Wild round their rifted brows, with frequent cry
 As of lament, the gulls and gannets fly,
 And from their sable base, with sullen sound,
 In sheets of whitening foam the waves rebound.

Yet even these coasts a touch of envy gain
 From those whose land has known oppression's
 chain ;
 For here the industrious Dutchman comes once
 more
 To moor his fishing craft by Bressay's shore ;
 Greets every former mate and brother tar,
 Marvels how Lerwick 'scaped the rage of war,
 Tells many a tale of Gallic outrage done,
 And ends by blessing God and Wellington.
 Here too the Greenland tar, a fiercer guest,
 Claims a brief hour of riot. not of rest ;
 Proves each wild frolic that in wine has birth,
 And wakes the land with brawls and boisterous
 mirth.

A sadder sight on yon poor vessel's prow
 The captive Norseman sits in silent woe,
 And eyes the flags of Britain as they flow.
 Hard fate of war, which bade her terrors sway
 His destined course, and seize so mean a prey ;
 A bark with planks so warp'd and seams so riven,

She scarce might face the gentlest airs of heaven:
 Pensive he sits, and questions oft if none
 Can list his speech, and understand his moan;
 In vain—no islesman now can use the tongue
 Of the bold Norse, from whom their lineage
 sprung.

Not thus of old the Norsemen hither came,
 Won by the love of danger or of fame;
 On every storm-beat cape a shapeless tower
 Tells of their wars, their conquests, and their
 power;

For ne'er for Grecia's vales, nor Latian land,
 Was fiercer strife than for this barren strand;
 A race severe—the isle and ocean lords
 Loved for its own delight the strife of swords;
 With scornful laugh the mortal pang defied,
 And blest their gods that they in battle died

Such were the sires of Zetland's simple race,
 And still the eye may faint resemblance trace
 In the blue eye, tall form, proportion fair,
 The limbs athletic, and the long light hair—
 (Such was the mien, as Scald and Minstrel sings,
 Of fair-hair'd Harold, first of Norway's Kings;)
 But their high deeds to scale these crags con-
 fined,

Their only warfare is with waves and wind.

Why should I talk of Mousa's castled coast?
 Why of the horrors of the Sumburgh Rost?

May not these bald disjointed lines suffice,
 Penn'd while my comrades whirl the rattling
 dice—

While down the cabin skylight lessening shine
 The rays, and eve is chased with mirth and wine?
 Imagined, while down Mousa's desert bay
 Our well-trimm'd vessel urged her nimble way,
 While to the freshening breeze she lean'd her
 side,
 And bade her bowsprit kiss the foamy tide?

Such are the lays that Zetland isles supply;
 Drench'd with the drizzly spray and dropping
 sky,
 Weary and wet, a sea-sick minstrel I.—

W. Scott.

POSTSCRIPTUM.

Kirkwall, Orkney, Aug. 13, 1814.

In respect that your Grace has commission'd a
 Kraken,
 You will please be inform'd that they seldom are
 taken;
 It is January two years, the Zetland folks say,
 Since they saw the last Kraken in Scalloway
 bay;
 He lay in the offing a fortnight or more,
 But the devil a Zetlander put from the shore,

Though bold in the seas of the North to assail
The morse and the sea-horse, the grampus and
whale.

If your Grace thinks I'm writing the thing that is
not,

You may ask at a namesake of ours, Mr. Scott—
(He's not from our clan, though his merits de-
serve it,

But springs, I'm inform'd, from the Scotts of
Scotstarvet;) ¹

He question'd the folks who beheld it with eyes,
But they differ'd confoundedly as to its size.

For instance, the modest and diffident swore
That it seem'd like the keel of a ship, and no
more—

Those of eyesight more clear, or of fancy more
high,

Said it rose like an island 'twixt ocean and sky—

But all of the hulk had a steady opinion

That 'twas sure a *live* subject of Neptune's domin-
ion—

And I think, my Lord Duke, your Grace hardly
would wish,

To cumber your house, such a kettle of fish.

Had your order related to night-caps or hose,

Or mittens of worsted, there's plenty of those.

¹ The Scotts of Scotstarvet, and other families of the name
in Fife and elsewhere, claim no kindred with the great clan
of the Border—and their armorial bearings are different.

Or would you be pleased but to fancy a whale?
And direct me to send it—by sea or by mail?
The season, I'm told, is nigh over, but still
I could get you one fit for the lake at Bowhill.
Indeed, as to whales, there's no need to be
thrifty,
Since one day last fortnight two hundred and
fifty,
Pursued by seven Orkneymen's boats and no
more,
Betwixt Truffness and Luffness were drawn on
the shore!
You'll ask if I saw this same wonderful sight;
I own that I did not, but easily might—
For this mighty shoal of leviathans lay
On our lee-beam a mile, in the loop of the bay,
And the islesmen of Sanda were all at the spoil,
And *flinching*, (so term it,) the blubber to boil;
(Ye spirits of lavender, drown the reflection
That awakes at the thought of this odorous dis
section.)
To see this huge marvel full fain would we go,
But Wilson, the wind, and the current, said no.
We have now got to Kirkwall, and needs I must
stare
When I think that in verse I have once call'd it
fair;
'Tis a base little borough, both dirty and mean—
There's nothing to hear, and there's nought to be
seen,

Save a church, where, of old times, a prelate
 harangued,
And a palace that's built by an earl that was
 hang'd.
But, farewell to Kirkwall—aboard we are going,
The anchor's a-peak, and the breezes are blow-
 ing ;
Our commodore calls all his band to their places,
And 'tis time to release you—good night to you
 Graces !

NOTE

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH, DRUMLANRIG
CASTLE.

Life of Scott, v. 235.

Sanquhar, 2 o'clock, July 30, 1817.

FROM Ross, where the clouds on Benlomond are
sleeping—

From Greenock, where Clyde to the Ocean is
sweeping—

From Largs, where the Scotch gave the North-
men a drilling—

From Ardrossan, whose harbour cost many a
shilling—

From old Cumnock, where beds are as hard as a
plank, sir—

From a chop and green pease, and a chicken in
Sanquhar,

This eve, please the fates, at Drumlanrig we
anchor.

W. S.

TO J. G. LOCKHART, ESQ.,

ON THE COMPOSITION OF MAIDA'S EPITAPH.

"Maidæ marmorea dormis sub imagine, Maida,
Ad januam domini; sit tibi terra levis."

Life of Scott, vii. pp. 275 - 281.

Dear John,—I some time ago wrote to inform his
Fat worship of *jaces*, misprinted for *dormis*;
But that several Southrons assured me the *januam*
Was a twitch to both ears of Ass Priscian's cra-
nium.

You perhaps may observe that one Lionel Berguer,
In defence of our blunder appears a stout arguer;
But at length I have settled, I hope, all these
clatters,

By a *rowt* in the papers, fine place for such matters.
I have therefore to make it for once my command,
sir,

That my gudeson shall leave the whole thing in
my hand, sir,

And by no means accomplish what James says
you threaten,—

Some banter in Blackwood to claim your dog-
Latin.

I have various reasons of weight, on my word, sir,
For pronouncing a step of this sort were absurd,
sir.

Firstly, erudite sir, 'twas against your advising
I adopted the lines this monstrosity lies in ;
For you modestly hinted my English translation
Would become better far such a dignified station.
Second, how, in God's name, would my bacon be
saved

By not having writ what I clearly engraved ?
On the contrary, I, on the whole, think it better
To be whipped as the thief, than his lousy resetter.
Thirdly, don't you perceive that I don't care a
boddle

Although fifty false metres were flung at my noddle,
For my back is as broad and as hard as Benlomon's,
And I treat as I please both the Greeks and the
Romans ;

Whereas the said heathens might rather look se-
rious

At a kick on their drum from the scribe of Valerius.
And, fourthly and lastly, it is my good pleasure
To remain the sole source of that murderous
measure.

So, *stet pro ratione voluntas*,—be tractile,
Invade not, I say, my own dear little dactyl ;
If you do, you'll occasion a breach in our inter-
course.

To-morrow will see me in town for the winter-
course,

But not at your door, at the usual hour, sir,
My own pye-house daughter's good prog to de-
vour, sir.

Ergo, peace!—on your duty your squeamishness
throttle,
And we'll soothe Priscian's spleen with a canny
third bottle.

A fig for all dactyls, a fig for all spondees,
A fig for all dunces and Dominie Grundys ;
A fig for dry thrapples, south, north, east, and
west, sir,

Speats and raxes ere five for a famishing guest,
sir ;

And as Fatsman and I have some topics for
haver, he'll

Be invited, I hope, to meet me and Dame Peveril,
Upon whom, to say nothing of Oury and Anne,
you a

Dog shall be deemed if you fasten your *Janua*.

LIFE OF NAPOLEON.

Life of Scott, vii. 391.

“ The rapid accumulation of books and MSS., [while Scott was engaged on the *Life of Napoleon*,] was at once flattering and alarming; and one of his notes to me, about the middle of June, had these rhymes by way of postscript:—

WHEN with Poetry dealing,
Room enough in a shieling:
Neither cabin nor hovel
Too small for a novel:
Though my back I should rub
On Diogenes' tub,
How my fancy could prance
In a dance of romance!
But my house I must swap
With some Brobdignag chap,
Ere I grapple, God bless me! with Emperor
Nap.”

1825.

DOGGEREL,

ON LEAVING MRS. BROWN'S LODGINGS.

July 13, 1826.

So, good-bye! Mrs. Brown,
I am going out of town,
Over dale, over down,
Where bugs bite not,
Where lodgers fight not,
Where below you chairmen drink not,
Where beside you gutters stink not,
But all is fresh and clear and gay,
And merry lambkins sport and play,
And they toss with rakes uncommonly short hay,
Which looks as if it had been sown only the
other day,
And where oats are at twenty-five shillings a boll,
they say,
But all's one for that, since I must and will away

Life of Scott, viii. 380.

LINES TO SIR CUTHBERT SHARP.

Life of Scott, ix. 165.

“Sir Cuthbert Sharp, who had been particularly kind and attentive to Scott when at Sunderland, happened, in writing to him on some matter of business, to say he hoped he had not forgotten his friends in that quarter. Sir Walter’s answer to Sir Cuthbert (who had been introduced to him by his old and dear friend, Mr. Surtees of Mainsforth,) begins thus:—

FORGET thee! No! my worthy fere!

Forget blithe mirth and gallant cheer!

Death sooner stretch me on my bier!

Forget thee? **No.**

Forget the universal shout

When “canny Sunderland” spoke out—

A truth which knaves affect to doubt—

Forget thee? **No.**

Forget you? No—though now-a-day

I’ve heard your knowing people say,

Disown the debt you cannot pay,

You’ll find it far the thriftiest way—

But I?—O no.

Forget your kindness found for all room,
In what, though large, seem'd still a small room,
Forget my *Surtees* in a ball-room—

Forget you? No.

Forget your sprightly dumpty-diddles,
And beauty tripping to the fiddles,
Forget my lovely friends the *Liddells*—

Forget you? No.

1827.

LINES ON FORTUNE.

Life of Scott, x. 88.

“Another object of this journey was to consult, on the advice of Dr. Ebenezer Clarkson, a skilful mechanist, by name *Fortune*, about a contrivance for the support of the lame limb, which had of late given him much pain, as well as inconvenience. Mr. Fortune produced a clever piece of handiwork, and Sir Walter felt at first great relief from the use of it: inasmuch that his spirits rose to quite the old pitch, and his letter to me upon the occasion overflows with merry applications of sundry maxims and verses about *Fortune*. “*Fortes Fortuna adjuvat*”—he says—“never more sing I!”—

FORTUNE, my Foe, why dost thou frown on me?
And will my Fortune never better be?
Wilt thou, I say, forever breed my pain?
And wilt thou ne'er return my joys again?

No—let my ditty be henceforth—

Fortune, my friend, how well thou favourest me!
A kinder Fortune man did never see! [pain,
Thou propp'st my thigh, thou ridd'st my knee of
I'll walk, I'll mount—I'll be a man again.—

THE DEATH OF DON PEDRO.

“The following ballad, which describes the death of Don Pedro, was translated by a friend (the late Sir Walter Scott).” — *Lockhart's Spanish Ballads*.

HENRY and King Pedro clasping,
Hold in straining arms each other ;
Tugging hard and closely grasping,
Brother proves his strength with brother.

Harmless pastime, sport fraternal,
Blends not thus their limbs in strife ;
Either aims, with rage infernal,
Naked dagger, sharpened knife.

Close Don Henry grapples Pedro,
Pedro holds Don Henry strait ;
Breathing, this, triumphant fury,
That, despair and mortal hate.

Sole spectator of the struggle,
Stands Don Henry's page afar,
In the chase who bore his bugle,
And who bore his sword in war.

Down they go in deadly wrestle,
Down upon the earth they go,
Fierce King Pedro has the vantage,
Stout Don Henry falls below.

Marking then the fatal crisis,
Up the page of Henry ran,
By the waist he caught Don Pedro,
Aiding thus the fallen man.

“ King to place, or to depose him,
Dwelleth not in my desire,
But the duty which he owes him,
To his master pays the squire.”

Now Don Henry has the upmost,
Now King Pedro lies beneath,
In his heart his brother's poniard
Instant finds its bloody sheath.

Thus with mortal gasp and quiver,
While the blood in bubbles welled,
Fled the fiercest soul that ever
In a Christian bosom dwelled.

LYRICAL PIECES, MOTTOES, ETC.

FROM THE

WAVERLEY NOVELS.

[“ The scraps of poetry, which have been in most cases tacked to the beginning of chapters in these novels, are sometimes quoted either from reading or from memory, but, in the general case, are pure invention. I found it too troublesome to turn to the collection of the British Poets to discover apposite mottoes, and in the situation of the theatrical machinist, who, when the white paper which represented his shower of snow was exhausted, continued the shower by snowing brown, I drew on my memory as long as I could, and when that failed, eked it out with invention. I believe that in some cases, where actual names are affixed to the supposed quotations, it would be to little purpose to seek them in the works of the authors referred to. In some cases I have been entertained when Dr. Watts and other graver authors have been ransacked in vain for stanzas for which the novelist alone was responsible.” — *Introduction to Chronicles of the Canongate.*

“ It may be worth noting that it was in correcting the proof-sheets of *The Antiquary* that Scott first took to equipping his characters with mottoes of his own fabrication. On one occasion he happened to ask John Ballantyne, who was sitting by him, to hunt for a particular passage in Beaumont and Fletcher. John did as he was bid, but did not succeed in discovering the lines. ‘ Hang it, Johnnie!’ cried Scott, ‘ I believe I can make a motto sooner than you will find one.’ He did so accordingly; and from that hour, whenever memory failed to suggest an appropriate epigraph, he had recourse to the inexhaustible mines of ‘ *old play*’ or ‘ *old ballad*,’ to which we owe some of the most exquisite verse that ever flowed from his pen.” — *Lockhart's Life of Scott*, v. p. 145.

In this edition great pains has been taken to avoid printing as original, mottoes that were actually quotations, though it is hardly to be expected that perfect accuracy in this respect has been attained.

H. W. H.]

FROM WAVERLEY.

“ The following song, which has been since borrowed by the worshipful author of the famous ‘ History of Fryar Bacon,’ has been with difficulty deciphered. It seems to have been sung on occasion of carrying home the bride.”

(1.)

To the tune of “ I have been a Fiddler,” &c.

AND did ye not hear of a mirth befell
The morrow after a wedding day,
And carrying a bride at home to dwell?
And away to Tewin, away, away.

The quintain was set, and the garlands were made,
’Tis pity old customs should ever decay;
And woe be to him that was horsed on a jade,
For he carried no credit away, away.

We met a concert of fiddle-de-dees;
We set them a-cockhorse, and made them play

The winning of Bullen, and Upsey-frees,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish
That would go to the plough that day;
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
And away to Tewin, away, away!

The butler was quick, and the ale he did tap,
The maidens did make the chamber full gay;
The servants did give me a fuddling cup,
And I did carry't away, away.

The smith of the town his liquor so took,
That he was persuaded that the ground look'd
blue;
And I dare boldly be sworn on a book,
Such smiths as he there's but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,
And simpering said, they could eat no more;
Full many a maiden was laid on the lip,—
I'll say no more, but give o'er, give o'er.

Appendix to the General Preface.

(2.)

His tutor, or, I should say, Mr. Pembroke, for he scarce assumed the name of tutor, picked up about Edward's room some fragments of irregular verse,

which he appeared to have composed under the influence of the agitating feelings occasioned by this sudden page being turned up to him in the book of life, i. e., his being appointed captain in a regiment of dragoons.

LATE, when the autumn evening fell
On Mirkwood-Mere's romantic dell,
The lake return'd, in chasten'd gleam,
The purple cloud, the golden beam :
Reflected in the crystal pool,
Headland and bank lay fair and cool ;
The weather-tinted rock and tower,
Each drooping tree, each fairy flower,
So true, so soft, the mirror gave,
As if there lay beneath the wave,
Secure from trouble, toil, and care,
A world than earthly world more fair.

But distant winds began to wake,
And roused the Genius of the Lake !
He heard the groaning of the oak,
And donn'd at once his sable cloak,
As warrior, at the battle cry,
Invests him with his panoply :
Then, as the whirlwind nearer press'd,
He 'gan to shake his foamy crest
O'er furrow'd brow and blacken'd cheek,
And bade his surge in thunder speak.
In wild and broken eddies whirl'd,
Flitted that fond ideal world ;

And, to the shore in tumult tost,
The realms of fairy bliss were lost.

Yet, with a stern delight and strange,
I saw the spirit-stirring change
As warr'd the wind with wave and wood.
Upon the ruin'd tower I stood,
And felt my heart more strongly bound,
Responsive to the lofty sound,
While, joying in the mighty roar,
I mourn'd that tranquil scene no more.

So, on the idle dreams of youth
Breaks the loud trumpet-call of truth,
Bids each fair vision pass away,
Like landscape on the lake that lay,
As fair, as flitting, and as frail,
As that which fled the autumn gale—
For ever dead to fancy's eye
Be each gay form that glided by,
While dreams of love and lady's charms
Give place to honour and to arms!

Chap. v.

(3.)

“—— The question'd party replied,—and, like the
witch of Thalaba, ‘still his speech was song.’”

THE Knight's to the mountain
His bugle to wind ;

The lady's to greenwood
 Her garland to bind.
 The bower of Burd Ellen
 Has moss on the floor,
 That the step of Lord William
 Be silent and sure.

Chap. ix

(4.)

“In the middle of this din, the Baron repeatedly implored silence; and when at length the instinct of polite discipline so far prevailed that for a moment he obtained it, he hastened to beseech their attention ‘unto a military ariette, which was a peculiar favorite of the Maréchal Duc de Berwick’; then imitating, as well as he could, the manner and tone of a French musquetaire, he immediately commenced,”

MON cœur volage, dit-elle,
 N'est pas pour vous, garçon,
 Est pour un homme de guerre,
 Qui a barbe au menton.
 Lon, Lon, Laridon.

Qui porte chapeau a plume,
 Soulier a rouge talon,
 Qui joue de la flute,
 Aussi de violon.
 Lon, Lon, Laridon.

“Balmawhapple could hold no longer, but broke in what he called a d—d good song, composed by Gibby Caethrowit, the Piper of Cupar; and, without wasting more time, struck up,”

It's up Glembarchan's braes I gaed,
 And o'er the bent of Killiebraid,
 And mony a weary cast I made
 To cuittle the moor-fowl's tail.

If up a bonny black-cock should spring,
 To whistle him down wi' a slug in his wing,
 And strap him on to my lunzie string,
 Right seldom would I fail.

Chap. xi.

(5.)

“The stamping of horses was now heard in the court, and Davie's voice singing to the two large deer greyhounds,”

HIE away, hie away,
 Over bank and over brae,
 Where the copsewood is the greenest,
 Where the fountains glisten sheenest,
 Where the lady-fern grows strongest,
 Where the morning dew lies longest,
 Where the black-cock sweetest sips it,
 Where the fairy latest trips it:

Hie to haunts right seldom seen,
Lovely, lonesome, cool, and green,
Over bank and over brae,
Hie away, hie away.

Chap. xii.

(6.)

“The view of the old tower, or fortalice, introduced some family anecdotes and tales of Scottish chivalry, which the Baron told with great enthusiasm. The projecting peak of an impending crag, which rose near it, had acquired the name of St. Swithin’s Chair. It was the scene of a peculiar superstition, of which Mr. Rubrick mentioned some curious particulars, which reminded Waverley of a rhyme quoted by Edgar in King Lear; and Rose was called upon to sing a little legend in which they had been interwoven by some village poet,

Who, nameless as the race from which he sprung,
Saved other names, but left his own unsung.

“The sweetness of her voice, and the simple beauty of her music, gave all the advantage which the minstrel could have desired, and which his poetry so much wanted.”

ON Hallow-Mass Eve, ere you boune ye to rest,
Ever beware that your couch be bless’d;
Sign it with cross, and sain it with bead,
Sing the Ave, and say the Creed.

For on Hallow-Mass Eve the Night-Hag will
ride,
And all her nine-fold sweeping on by her side,
Whether the wind sing lowly or loud,
Sailing through moonshine or swath'd in the cloud.

The Lady she sate in St. Swithin's Chair,
The dew of the night has damped her hair ;
Her cheek was pale—but resolved and high
Was the word of her lip and the glance of her eye.

She mutter'd the spell of Swithin bold,
When his naked foot traced the midnight wold,
When he stopp'd the Hag as she rode the night,
And bade her descend, and her promise plight.

He that dare sit on St. Swithin's Chair,
When the Night-Hag wings the troubled air,
Questions three, when he speaks the spell,
He may ask, and she must tell.

The Baron has been with King Robert his liege,
These three long years in battle and siege ;
News are there none of his weal or his woe,
And fain the Lady his fate would know.

She shudders and stops as the charm she speaks ;
Is it the moody owl that shrieks ?
Or is that sound, betwixt laughter and scream,
The voice of the Demon who haunts the stream ?

The moan of the wind sunk silent and low,
 And the roaring torrent ceased to flow ;
 The calm was more dreadful than raging storm,
 When the cold gray mist brought the ghastly form !

* * * * *

Chap. xiii.

(7.)

“The next day Edward arose betimes, and, in a morning walk around the house and its vicinity, came suddenly upon a small court in front of the dog-kennel, where his friend Davie was employed about his four-footed charge. One quick glance of his eye recognized Waverley, when, instantly turning his back, as if he had not observed him, he began to sing part of an old ballad.”

YOUNG men will love thee more fair and more fast !

Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?

Old men's love the longest will last,

And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

The young man's wrath is like light straw on fire ;

Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?

But like red-hot steel is the old man's ire,

And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

The young man will brawl at the evening board ;

Heard ye so merry the little bird sing ?

But the old man will draw at the dawning the
sword,

And the throstle-cock's head is under his wing.

Chap. xiv.

(8.) FLORA MACIVOR'S SONG.

THERE is mist on the mountain, and night on the
vale,

But more dark is the sleep of the sons of the Gael.
A stranger commanded—it sunk on the land,
It has frozen each heart, and benumb'd every
hand!

The dirk and the target lie sordid with dust,
The bloodless claymore is but redden'd with rust;
On the hill or the glen if a gun should appear,
It is only to war with the heath-cock or deer.

The deeds of our sires if our bards should rehearse,
Let a blush or a blow be the meed of their verse!
Be mute every string, and be hush'd every tone,
That shall bid us remember the fame that is flown!

But the dark hours of night and of slumber are
past,

The morn on our mountains is dawning at last;
Glenaladale's peaks are illumed with the rays,
And the streams of Glenfinnan leap bright in the
blaze.

O high-minded Moray!—the exiled—the dear!—
In the blush of the dawning the *Standard* uprear!
Wide, wide to the winds of the north let it fly,
Like the sun's latest flash when the tempest is
nigh!

Ye sons of the strong, when that dawning shall
break,
Need the harp of the aged remind you to wake?
That dawn never beam'd on your forefathers' eye,
But it roused each high chieftain to vanquish or
die.

O, sprung from the Kings who in Islay kept state,
Proud chiefs of Clan-Ranald, Glengary, and
Sleat!

Combine like three streams from one mountain
of snow,
And resistless in union rush down on the foe!

True son of Sir Evan, undaunted Lochiel,
Place thy targe on thy shoulder and burnish thy
steel!

Rough Keppoch, give breath to thy bugle's bold
swell,

Till far Coryarrick resound to the knell!

Stern son of Lord Kenneth, nigh chief of Kintail,
Let the stag in thy standard bound wild in the
gale!

May the race of Clan-Gillian, the fearless and
free.

Remember Glenlivet, Harlaw, and Dundee !

Let the clan of gray Fingon, whose offspring has
given

Such heroes to earth and such martyrs to heaven,
Unite with the race of renown'd Rorri More,
To launch the long galley, and stretch to the oar !

How Mac-Shimei will joy when their chief shall
display

The yew-crested bonnet o'er tresses of gray !
How the race of wrong'd Alpine and murder'd
Glencoe

Shall shout for revenge when they pour on the
foe !

Ye sons of brown Dermid, who slew the wild
boar,

Resume the pure faith of the great Callum-More !
Mac-Niel of the Islands, and Moy of the Lake,
For honour, for freedom, for vengeance awake !

Awake on your hills, on your islands awake,
Brave sons of the mountain, the frith, and the
lake !

'Tis the bugle—but not for the chase is the call ;
'Tis the pibroch's shrill summons—but not to the
hall.

'Tis the summons of heroes for conquest or death,
 When the banners are blazing on mountain and
 heath ;
 They call to the dirk, the claymore, and the targe,
 To the march and the muster, the line and the
 charge.

Be the brand of each chieftain like Fin's in his
 ire !
 May the blood through his veins flow like cur-
 rents of fire !
 Burst the base foreign yoke as your sires did of
 yore !
 Or die like your sires, and endure it no more !

Chap. xxii.

“ As Flora concluded her song, Fergus stood before
 them. He sipped a little water in the hollow of his
 hand, and immediately commenced, with a theatrical
 air,”

O Lady of the Desert, hail !
 That lovest the harping of the Gael,
 Through fair and fertile regions borne,
 Where never yet grew grass or corn.

Chap. xxiii.

(9.)

“ The letter from the Chief contained Flora's lines
 on the fate of Captain Wogan, whose enterprising

character is so well drawn by Clarendon. He had originally engaged in the service of the Parliament, but had abjured that party upon the execution of Charles I.; and upon hearing that the royal standard was set up by the Earl of Glencairn and General Middleton in the Highlands of Scotland, took leave of Charles II., who was then at Paris, passed into England, assembled a body of cavaliers in the neighbourhood of London, and traversed the kingdom, which had been so long under domination of the usurper, by marches conducted with such skill, dexterity, and spirit, that he safely united his handful of horsemen with the body of Highlanders then in arms. After several months of desultory warfare, in which Wogan's skill and courage gained him the highest reputation, he had the misfortune to be wounded in a dangerous manner, and no surgical assistance being within reach, he terminated his short but glorious career."

The Verses were inscribed,

TO AN OAK TREE,

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF —, IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND, SAID TO MARK THE GRAVE OF CAPTAIN WOGAN KILLED IN 1649.

EMBLEM of England's ancient faith,
 Full proudly may thy branches wave,
 Where loyalty lies low in death,
 And valour fills a timeless grave.

And thou, brave tenant of the tomb !
Repine not if our clime deny,
Above thine honour'd sod to bloom,
The flowrets of a milder sky.

These owe their birth to genial May ;
Beneath a fiercer sun they pine,
Before the winter storm decay—
And can their worth be type of thine ?

No ! for 'mid storms of Fate opposing,
Still higher swell'd thy dauntless heart,
And, while Despair the scene was closing,
Commenced thy brief but brilliant part.

'Twas then thou sought'st on Albyn's hill,
(When England's sons the strife resign'd,)
A rugged race resisting still,
And unsubdued, though unrefined.

Thy death's hour heard no kindred wail,
No holy knell thy requiem rung ;
Thy mourners were the plaided Gael,
Thy dirge the clamorous pibroch sung.

Yet who, in Fortune's summer-shine
To waste life's longest term away,
Would change that glorious dawn of thine
Though darken'd ere its noontide day ?

Be thine the Tree whose dauntless boughs
 Brave summer's drought and winter's gloom !
 Rome bound with oak her patriot's brows,
 As Albyn shadows Wogan's tomb.

Chap. xxix.

(10.)

The clan of Mac-Farlane, occupying the fastnesses of the western side of Loch Lomond, were great depredators on the Low Country ; and as their excursions were made usually by night, the moon was proverbially called their lantern. Their celebrated pi-broch of *Hoggil nam Bo*, which is the name of their gathering tune, intimates similar practices, — the sense being

We are bound to drive the bullocks,
 All by hollows, hirsts, and hillocks,
 Through the sleet and through the rain.
 When the moon is beaming low
 On frozen lake and hills of snow,
 Bold and heartily we go,
 And all for little gain.

Chap. xxxviii. (note).

(11.)

“‘Who are dead?’ said Waverley, forgetting the incapacity of Davie to hold any connected discourse.

“‘Baron—and Baillie—and Sanders Sanderson—and Lady Rose, that sang sae sweet—A’ dead and gane—dead and gane,’ said Davie,—

But follow, follow me,
While glow-worms light the lea,
I’ll show ye where the dead should be—
Each in his shroud,
While winds pipe loud,
And the red moon peeps dim through the cloud.

Follow, follow me :
Brave should he be
That treads by the night the dead man’s lea.”

Chap lxiii.

FROM GUY MANNERING.

(1.)

CANNY moment, lucky fit ;
Is the lady lighter yet ?
Be it lad, or be it lass,
Sign wi' cross, and sain wi' mass.

Trefoil, vervain, John's-wort, dill,
Hinders witches of their will ;
Weel is them, that weel may
Fast upon St. Andrew's day.

Saint Bride and her brat,
Saint Colme and her cat,
Saint Michael and his spear,
Keep the house frae reif and wear.

Chap. iii

(2.)

Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,
Mingle shades of joy and woe,
Hope, and fear, and peace, and strife,
In the thread of human life.

While the mystic twist is spinning,
 And the infant's life beginning,
 Dimly seen through twilight bending,
 Lo, what varied shapes attending !

Passions wild, and follies vain,
 Pleasures soon exchanged for pain ;
 Doubt, and jealousy, and fear,
 In the magic dance appear.

Now they wax, and now they dwindle,
 Whirling with the whirling spindle,
 Twist ye, twine ye ! even so,
 Mingle human bliss and woe.

Chap. iv.

(3.)

Wasted, weary, wherefore stay,
 Wrestling thus with earth and clay ?
 From the body pass away ;—
 Hark ! the mass is singing.

From thee doff thy mortal weed,
 Mary Mother be thy speed,
 Saints to help thee at thy need ;—
 Hark ! the knell is ringing.

Fear not snow-drift driving fast,
 Sleet, or hail, or levin blast ;

Soon the shroud shall lap thee fast,
 And the sleep be on thee cast
 That shall ne'er know waking.

Haste thee, haste thee, to be gone,
 Earth flits fast, and time draws on,—
 Gasp thy gasp, and groan thy groan,
 Day is near the breaking.

“The songstress paused, and was answered by one or two deep and hollow groans, that seemed to proceed from the very agony of the mortal strife. ‘It will not be,’ she muttered to herself. ‘He cannot pass away with that on his mind; it tethers him here.

Heaven cannot abide it;
 Earth refuses to hide it.

I must open the door.’

“—She lifted the latch, saying,

‘Open lock, end strife,
 Come death, and pass life.’”

Chap. xxvii.

(4.)

Dark shall be light,
 And wrong done to right,
 When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
 Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

Chap. xlix.

(5.) MOTTO.

CHAP. XVII.

Heaven first in its mercy taught mortals their
letters,

For ladies in limbo and lovers in fetters ;

Or some author, who, placing his persons before
ye,

Ungallantly leaves them to write their own story.

Pope, imitated.

FROM THE ANTIQUARY.

(1.)

HE came—but valor had so fired his eye,
And such a falchion glittered on his thigh,
That, by the gods, with such a load of steel,
I thought he came to murder—not to heal.

Chap. vi.

(2.)

“WHY sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
Thou aged carle so stern and gray?
Dost thou its former pride recall,
Or ponder how it pass'd away?” —

“Know'st thou not me?” the Deep Voice cried
“So long enjoy'd. so oft misused—
Alternate, in thy fickle pride,
Desired, neglected, and accused!

“ Before my breath, like blazing flax,
 Man and his marvels pass away !
 And changing empires wane and wax,
 Are founded, flourish, and decay.

“ Redeem mine hours—the space is brief—
 While in my glass the sand-grains shiver,
 And measureless thy joy or grief,
 When Time and thou shalt part for ever ! ”

Chap. x.

(3.) EPITAPH.

HEIR lyeth John o' ye Girnell,
 Erth has ye nit and heuen ye kirnell.
 In hys tyme ilk wyfe's hennis clokit,
 Ilka gud mannis herth wi' bairnis was stokit,
 He deled a boll o' bear in firlottis fyve,
 Four for ye halie kirke and ane for puir mennis
 wyvis.

Chap. xi.

(4.)

“ As the Antiquary lifted the latch of the hut, he was surprised to hear the shrill, tremulous voice of Elspeth chanting forth an old ballad in a wild and doleful recitative : ” --

The herring loves the merry moon-light,
The mackerel loves the wind,
But the oyster loves the dredging sang,
For they come of a gentle kind.

Now haud your tongue, baith wife and carle
And listen great and sma',
And I will sing of Glenallan's Earl
That fought on the red Harlaw.

The cronach's cried on Bennachie,
And down the Don and a',
And hieland and lawland may mournfu' be
For the sair field of Harlaw.—

They saddled a hundred milk-white steeds,
They hae bridled a hundred black,
With a chafron of steel on each horse's head,
And a good knight upon his back.

They hadna ridden a mile, a mile,
A mile but barely ten,
When Donald came branking down the brae
Wi' twenty thousand men.

Their tartans they were waving wide,
Their glaives were glancing clear,
The pibrochs rung frae side to side,
Would deafen ye to hear.

The great Earl in his stirrups stood,
That Highland host to see:
“ Now here a knight that’s stout and good
May prove a jeopardie :

“ What would’st thou do, my squire so gay,
That rides beside my reyne.—
Were ye Glenallan’s Earl the day,
And I were Roland Cheyne ?

“ To turn the rein were sin and shame,
To fight were wond’rous peril,—
What would ye do now, Roland Cheyne,
Were ye Glenallan’s Earl ? ”—

“ Were I Glenallan’s Earl this tide,
And ye were Roland Cheyne,
The spur should be in my horse’s side,
And the bridle upon his mane.

“ If they hae twenty thousand blades,
And we twice ten times ten,
Yet they hae but their tartan plaids,
And we are mail-clad men.

“ My horse shall ride through ranks sae rude,
As through the moorland fern,—
Then ne’er let the gentle Norman blude
Grow cauld for Highland kerne.”

* * * * *

He turn'd him right and round again,
 Said, Scorn na at my mither ;
 Light loves I may get mony a ane,
 But minnie ne'er anither.

Chap. xl.

(5.) MOTTOES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I KNEW Anselmo. He was shrewd and prudent,
 Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him ;
 But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
 And pleased again by toys which childhood please ,
 As—book of fables graced with print of wood,
 Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
 Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
 That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

CHAP. XI.

Sometimes he thinks that Heaven this vision
 sent,
 And order'd all the pageants as they went ;
 Sometimes that only 'twas wild Fancy's play,—
 The loose and scatter'd relics of the day.

CHAP. XXX.

Who is he?—One that for the lack of land
 Shall fight upon the water—he hath challenged
 Formerly the grand whale; and by his titles
 Of Leviathan, Behemoth, and so forth.
 He tilted with a sword-fish—Marry, sir,
 Th' aquatic had the best—the argument
 Still galls our champion's breech.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXI.

Tell me not of it, friend—when the young weep,
 Their tears are lukewarm brine;—from our old eyes
 Sorrow falls down like hail-drops of the North,
 Chilling the furrows of our wither'd cheeks,
 Cold as our hopes, and hardened as our feeling—
 Theirs, as they fall, sink sightless—ours recoil,
 Heap the fair plain, and bleaken all before us.

Old Play

CHAP. XXXIII.

Remorse—she ne'er forsakes us!—
 A bloodhound stanch—she tracks our rapid step
 Through the wild labyrinth of youthful frenzy,
 Unheard, perchance, until old age hath tamed us;
 Then in our lair, when Time hath chill'd our joints,
 And maim'd our hope of combat, or of flight,
 We hear her deep-mouth'd bay, announcing all,
 Of wrath and woe and punishment that bides us.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Still in his dead hand clenched remain the
 strings
 That thrill his father's heart—e'en as the limb,
 Lopped off and laid in grave, retains, they tell
 us,
 Strange commerce with the mutilated stump,
 Whose nerves are twinging still in maim'd exist-
 ence.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXV.

——— Life, with you,
 Glows in the brain and dances in the arteries ;
 'Tis like the wine some joyous guest hath quaff'd,
 That glads the heart and elevates the fancy :—
 Mine is the poor residuum of the cup,
 Vapid, and dull, and tasteless, only soiling
 With its base dregs the vessel that contains it.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Yes! I love Justice well—as well as you do—
 But, since the good dame's blind, she shall excuse
 me,
 If, time and reason fitting, I prove dumb ;—
 The breath I utter now shall be no means
 To take away from me my breath in future.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

Well, well, at worst, 'tis neither theft nor coinage,
 Granting I knew all that you charge me with.
 What, tho' the tomb hath borne a second birth,
 And given the wealth to one that knew not on't,
 Yet fair exchange was never robbery,
 Far less pure bounty——

Old Play.

CHAP. XL.

Life ebbs from such old age, unmark'd and silent,
 As the slow neap-tide leaves yon stranded galley.—
 Late she rock'd merrily at the least impulse
 That wind or wave could give; but now her keel
 Is settling on the sand, her mast has ta'en
 An angle with the sky, from which it shifts not.
 Each wave receding shakes her less and less,
 Till, bedded on the strand, she shall remain
 Useless as motionless.

Old Play.

CHAP. XLI.

So, while the Goose, of whom the fable told,
 Incumbent, brooded o'er her eggs of gold,
 With hand outstretch'd impatient to destroy,
 Stole on her secret nest the cruel Boy,
 Whose gripe rapacious changed her splendid
 dream,
 For wings vain fluttering, and for dying scream.

The Loves of the Sea-weeds.

CHAP. XLII.

Let those go see who will—I like it not—
 For, say he was a slave to rank and pomp,
 And all the nothings he is now divorced from
 By the hard doom of stern necessity;
 Yet is it sad to mark his alter'd brow,
 Where Vanity adjusts her flimsy veil
 O'er the deep wrinkles of repentant Anguish.

Old Play

CHAP. XLIII.

Fortune, you say, flies from us—She but circles,
 Like the fleet sea-bird round the fowler's skiff,—
 Lost in the mist one moment, and the next
 Brushing the white sail with her whiter wing,
 As if to court the aim.—Experience watches,
 And has her on the wheel.—

Old Play.

CHAP. XLIV.

Nay, if she love me not, I care not for her:
 Shall I look pale because the maiden blooms?
 Or sigh because she smiles—and smiles on others?
 Not I, by Heaven!—I hold my peace too dear,
 To let it, like the plume upon her cap,
 Shake at each nod that her caprice shall dictate.

Old Play.

FROM ROB ROY.

(1.) TO THE MEMORY OF EDWARD THE
BLACK PRINCE.

O FOR the voice of that wild horn,
On Fontarabian echoes borne,
 The dying hero's call,
That told imperial Charlemagne,
How Paynim sons of swarthy Spain,
 Had wrought his champion's fall.

Sad over earth and ocean sounding,
And England's distant cliffs astounding,
 Such are the notes should say
How Britain's hope, and France's fear,
Victor of Cressy and Poitier,
 In Bourdeaux dying lay.

“Raise my faint head, my squires,” he said,
“And let the casement be display'd,
 That I may see once more
The splendour of the setting sun
Gleam on thy mirror'd wave, Garonne,
 And Blaye's empurpled shore.”

“Like me, he sinks to Glory’s sleep,
 His fall the dews of evening steep,
 As if in sorrow shed.
 So soft shall fall the trickling tear,
 When England’s maids and matrons hear
 Of their Black Edward dead.

“And though my sun of glory set,
 Nor France nor England shall forget
 The terror of my name ;
 And oft shall Britain’s heroes rise,
 New planets in these southern skies,
 Through clouds of blood and flame.’
Chap. ii.

(2.) TRANSLATION FROM ARIOSTO.

LADIES, and knights, and arms, and love’s fair
 flame,
 Deeds of emprize and courtesy, I sing ;
 What time the Moors from sultry Africk came,
 Led on by Agramant, their youthful king—
 He whom revenge and hasty ire did bring
 O’er the broad wave, in France to waste and
 war ;
 Such ills from old Trojano’s death did spring,
 Which to avenge he came from realms afar,
 And menaced Christian Charles, the Roman Em
 peror.

Of dauntless Roland, too, my strain shall sound,
 In import never known in prose and rhyme,
 How He, the chief of judgment deem'd profound,
 For luckless love was crazed upon a time—
Chap. xvi.

(3.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. X.

In the wide pile, by others heeded not,
 Hers was one sacred solitary spot,
 Whose gloomy aisles and bending shelves contain,
 For moral hunger food, and cures for moral pain.
Anonymous.

CHAP. XIII.

Dire was his thought, who first in poison steep'd
 The weapon form'd for slaughter—direr his,
 And worthier of damnation, who instill'd
 The mortal venom in the social cup,
 To fill the veins with death instead of life.
Anonymous.

CHAP. XXII.

Look round thee, young Astolpho: Here's the
 place
 Which men (for being poor) are sent to starve
 in—
 Rude remedy, I trow, for sore disease.
 Within these walls, stifled by damp and stench,

Doth Hope's fair torch expire ; and at the snuff,
Ere yet 'tis quite extinct, rude, wild, and way-
ward,

The desperate revelries of wild despair,
Kindling their hell-born cressets, light to deeds
That the poor captive would have died ere prac-
tised,

Till bondage sunk his soul to his condition.

The Prison, Scene iii. Act I.

CHAP. XXXI.

"Woe to the vanquish'd!" was stern Brenno's
word,

When sunk proud Rome beneath the Gallic
sword—

"Woe to the vanquish'd!" when his massive
blade

Bore down the scale against her ransom weigh'd,
And on the field of foughten battle still,
War knows no limits save the victor's will.

The Gaulliad.

CHAP. XXXII.

And be he safe restored ere evening set,
Or, if there's vengeance in an injured heart,
And power to wreak it in an armed hand,

Your land shall ache for't.

Old Play

CHAP. XXXVI.

Farewell to the land where the clouds love to
rest,
Like the shroud of the dead on the mountain's
cold breast:
To the cataract's roar where the eagles reply,
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky

FROM OLD MORTALITY.

(1.)

AND what though winter will pinch severe
Through locks of gray and a cloak that's old,
Yet keep up thy heart, bold cavalier,
For a cup of sack shall fence the cold.

For time will rust the brightest blade,
And years will break the strongest bow ;
Was never wight so starkly made,
But time and years would overthrow.

Chap. xix.

(2.) VERSES FOUND, WITH A LOCK OF HAIR, IN
BOTHWELL'S POCKET-BOOK.

THY hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright,
As in that well-remember'd night,
When first thy mystic braid was wove,
And first my Agnes whisper'd love.

Since then how often hast thou press'd
The torrid zone of this wild breast,

Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin that peopled hell;
A breast whose blood's a troubled ocean,
Each thro' the earthquake's wild commotion !—
O, if such clime thou canst endure,
Yet keep thy hue unstain'd and pure,
What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought !
I had not wander'd wild and wide,
With such an angel for my guide ;
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me
If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had been
To me one savage hunting-scene,
My sole delight the headlong race,
And frantic hurry of the chase ;
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Rush in, drag down and rend my prey,
Then—from the carcase turn away !
Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
And soothed each wound which pride inflamed !
Yes, God and man might now approve me,
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me.

Chap. xxiii

(3.) EPITAPH ON BALFOUR OF BURLEY.

“Gentle reader, I did request of mine honest friend, Peter Proudfoot, travelling merchant, known to many of this land for his faithful and just dealings, as well in muslins and cambrics as in small wares, to procure me, on his next peregrinations to that vicinage, a copy of the Epitaphion alluded to. And, according to his report, which I see no ground to discredit, it runneth thus:—”

HERE lyes ane saint to prelates surly,
 Being John Balfour, sometime of Burley,
 Who, stirred up to vengeance take,
 For solemn League and Cov'nant's sake,
 Upon the Magus-Moor, in Fife,
 Did tak' James Sharpe the apostate's life;
 By Dutchman's hands was hacked and shot,
 Then drowned in Clyde near this saam spot.

Chap. xliv.

(4.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. V.

AROUSE thee, youth!—it is no common call,—
 God's church is leaguer'd—haste to man the wall
 Haste where the Red-cross banners wave on high
 Signals of honour'd death or victory.

James Duff.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife !
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

Anonymous.

FROM THE BLACK DWARF.

MOTTOES.

CHAP. V.

THE bleakest rock upon the loneliest heath
Feels, in its barrenness, some touch of spring ;
And, in the April dew, or beam of May,
Its moss and lichen freshen and revive ;
And thus the heart, most sear'd to human pleasure,
Melts at the tear, joys in the smile of woman.

Beaumont.

CHAP. IX.

So spak the knight ; the geaunt sed,
Lead forth with the the sely maid,
And mak me quite of the and sche ;
For glaunsing ee, or brow so brent,
Or cheek with rose and lilye blent,
Me lists not fight with the.

Romance of The Falcon.

CHAP. X.

I left my ladye's bower last night—
It was clad in wreaths of snaw ;

I'll seek it when the sun is bright,
And sweet the roses blaw.

Old Ballad.

CHAP. XVI.

—————'Twas time and griefs
That framed him thus: Time, with his fairer
hand,
Offering the fortunes of his former days,
The former man may make him—Bring us to
him,
And chance it as it may.

Old Play.

FROM A LEGEND OF MONTROSE.

(1.)

Wo, wo, son of the Lowlander,
Why wilt thou leave thine own bonny Border?
Why comest thou hither disturbing the High-
lander,
Wasting the glen that was once in fair order?

Introduction.

(2.) ANNOT LYLE'S SONG.

1.

BIRDS of omen dark and foul,
Night-crow, raven, bat, and owl,
Leave the sick man to his dream—
All night long he heard you scream.
Haste to cave and ruin'd tower,
Ivy, tod, or dinged bower,
There to wink and mope, for, hark!
In the mid air sings the lark.

2.

Hie to moorish gills and rocks,
 Prowling wolf and wily fox,
 Hie ye fast, nor turn your view,
 Though the lamb bleats to the ewe.
 Couch your trains, and speed your flight,
 Safety parts with parting night ;
 And on distant echo borne,
 Comes the hunter's early horn.

3.

The moon's wan crescent scarcely gleams,
 Ghost-like she fades in morning beams :
 Hie hence, each peevish imp and fay
 That scare the pilgrim on his way.—
 Quench, kelpy! quench in bog and fen,
 Thy torch, that cheats benighted men ;
 Thy dance is o'er, thy reign is done,
 For Benyieglo hath seen the sun.

4.

Wild thoughts, that, sinful, dark, and deep,
 O'erpower the passive mind in sleep,
 Pass from the slumberer's soul away,
 Like night-mists from the brow of day ·
 Foul hag, whose blasted visage grim
 Smothers the pulse, unnerves the limb,
 Spur thy dark palfrey, and begone !
 Thou darest not face the godlike sun.

Chap. vi.

(3.)

GAZE not upon the stars, fond sage,
In them no influence lies ;
To read the fate of youth or age,
Look on my Helen's eyes.
Yet, vast astrologer, refrain !
Too dearly would be won
The prescience of another's pain,
If purchased by thine own.

Chap. vi.

(4.) THE ORPHAN MAID.

NOVEMBER's hail-cloud drifts away,
November's sun-beam wan
Looks coldly on the castle gray,
When forth comes Lady Anne.

The orphan by the oak was set,
Her arms, her feet were bare ;
The hail-drops had not melted yet
Amid her raven hair.

“ And, dame,” she said, “ by all the ties
That child and mother know,
Aid one who never knew these joys,—
Relieve an orphan's woe.”

The lady said, "An orphan's state
 Is hard and sad to bear;
 Yet worse the widow'd mother's fate,
 Who mourns both lord and heir.

"Twelve times the rolling year has sped
 Since, from the vengeance wild
 Of fierce Strathallan's chief I fled,
 Forth's eddies whelm'd my child."—

"Twelve times the year its course has borne,"
 The wandering maid replied,
 "Since fishers on St. Bridget's morn,
 Drew nets on Campsie side.

"St. Bridget sent no scaly spoil—;
 An infant, well nigh dead,
 They saved, and rear'd in want and toil,
 To beg from you her bread."

The orphan maid the lady kiss'd,—
 "My husband's looks you bear;
 Saint Bridget and her morn be bless'd!
 You are his widow's heir."

They've robed that maid, so poor and pale,
 In silk and sandals rare;
 And pearls, for drops of frozen hail
 Are glistening in her hair.

(5.) GAELIC SONG.

Wert thou, like me, in life's low vale,
 With thee how blest that lot I'd share :
 With thee I'd fly wherever gale
 Could waft, or bounding galley bear.
 But parted by severe decree,
 Far different must our fortunes prove ;
 May thine be joy !—enough for me
 To weep and pray for him I love.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
 When hope shall be forever flown,
 No sullen murmur shall reveal,
 No selfish murmurs ever own.
 Nor will I through life's weary years
 Like a pale, drooping mourner move,
 While I can think my secret tears
 May wound the heart of him I love.

Chap. xxi.

(6.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. III.

FOR pleas of right let statesmen vex their head.
 Battle's my business, and my guerdon bread ;
 And, with the sworded Switzer, I can say,
 The best of causes is the best of pay.

Donne.

CHAP. X.

DARK on their journey lour'd the gloomy day,
 Wild were the hills, and doubtful grew the way;
 More dark, more gloomy, and more doubtful,
 show'd

The mansion which received them from the road.

The Travellers, a Romance.

CHAP. XI.

Is this thy castle, Baldwin? Melancholy
 Displays her sable banner from the donjon,
 Dark'ning the foam of the whole surge beneath.
 Were I a habitant to see this gloom
 Pollute the face of nature, and to hear
 The ceaseless sound of wave and sea-bird's
 scream,

I'd wish me in the hut that poorest peasant
 E'er framed to give him temporary shelter.

Brown.

FROM THE HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

(1.) MADGE WILDFIRE'S SONGS.

WHEN the gledd's in the blue cloud,
The lavrock lies still ;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
The hind keeps the hill.

O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
When ye suld rise and ride ?
There's twenty men, wi' bow and blade,
Are seeking where ye hide.

Chap. xv.

I glance like the wildfire thro' country and town ;
I'm seen on the causeway—I'm seen on the down ;
The lightning that flashes so bright and so free,
Is scarcely so blithe or so bonny as me.

What did ye wi' the bridal ring—bridal ring—
bridal ring ?

What did ye wi' your wedding ring, ye little cutty
quean, O ?

I gied it till a sodger, a sodger, a sodger,
I gied it till a sodger, an auld true love o' mine, O.

Chap. xvi.

Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee ;
 I prithee, dear moon, now show to me
 The form and the features, the speech and degree,
 Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

It is the bonny butcher lad,
 That wears the sleeves of blue ;
 He sells the flesh on Saturday,
 On Friday that he slew.

There's a bloodhound ranging Tinwald Wood,
 There's harness glancing sheen ;
 There's a maiden sits on Tinwald brae,
 And she sings loud between.

Chap. xvii.

With my curtch on my foot, and my shoe on my
 hand,
 I glance like the wildfire through brugh and
 through land.

In the bonnie cells of Bedlam,
 Ere I was ane and twenty,
 I had hempen bracelets strong,
 And merry whips, ding-dong,
 And prayer and fasting plenty.

Chap. xxix.

I'm Madge of the country, I'm Madge of the town,
 And I'm Madge of the lad I am blithest to own,—

The Lady of Beever in diamonds may shine,
But has not a heart half so lightsome as mine.

I am Queen of the Wake, and I'm Lady of May,
And I lead the blithe ring round the May-pole
to-day ;

The wild-fire that flashes so fair and so free
Was never so bright, or so bonnie as me.

Chap. xxxi.

Our work is over—over now,
The goodman wipes his weary brow,
The last long wain wends slow away,
And we are free to sport and play.

The night comes on when sets the sun,
And labour ends when day is done.
When Autumn's gone, and Winter's come,
We hold our jovial harvest-home.

When the fight of grace is fought,—
When the marriage vest is wrought,—
When Faith has chased cold Doubt away—
And Hope but sickens at delay,—
When Charity, imprisoned here,
Longs for a more expanded sphere ;
Doff thy robes of sin and clay ;
Christian, rise, and come away.

Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,
 And sad my sleep of sorrow ;
 But thine sall be as sad and cauld,
 My fause true-love ! to-morrow.

And weep ye not, my maidens free,
 Though death your mistress borrow ;
 For he for whom I die to-day,
 Shall die for me to-morrow.

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
 Walking so early ;
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush,
 Singing so rarely.

“Tell me, thou bonny bird,
 When shall I marry me ?”—

“When six braw gentlemen
 Kirkward shall carry ye.”

“Who makes the bridal bed,
 Birdie, say truly ?”—

“The gray-headed sexton
 That delves the grave duly.

“The glow-worm o’er grave and stone
 Shall light thee steady.

The owl from the steeple sing,
 ‘ Welcome, proud lady.’ ”

(2.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. V.

Elswhair he colde right weel lay dow the law,
But in his house was meek as is a daw.

Davie Lindsay.

CHAP. XIX.

To man, in this his trial state,
The privilege is given,
When lost by tides of human fate,
To anchor fast in Heaven.

Watts's Hymns.

CHAP. XXIV.

Law, take thy victim!—May she find the mercy
In yon mild heaven which this hard world denies
her!

CHAP. XXIX.

And Need and Misery, Vice and Danger, bind
In sad alliance, each degraded mind.

CHAP. XLVIII.

Happy thou art! then happy be,
Nor envy me my lot;
Thy happy state I envy thee,
And peaceful cot.

Lady C—C—J.

FROM THE BRIDE OF LAMMERMOOR.

(1.)

“The silver tones of Lucy Ashton’s voice mingled with the accompaniment in an ancient air, to which some one had adapted the following words:”—

LOOK not thou on beauty’s charming,—
Sit thou still when kings are arming,—
Taste not when the wine-cup glistens,—
Speak not when the people listens,—
Stop thine ear against the singer,—
From the red gold keep thy finger,—
Vacant heart, and hand, and eye,
Easy live and quiet die.

Chap. iii.

(2.)

“And humming his rustic roundelay, the yeoman went on his road, the sound of his rough voice gradually dying away as the distance betwixt them increased.”

The monk must arise when the matins ring,
The abbot may sleep to their chime;

But the yeoman must start when the bugles sing,
 'Tis time, my hearts, 'tis time.

There's bucks and raes on Billhope braes,
 There's a herd on Shortwood Shaw ;
 But a lily-white doe in the garden goes,
 She's fairly worth them a.'

Chap. iii.

(3.)

“ With a quivering voice, and a cheek pale with
 apprehension, Caleb faltered out the following lines : ”

When the last Laird of Ravenswood to Ravens-
 wood shall ride,
 And woo a dead maiden to be his bride,
 He shall stable his steed in the Kelpie's flow,
 And his name shall be lost for evermoe !

Chap. xviii.

(4.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. XIV.

As, to the Autumn breeze's bugle-sound,
 Various and vague the dry leaves dance their
 round,
 Or, from the garner-door, on æther borne,
 The chaff flies devious from the winnow'd corn ;

So vague, so devious, at the breath of heav'n,
From their fix'd aim are mortal counsels driven.

Anonymous.

CHAP. XVII.

— Here is a father now,
Will truck his daughter for a foreign venture,
Make her the stop-gap to some canker'd feud,
Or fling her o'er, like Jonah, to the fishes,
To appease the sea at highest.

Anonymous.

CHAP. XVIII.

Sir, stay at home and take an old man's counsel
Seek not to bask you by a stranger's hearth ;
Our own blue smoke is warmer than their fire ;
Domestic food is wholesome, though 'tis homely,
And foreign dainties poisonous, though tasteful.

The French Courtezan.

CHAP. XXIII.

Such was our fallen father's fate,
Yet better than mine own ;
He shared his exile with his mate,
I'm banished forth alone.

Waller.

CHAP. XXV.

True-love, an' thou be true,
Thou has ane kittle part to play,
For fortune, fashion, fancy, and thou
Maun strive for many a day.

I've kend by mony friend's tale,
Far better by this heart of mine,
What time and change of fancy avail,
A true-love knot to untwine.

Hendersoun.

CHAP. XXVII.

Why, now I have Dame Fortune by the forelock,
And if she 'scapes my grasp, the fault is mine ;
He that hath buffeted with stern adversity,
Best knows to shape his course to favouring
breezes.

Old Play.

FROM IVANHOE.

(1.) THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

1.

HIGH deeds achieved of knightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came ;
The cross upon his shoulders borne,
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.
Each dint upon his batter'd shield
Was token of a foughten field ;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
He sung, as fell the twilight hour :

2.

“ Joy to the fair !—thy knight behold,
Return'd from yonder land of gold ;
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,
Save his good arms and battle-steed ;
His spurs to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to lay him low ;
Such all the trophies of his toil
Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile !

3.

"Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
 Her favour fired to feats of might!
 Unnoted shall she not remain
 Where meet the bright and noble train;
 Minstrel shall sing, and herald teil—
 'Mark yonder maid of beauty well,
 'Tis she for whose bright eyes was won
 The listed field at Ascalon!"

4.

"Note well her smile!—it edged the blade
 Which fifty wives to widows made,
 When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,
 Iconium's turban'd Soldan fell.
 See'st thou her locks, whose sunny glow
 Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow?
 Twines not of them one golden thread,
 But for its sake a Paynim bled."

5.

"Joy to the fair!—my name unknown,
 Each deed, and all its praise, thine own;
 Then, oh! unbar this churlish gate,
 The night-dew falls, the hour is late.
 Inured to Syria's glowing breath,
 I feel the north breeze chill as death;
 Let grateful love quell maiden shame,
 And grant him bliss who brings thee fame."

Chap. xvii

(2.) THE BAREFOOTED FRIAR.

1.

I'LL give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
 To search Europe through from Byzantium to
 Spain;
 But ne'er shall you find, should you search till
 you tire,
 So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

2.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
 And is brought home at even-song prick'd through
 with a spear;
 I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
 No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

3.

Your monarch!—Pshaw! many a prince has
 been known
 To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown:
 But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
 To exchange for a crown the gray hood of a
 Friar!

4.

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has
 gone,
 The land and its fatness is mark'd for his own

He can roam where he lists, he can stop when
 he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

5.

He's expected at noon, and no wight, till he
 comes,
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of
 plums ;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the
 fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

6.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the
 black pot ;
And the good-wife would wish the good-man in
 the mire,
Ere he lack'd a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar

7.

Long flourish the sandal, the cord, and the cope,
The dread of the devil and trust of the Pope !
For to gather life's roses, unscathed by the briar
Is granted alone to the Barefooted Friar.

Chap. xvii.

(3.)

Norman saw on English oak,
 On English neck a Norman yoke ;
 Norman spoon in English dish,
 And England ruled as Normans wish ;
 Blithe world in England never will be more,
 Till England's rid of all the four.

Chap xxvii.

(4.)

“ The fire was spreading rapidly through all parts of the castle, when Ulrica, who had first kindled it, appeared on a turret, in the guise of one of the ancient furies, yelling forth a war-song, such as was of yore chanted on the field of battle by the scalds of the yet heathen Saxons. Her long dishevelled gray hair flew back from her uncovered head, the inebriating delight of gratified vengeance contended in her eyes with the fire of insanity, and she brandished the distaff which she held in her hand, as if she had been one of the Fatal Sisters, who spin and abridge the thread of human life. Tradition has preserved some wild strophes of the barbarous hymn which she chanted wildly amid that scene of fire and slaughter : ” --

1.

Whet the bright steel,
 Sons of the White Dragon !
 Kindle the torch,
 Daughter of Hengist !

The steel glimmers not for the carving of the
 banquet,
 It is hard, broad, and sharply pointed ;
 The torch goeth not to the bridal chamber,
 It steams and glitters blue with sulphur.
 Whet the steel, the raven croaks !
 Light the torch, Zernebock is yelling !
 Whet the steel, sons of the Dragon !
 Kindle the torch, daughter of Hengist !

2.

The black clouds are low over the thane's castle
 The eagle screams—he rides on their bosom.
 Scream not, gray rider of the sable cloud
 Thy banquet is prepared !
 The maidens of Valhalla look forth,
 The race of Hengist will send them guests.
 Shake your black tresses, maidens of Valhalla !
 And strike your loud timbrels for joy !
 Many a haughty step bends to your halls,
 Many a helmed head.

3.

Dark sits the evening upon the thane's castle,
 The black clouds gather round ;
 Soon shall they be red as the blood of the valiant !
 The destroyer of forests shall shake his red crest
 against them ;
 He, the bright consumer of palaces,
 Broad waves he his blazing banner,

Red, white, and dusky,
Over the strife of the valiant ;
His joy is in the clashing swords and broken
 bucklers ;
He loves to lick the hissing blood as it bursts
 warm from the wound !

4.

All must perish !
The sword cleaveth the helmet ;
The strong armour is pierced by the lance :
Fire devoureth the dwelling of princes,
Engines break down the fences of the battle.
All must perish !
The race of Hengist is gone—
The name of Horsa is no more !
Shrink not then from your doom, sons of the
 sword !
Let your blades drink blood like wine ;
Feast ye in the banquet of slaughter,
By the light of the blazing halls !
Strong be your swords while your blood is warm,
And spare neither for pity nor fear,
For vengeance hath but an hour ;
Strong hate itself shall expire !
I also must perish.

Chap xxxi.

(5.) REBECCA'S HYMN.

“It was in the twilight of the day when her trial, if it could be called such, had taken place, that a low knock was heard at the door of Rebecca’s prison chamber. It disturbed not the inmate, who was then engaged in the evening prayer recommended by her religion, and which concluded with a hymn, which we have ventured thus to translate into English:—”

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her fathers’ God before her moved,
 An awful guide in smoke and flame.
 By day, along the astonish’d lands,
 The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
 By night, Arabia’s crimson’d sands
 Return’d the fiery column’s glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
 And trump and timbrel answer’d keen,
 And Zion’s daughters pour’d their lays,
 With priest’s and warrior’s voice between.
 No portents now our foes amaze,
 Forsaken Israel wanders lone :
 Our fathers would not know thy ways,
 And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen !
 When brightly shines the prosperous day,

Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
 And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light !

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
 The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn ;
 No censer round our altar beams,
 And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
 But Thou hast said, 'The blood of goat,
 The flesh of rams, I will not prize ;
 A contrite heart, a humble thought,
 Are mine accepted sacrifice.'

Chap. xxxix.

(6.) THE BLACK KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

“ At the point of their journey at which we take them up, this joyous pair were engaged in singing a virelai, as it was called, in which the clown bore a mellow burthen to the better instructed Knight of the Fetterlock. And thus ran the ditty : — ”

ANNA-MARIE, love, up is the sun,
 Anna-Marie, love, morn is begun,
 Mists are dispersing, love, birds singing free,
 Up in the morning, love, Anna-Marie.

Anna-Marie, love, up in the morn,
 The hunter is winding blithe sounds on his horn,
 The echo rings merry from rock and from tree,
 'Tis time to arouse thee, love, Anna-Marie.

WAMBA.

O Tybalt, love, Tybalt, awake me not yet,
 Around my soft pillow while softer dreams flit ;
 For what are the joys that in waking we prove,
 Compared with these visions, O Tybalt ! my love ?
 Let the birds to the rise of the mist carol shrill,
 Let the hunter blow out his loud horn on the
 hill,
 Softer sounds, softer pleasures, in slumber I prove,
 But think not I dream'd of thee, Tybalt, my love.

(7.)

“The Jester next struck into another carol, a sort of comic ditty, to which the Knight, catching up the tune, replied in the like manner.”

KNIGHT AND WAMBA.

There came three merry men from south, west,
 and north,
 Evermore sing the roundelay ;
 To win the Widow of Wycombe forth,
 And where was the widow might say them
 nay ?

The first was a knight, and from Tynedale he
came,

Ever more sing the roundelay ;

And his fathers, God save us, were men of great
fame,

And where was the widow might say him nay ?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,

He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay ;

She bade him go bask by his sea-coal fire,

For she was the widow would say him nay.

WAMBA.

The next that came forth, swore by blood and by
nails,

Merrily sing the roundelay ;

Hur's a gentleman. God wot, and hur's lineage
was of Wales,

And where was the widow might say him nay ?

Sir David ap Morgan ap Griffith ap Hugh

Ap Tudor Ap Rhice, quoth his roundelay ;

She said that one widow for so many was too
few,

And she bade the Welshman wend his way.

Bu. then next came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily singing his roundelay ;

He spoke to the widow of living and rent,

And where was the widow could say him nay ?

BOTH.

So the knight and the squire were both left in the
mire,

There for to sing the roundelay ;

For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,

There ne'er was a widow could say him nay.

Chap. xl.

(8.) FUNERAL HYMN.

“Four maidens, Rowena leading the choir, raised a hymn for the soul of the deceased, of which we have only been able to decipher two or three stanzas:—”

DUST unto dust,

To this all must ;

The tenant hath resign'd

The faded form

To waste and worm—

Corruption claims her kind.

Through paths unknown

Thy soul hath flown,

To seek the realms of woe,

Where fiery pain

Shall purge the stain

Of actions done below.

In that sad place,

By Mary's grace,

Brief may thy dwelling be!
 Till prayers, and alms,
 And holy psalms,
 Shall set the captive free.

Chap. xlii.

(9.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. XIII.

“HEROES approach!” Atrides thus aloud,
 “Stand forth distinguished from the circling crowd,
 Ye who by skill or manly force may claim
 Your rivals to surpass and merit fame.
 This cow, worth twenty oxen, is decreed
 For him who farthest sends the winged reed.”

Iliad.

CHAP. XVIII.

Away! our journey lies through dell and dingle,
 Where the blithe fawn trips by its timid mother,
 Where the broad oak, with intercepting boughs,
 Chequers the sun-beam in the greensward alley—
 Up and away!—for lovely paths are these
 To tread, when the glad sun is on his throne.
 Less pleasant, and less safe, when Cynthia’s lamp,
 With doubtful glimmer, lights the dreary forest.

Ettrick Forest.

CHAP. XX.

When autumn nights were long and drear,
 And forest walks were dark and dim,
 How sweetly on the pilgrim's ear
 Was wont to steal the hermit's hymn !

Devotion borrows Music's tone,
 And Music took Devotion's wing,
 And, like the bird that hails the sun,
 They soar to heaven, and soaring sing.

The Hermit of St. Clement's Well.

CHAP. XXVI.

The hottest horse will oft be cool,
 The dullest will show fire ;
 The friar will often play the fool,
 The fool will play the friar.

Old Song.

CHAP. XXVIII.

This wandering race, sever'd from other men,
 Boast yet their intercourse with human arts ;
 The seas, the woods, the deserts which they haunt,
 Find them acquainted with their secret treasures ;
 And unregarded herbs, and flowers and blossoms,
 Display undream'd-of powers when gather'd by
 them.

The Jew.

CHAP. XXX.

Approach the chamber, look upon his bed,
 His is the passing of no peaceful ghost,
 Which, as the lark arises to the sky,
 'Mid morning's sweetest breeze and softest dew,
 Is wing'd to heaven by good men's sighs and
 tears!

Anselm parts otherwise.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXII.

Trust me, each state must have its policies ;
 Kingdoms have edicts, cities have their charters ;
 Even the wild outlaw, in his forest-walk,
 Keeps yet some touch of civil discipline.
 For not since Adam wore his verdant apron,
 Hath man with man in social union dwelt,
 But laws were made to draw that union closer.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXV.

Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,
 Strive with the half-starved lion for his prey ;
 Lesser the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire
 Of wild Fanaticism.

Anonymous.

CHAP. XXXVI.

Say not my art is fraud—all live by seeming.
 The beggar begs with it, and the gay courtier
 Gains land and title, rank and rule, by seeming :
 The clergy scorn it not, and the bold soldier

Will eke with it his service.—All admit it,
 All practise it; and he who is content
 With showing what he is, shall have small credit
 In church, or camp, or state.—So wags the world.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Stern was the law which bade its vot'ries leave
 At human woes with human hearts to grieve;
 Stern was the law, which at the winning wile
 Of frank and harmless mirth forbade to smile:
 But sterner still, when high the iron-rod
 Of tyrant power she shook, and call'd that power
 of God.

Middle Ages.

CHAP. XLII.

I found them winding of Marcello's corpse,
 And there was such a solemn melody,
 'Twixt doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,—
 Such as old grandames, watching by the dead,
 Are wont to outwear the night with. *Old Play.*

FROM THE MONASTERY.

(1.)

TAKE thou no scorn,
Of fiction born,
Fair fiction's muse to woo;
Old Homer's theme
Was but a dream,
Himself a fiction too.

Answer to Introductory Epistle.

(2.) BORDER SONG.

1.

MARCH, march, Ettrick and Teviotdale,
Why the deil dinna ye march forward in order?
March, march, Eskdale and Liddesdale,
All the Blue Bonnets are bound for the Border.
Many a banner spread,
Flutters above your head,
Many a crest that is famous in story.
Mount and make ready then,
Sons of the mountair glen,
Fight for the Queen and the old Scottish glory.

2.

Come from the hills where the hirsels are grazing,
 Come from the glen of the buck and the roe ;
 Come to the crag where the beacon is blazing,
 Come with the buckler, the lance, and the bow.
 Trumpets are sounding,
 War-steeds are bounding,
 Stand to your arms, then, and march in good
 order,
 England shall many a day
 Tell of the bloody fray,
 When the Blue Bonnets came over the Border
Chap. xxv.

(3.) SONGS OF THE WHITE LADY OF
 AVENEL.

FORDING THE RIVER.

1.

MERRILY swim we, the moon shines bright,
 Both current and ripple are dancing in light.
 We have roused the night raven, I heard him
 croak,
 As we plashed along beneath the oak
 That flings its broad branches so far and so wide,
 Their shadows are dancing in midst of the tide.
 "Who wakens my nestlings!" the raven he said,
 "My beak shall ere morn in his blood be red!"

For a blue swollen corpse is a dainty meal,
 And I'll have my share with the pike and the
 eel."

2.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
 There's a golden gleam on the distant height :
 There's a silver shower on the alders dank,
 And the drooping willows that wave on the bank.
 I see the Abbey, both turret and tower,
 It is all astir for the vesper hour ;
 The Monks for the chapel are leaving each cell,
 But where's Father Philip, should toll the bell ?

3.

Merrily swim we, the moon shines bright,
 Downward we drift through shadow and light.
 Under yon rock the eddies sleep,
 Calm and silent, dark and deep.
 The Kelpy has risen from the fathomless pool,
 He has lighted his candle of death and of dool :
 Look, Father, look, and you'll laugh to see
 How he gapes and glares with his eyes on thee !

4.

Good luck to your fishing, whom watch ye to-
 night ?
 A man of mean or a man of might ?
 Is it layman or priest that must float in your cove,
 Or lover who crosses to visit his love ?

Hark ! heard ye the Kelpy reply as we pass'd,—
 “ God's blessing on the warder, he lock'd the
 bridge fast !

All that come to my cove are sunk,
 Priest or layman, lover or monk.”

Landed—landed ! the black book hath won,
 Else had you seen Berwick with morning sun !
 Sain ye, and save ye, and blithe mot ye be,
 For seldom they land that go swimming with me.

Chap. v.

(4.) TO THE SUB-PRIOR.

GOOD evening, Sir Priest, and so late as you
 ride,

With your mule so fair, and your mantle so wide ;
 But ride you through valley, or ride you o'er hill,
 There is one that has warrant to wait on you still.

 Back, back,

 The volume black !

I have a warrant to carry it back.

What, ho ! Sub-Prior, and came you but here
 To conjure a book from a dead woman's bier ?
 Sain you, and save you, be wary and wise,
 Ride back with the book, or you'll pay for your
 prize.

Back, back,
 There's death in the track!
 In the name of my master, I bid thee bear back.

“In the name of *my* Master,” said the astonished Monk, “that name before which all things created tremble, I conjure thee to say what thou art that hauntest me thus?”

The same voice replied,—

That which is neither ill nor well,
 That which belongs not to heaven nor to hell,
 A wreath of the mist, a bubble of the stream,
 'Twixt a waking thought and a sleeping dream;
 A form that men spy
 With the half-shut eye
 In the beams of the setting sun, am I.

Vainly, Sir Prior, wouldst thou bar me my right!
 Like the star when it shoots, I can dart through
 the night;
 I can dance on the torrent, and ride on the air,
 And travel the world with the bonny night-mare.
 Again, again,
 At the crook of the glen,
 Where bickers the burnie, I'll meet thee again.

Men of good are bold as sackless,
 Men of rude are wild and reckless.

Lie thou still
 In the nook of the hill,
 For those be before thee that wish thee ill.
Chap. ix.

(5.)

Thank the holly-bush
 That nods on thy brow,
 Or with this slender rush
 I had strangled thee now.
Chap. x.

(6.) HALBERT'S INCANTATION.

THRICE to the holly brake—
 Thrice to the well :—
 I bid thee awake,
 White Maid of Avenel !

Noon gleams on the Lake—
 Noon glows on the Fell—
 Wake thee, O wake,
 White Maid of Avenel.

Chap. xi.

 TO HALBERT.

YOUTH of the dark eye, wherefore didst thou call
 me ?
 Wherefore art thou here, if terrors can appall thee ?

He that seeks to deal with us must know nor fear,
nor failing ;
To coward and churl our speech is dark, our gifts
are unavailing.
The breeze that brought me hither now must
sweep Egyptian ground,
The fleecy cloud on which I ride for Araby is
bound ;
The fleecy cloud is drifting by, the breeze sighs
for my stay,
For I must sail a thousand miles before the close
of day.

What I am I must not show—
What I am thou couldst not know—
Something betwixt heaven and hell—
Something that neither stood nor fell—
Something that through thy wit or will
May work thee good—may work thee ill.
Neither substance quite, nor shadow,
Haunting lonely moor and meadow,
Dancing by the haunted spring,
Riding on the whirlwind's wing ;
Aping in fantastic fashion
Every change of human passion,
While o'er our frozen minds they pass,
Like shadows from the mirror'd glass.
Wayward, fickle, is our mood,
Hovering betwixt bad and good,

Happier than brief-dated man,
Living twenty times his span ;
Far less happy, for we have
Help nor hope beyond the grave !
Man awakes to joy or sorrow ;
Ours the sleep that knows no morrow.
This is all that I can show—
This is all that thou may'st know.

Ay ! and I taught thee the word and the spell
To waken me here by the Fairies' Well.
But thou hast loved the heron and hawk,
More than to seek my haunted walk ;
And thou hast loved the lance and the sword,
More than good text and holy word ;
And thou hast loved the deer to track,
More than the lines and the letters black ;
And thou art a ranger of moss and wood,
And scornest the nurture of gentle blood.

Thy craven fear my truth accused,
Thine idlehood my trust abused ;
He that draws to harbour late,
Must sleep without, or burst the gate,
There is a star for thee which burn'd,
Its influence wanes, its course is turn'd ;
Valour and constancy alone
Can bring thee back the chance that's flown.

Within that awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries !
Happiest they of human race,
To whom God has granted grace
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force the way ;
And better had they ne'er been born,
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn.

Many a fathom dark and deep
I have laid the book to sleep ;
Ethereal fires around it glowing—
Ethereal music ever flowing—
 The sacred pledge of Heav'n
All things revere,
Each in his sphere,
 Save man for whom 'twas giv'n :
Lend thy hand, and thou shalt spy
Things ne'er seen by mortal eye.

Fearest thou to go with me ?
Still it is free to thee
 A peasant to dwell ;
Thou may'st drive the dull steer,
And chase the king's deer

But never more come near
This haunted well.

Here lies the volume thou hast boldly sought ;
Touch it, and take it, 'twill dearly be bought.

Rash thy deed,
Mortal weed
To immortal flames applying ;
Rasher trust
Has thing of dust,
On his own weak worth relying :
Strip thee of such fences vain,
Strip, and prove thy luck again.

Mortal warp and mortal woof
Cannot brook this charmed roof ;
All that mortal art hath wrought
In our cell returns to nought.
The molten gold returns to clay,
The polish'd diamond melts away ;
All is alter'd, all is flown,
Nought stands fast but truth alone.

Not for that thy quest give o'er :
 Courage ! prove thy chance once more.

Alas ! alas !
 Not ours the grace
 These holy characters to trace :
 Idle forms of painted air,
 Not to us is given to share
 The boon bestow'd on Adam's race.
 With patience bide,
 Heaven will provide
 The fitting time, the fitting guide.

Chap. xii.

(7.) TO THE SAME.

“ She spoke, and her speech was still song, or rather measured chant ; but, as if now more familiar, it flowed occasionally in modulated blank verse, and, as other times, in the lyrical measure which she had used at their former meeting.”

This is the day when the fairy kind
 Sit weeping alone for their hopeless lot,
 And the wood-maiden sighs to the sighing wind,
 And the mermaid weeps in her crystal grot ;
 For this is a day that the deed was wrought,

In which we have neither part nor share,
For the children of clay was salvation bought,
But not for the forms of sea or air !
And ever the mortal is most forlorn,
Who meeteth our race on the Friday morn.

Daring youth ! for thee it is well,
Here calling me in haunted dell,
That thy heart has not quail'd,
Nor thy courage fail'd,
And that thou couldst brook
The angry look
Of Her of Avenel.
Did one limb shiver,
Or an eyelid quiver,
Thou wert lost for ever.
Though I am form'd from the ether blue,
And my blood is of the unfallen dew,
And thou art framed of mud and dust,
'Tis thine to speak, reply I must.

A mightier wizard far than I
Wields o'er the universe his power ;
Him owns the eagle in the sky,
The turtle in the bower.
Changeful in shape, yet mightiest still,

He wields the heart of man at will,
From ill to good, from good to ill,
In cot and castle-tower.

Ask thy heart, whose secret cell
Is fill'd with Mary Avenel !
Ask thy pride, why scornful look
In Mary's view it will not brook ?
Ask it, why thou seek'st to rise
Among the mighty and the wise,—
Why thou spurn'st thy lowly lot,—
Why thy pastimes are forgot,—
Why thou wouldst in bloody strife
Mend thy luck or lose thy life ?
Ask thy heart, and it shall tell,
Sighing from its secret cell,
'Tis for Mary Avenel.
Do not ask me ;
On doubts like these thou canst not task me.
We only see the passing show
Of human passions' ebb and flow ;
And view the pageant's idle glance
As mortals eye the northern dance,
When thousand streamers, flashing bright,
Career it o'er the brow of night,
And gazers mark their changeful gleams,
But feel no influence from their beams.

By ties mysterious link'd, our fated race
Holds strange connection with the sons of
men.

The star that rose upon the House of Avenel,
When Norman Ulric first assumed the name,
That star, when culminating in its orbit,
Shot from its spear a drop of diamond dew,
And this bright font received it—and a Spirit
Rose from the fountain, and her date of life
Hath coexistence with the House of Avenel,
And with the star that rules it.

Look on my girdle—on this thread of gold—
'Tis fine as web of lightest gossamer,
And, but there is a spell on't, would not bind,
Light as they are, the folds of my thin robe.
But when 'twas donn'd, it was a massive chain,
Such as might bind the champion of the Jews,
Even when his locks were longest—it hath
dwindled,
Hath 'minish'd in its substance and its strength,
As sunk the greatness of the House of Avenel.
When this frail thread gives way, I to the ele-
ments
Resign the principles of life they lent me.
Ask me no more of this!—the stars forbid it.

Dim burns the once bright star of Avenel,
Dim as the beacon when the morn is nigh,
And the o'er-wearied warder leaves the light-
house ;
There is an influence sorrowful and fearful,
That dogs its downward course. Disastrous
passion,
Fierce hate and rivalry, are in the aspect
That lowers upon its fortunes.

Complain not on me, child of clay,
If to thy harm I yield the way.
We, who soar thy sphere above,
Know not aught of hate or love ;
As will or wisdom rules thy mood,
My gifts to evil turn or good.
When Piercie Shafton boasteth high,
Let this token meet his eye.
The sun is westering from the dell,
Thy wish is granted—fare thee well!

Chap. xvii.

(8.) TO THE SAME.

HE, whose heart for vengeance sued,
 Must not shrink from shedding blood ;
 The knot that thou hast tied with word,
 Thou must loose by edge of sword.

You have summon'd me once, you have summon'd
 me twice,
 And without e'er a summons I come to you thrice ;
 Unask'd for, unsued for, you came to my glen,
 Unsued and unask'd, I am with you again.

Chap. xx.

(9.) TO MARY AVENEL.

MAIDEN, whose sorrows wail the Living Dead,
 Whose eyes shall commune with the Dead
 Alive,
 Maiden, attend ! Beneath my foot lies hid
 The Word, the Law, the Path which thou dost
 strive
 To find, and canst not find.—Could Spirits shed
 Tears for their lot, it were my lot to weep,
 Showing the road which I shall never tread,
 Though my foot points it.—Sleep, eternal sleep
 Dark, long, and cold forgetfulness my lot !—

But do not thou at human ills repine ;
 Secure there lies full guerdon in this spot
 For all the woes that wait frail Adam's line—
 Stoop then and make it yours,—I may not make
 it mine !

Chap. xxx.

(10.) TO EDWARD GLENDINNING.

THOU who seek'st my fountain lone,
 With thoughts and hopes thou dar'st not own ;
 Whose heart within leap'd wildly glad,
 When most his brow seem'd dark and sad ;
 Hie thee back, thou find'st not here
 Corpse or coffin, grave or bier ;
 The Dead Alive is gone and fled—
 Go thou and join the Living Dead !

The Living Dead, whose sober brow
 Oft shrouds such thoughts as thou hast now
 Whose hearts within are seldom cured
 Of passions by their vows abjured ;
 Where, under sad and solemn show,
 Vain hopes are nursed, wild wishes glow.
 Seek the convent's vaulted room,
 Prayer and vigil be thy doom ;
 Doff the green, and don the grey,
 To the cloister hence away !

Chap. xxxii.

(11) THE WHITE LADY'S FAREWELL.

FARE thee well, thou Holly green !
Thou shalt seldom now be seen,
With all thy glittering garlands bending,
As to greet my slow descending,
Startling the bewilder'd hind,
Who sees thee wave without a wind.

Farewell, Fountain ! now not long
Shalt thou murmur to my song.
While thy crystal bubbles glancing,
Keep the time in mystic dancing,
Rise and swell, are burst and lost,
Like mortal schemes by fortune cross'd.

The knot of fate at length is tied,
The Churl is Lord, the Maid is Bride !
Vainly did my magic sleight
Send the lover from her sight ;
Wither bush, and perish well,
Fall'n is lofty Avenel !

Chap. xxxvii.

(12.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. I.

O AY! the Monks, the Monks, they did the mischief!

Theirs all the grossness, all the superstition
Of a most gross and superstitious age.—
May He be praised that sent the healthful tempest,
And scatter'd all these pestilential vapours ;
But that we owed them *all* to yonder Harlot
Throned on the seven hills with her cup of gold,
I will as soon believe, with kind Sir Roger,
That old Moll White took wing with cat and
broomstick,
And raised the last night's thunder.

Old Play.

CHAP. II.

In yon lone vale his early youth was bred,
Not solitary then—the bugle-horn
Of fell Alecto often waked its windings,
From where the brook joins the majestic river,
To the wild northern bog, the curlew's haunt,
Where oozes forth its first and feeble streamlet.

Old Play.

CHAP. V.

A priest, ye cry, a priest!—lame shepherds they
How shall they gather in the straggling flock?

Dumb dogs which bark not—how shall they
compel

The loitering vagrants to the Master's fold?
Fitter to bask before the blazing fire,
And snuff the mess neat-handed Phillis dresses,
Than on the snow-wreath battle with the wolf.

The Reformation.

CHAP. VI.

Now let us sit in conclave. That these weeds
Be rooted from the vineyard of the Church,
That these foul tares be sever'd from the wheat,
We are, I trust, agreed.—Yet how to do this,
Nor hurt the wholesome crop and tender vine-
plants,
Craves good advisement.

The Reformation.

CHAP. VIII.

Nay, dally not with time, the wise man's treasure,
Though fools are lavish on't—the fatal Fisher
Hooks souls, while we waste moments.

Old Play.

CHAP. XI.

You call this education, do you not?
Why, 'tis the forced march of a herd of bullocks
Before a shouting drover. The glad van
Move on at ease, and pause a while to snatch
A passing morsel from the dewy green-sward,

While all the blows, the oaths, the indignation,
 Fall on the croupe of the ill-fated laggard
 That cripples in the rear.

Old Play.

CHAP. XII.

There's something in that ancient superstition,
 Which, erring as it is, our fancy loves.
 The spring that, with its thousand crystal bubbles,
 Bursts from the bosom of some desert rock
 In secret solitude, may well be deem'd
 The haunt of something purer, more refined,
 And mightier than ourselves.

Old Play.

CHAP. XIV.

Nay, let me have the friends who eat my victuals,
 As various as my dishes. The feast's naught,
 Where one huge plate predominates.—John
 Plaintext,
 He shall be mighty beef, our English staple ;
 The worthy Alderman, a butter'd dumpling ;
 Yon pair of whisker'd Cornets, ruffs and rees ;
 Their friend the Dandy, a green goose in sippets.
 And so the board is spread at once and fill'd
 On the same principle—Variety.

New Play.

CHAP. XV.

He strikes no coin, 'tis true, but coins new phrases,
And vends them forth as knaves vend gilded
counters,
Which wise men scorn, and fools accept in
payment.

Old Play.

CHAP. XVII.

I'll seek for other aid—Spirits, they say,
Flit round invisible, as thick as motes
Dance in the sunbeam. If that spell
Or necromancer's sigil can compel them,
They shall hold council with me.

James Duff.

CHAP. XIX.

Now choose thee, gallant, betwixt wealth and
honour ;
There lies the pelf, in sum to bear thee through
The dance of youth, and the turmoil of manhood,
Yet leave enough for age's chimney corner ;
But an thou grasp to it, farewell Ambition !
Farewell each hope of bettering thy condition,
And raising thy low rank above the churls
That till the earth for bread !

Old Play.

CHAP. XXI.

Indifferent, but indifferent—pshaw ! he doth it not
Like one who is his craft's master—ne'ertheless
I have seen a clown confer a bloody coxcomb
On one who was a master of defence.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXII.

Yes, life hath left him—every busy thought,
Each fiery passion, every strong affection.
The sense of outward ill and inward sorrow,
Are fled at once from the pale trunk before me ;
And I have given that which spoke and moved,
Thought, acted, suffer'd, as a living man,
To be a ghastly form of bloody clay,
Soon the foul food for reptiles.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXIII.

'Tis when the wound is stiffening with the cold,
The warrior first feels pain—'tis when the heat
And fiery fever of his soul is past,
The sinner feels remorse.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXIV.

I'll walk on tiptoe ; arm my eye with caution,
My heart with courage, and my hand with weapon,
Like him who ventures on a lion's den.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXVII.

Now, by Our Lady, Sheriff, 'tis hard reckoning,
 That I, with every odds of birth and barony,
 Should be detain'd here for the casual death
 Of a wild forester, whose utmost having
 Is but the brazen buckle of the belt
 In which he sticks his hedge-knife.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXX.

You call it an ill angel—it may be so ;
 But sure I am, among the ranks which fell,
 'Tis the first fiend ere counsell'd man to rise,
 And win the bliss the sprite himself had forfeited.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXI.

At school I knew him—a sharp-witted youth,
 Grave, thoughtful, and reserved among his mates,
 Turning the hours of sport and food to labour:
 Starving his body to inform his mind.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXII.

Then in my gown of sober gray,
 Along the mountain path I'll wander,
 And wind my solitary way
 To the sad shrine that courts me yonder.

Then, in the calm monastic shade,
 All injuries may be forgiven,
 And there for thee, obdurate maid,
 My orisons shall rise to heaven.

The Cruel Lady of the Mountains.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Now on my faith this gear is all entangled,
 Like to the yarn-clew of the drowsy knitter,
 Dragg'd by the frolic kitten through the cabin,
 While the good dame sits nodding o'er the fire—
 Masters, attend; 'twill crave some skill to clear it.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXIV.

It is not texts will do it—Church artillery
 Are silenced soon by real ordnance,
 And canons are but vain opposed to cannon.
 Go, coin your crosier, melt your church plate
 down,
 Bid the starved soldier banquet in your halls,
 And quaff your long-saved hogsheads—Turn them
 out
 Thus primed with your good cheer, to guard your
 wall,
 And they will venture for't.—

Old Play.

FROM THE ABBOT.

(1.)

“At length the pardoner pulled from his scrip a small phial of clear water, of which he vaunted the quality in the following verses:”—

LISTNETH, gode people, everiche one,
For in the londe of Babylone,
Far eastward! I wot it lyeth,
And is the first londe the sonne espieth,
Ther, as he cometh fro out the sé;
In this ilk londe, as thinketh me,
Right as holie legendes tell,
Snottreth from a roke a well,
And falleth into ane bath of ston,
Wher chast Susanne in times long gon,
Was wont to wash her bodie and lim—
Mickle vertue hath that streme,
As ye shall se er that ye pas,
Ensample by this little gias—
Through nightes cold and dayes hote,
Hiderward I have it brought;
Hath a wife made slip or slide,
Or a maiden stepp'd aside;

Putteth this water under her nese,
Wold she nold she, she shall snese.

Chap. xxvii.

(2.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. V.

—IN the wild storm,
The seaman hews his mast down, and the mer-
chant
Heaves to the billows wares he once deem'd
precious:
So prince and peer, 'mid popular contentions,
Cast off their favourites.

Old Play.

CHAP. VI.

Thou hast each secret of the household, Francis.
I dare be sworn thou hast been in the buttery
Steeping thy curious humour in fat ale,
And in the butler's tattle—ay, or chatting
With the glib waiting-woman o'er her comfits—
These bear the key to each domestic mystery.

Old Play.

CHAP. VIII.

The sacred tapers' lights are gone,
Gray moss has clad the altar stone,
The holy image is o'erthrown,
The bell has ceased to toll.

The long-ribb'd aisles are burst and shrunk,
 The holy shrines to ruin sunk,
 Departed is the pious monk,
 God's blessing on his soul!

Rediviva.

CHAP. IX.

Kneel with me—swear it—'tis not in words I
 trust,
 Save when they're fenced with an appeal to
 Heaven.

Old Play.

CHAP. XI.

Life hath its May, and it is mirthful then:
 The woods are vocal, and the flowers all odour;
 Its very blast has mirth in't,—and the maidens,
 The while they don their cloaks to screen their
 kirtles,
 Laugh at the rain that wets them.

Old Play.

CHAP. XII.

Nay, hear me, brother—I am elder, wiser,
 And holier than thou—and age, and wisdom,
 And holiness, have peremptory claims,
 And will be listen'd to.

Old Play.

CHAP. XIII.

What, Dagon up again!—I thought we had hurl'd
him

Down on the threshold never more to rise.

Bring wedge and axe ; and, neighbours, lend your
hands

And rive the idol into winter fagots !

Athelstane, or The Converted Dane.

CHAP. XIV.

Not the wild billow, when it breaks its barrier—
Not the wild wind, escaping from its cavern—
Not the wild fiend, that mingles both together,
And pours their rage upon the ripening harvest,
Can match the wild freaks of this mirthful meet-
ing—

Comic, yet fearful—droll, and yet destructive.

The Conspiracy.

CHAP. XVI.

Youth ! thou wear'st to manhood now,
Darker lip and darker brow,
Statelier step, more pensive mien,
In thy face and gait are seen :
Thou must now brook midnight watches,
Take thy food and sport by snatches ;
For the gambol and the jest,
'Thou wert wont to love the best,

Graver follies must thou follow,
But as senseless, false, and hollow.

Life—a Poem.

CHAP. XVIII.

—The sky is clouded, Gaspard,
And the vexed ocean sleeps a troubled sleep,
Beneath a lurid gleam of parting sunshine.
Such slumber hangs o'er discontented lands
While factions doubt as yet if they have strength
To front the open battle.

Albion—a Poem.

CHAP. XIX.

It is and is not—'tis the thing I sought for,
Have kneel'd for, pray'd for, risk'd my fame and
 life for,
And yet it is not—no more than the shadow
Upon the hard, cold, flat, and polish'd mirror,
Is the warm, graceful, rounded, living substance
Which it presents in form and lineament.

Old Play.

CHAP. XX.

Now have you reft me from my staff, my guide,
Who taught my youth, as men teach untamed
 falcons,
To use my strength discreetly—I am reft
Of comrade and of counsel.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXIII.

Give me a morsel on the greensward rather,
 Coarse as you will the cooking—Let the fresh
 spring
 Bubble beside my napkin—and the free birds
 Twittering and chirping, hop from bough to bough,
 To claim the crumbs I leave for perquisites—
 Your prison-feasts I like not.

The Woodsman, a Drama.

CHAP. XXIV.

'Tis a weary life this——
 Vaults overhead, and grates and bars around me,
 And my sad hours spent with as sad companions,
 Whose thoughts are brooding o'er their own mis-
 chances,
 Far, far too deeply to take part in mine.

The Woodsman.

CHAP. XXV.

And when Love's torch hath set the heart in
 flame,
 Comes Seignor Reason with his saws and cau-
 tions,
 Giving such aid as the old gray-beard Sexton,
 Who from the church-vault drags his crazy
 engine,
 To ply its dribbling ineffectual streamlet
 Against a conflagration.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Yes, it is she whose eyes look'd on thy childhood,
 And watch'd with trembling hope thy dawn of
 youth,
 That now, with these same eye-balls dimm'd with
 age,
 And dimmer yet with tears, sees thy dishonour.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXX.

In some breasts passion lies conceal'd and silent,
 Like war's swart powder in a castle vault,
 Until occasion, like the linstock, lights it;
 Then comes at once the lightning and the thunder
 And distant echoes tell that all is rent asunder.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Death distant?—No, alas! he's ever with us,
 And shakes the dart at us in all our actings;
 He lurks within our cup, while we're in health;
 Sits by our sick-bed, mocks our medicines;
 We cannot walk, or sit, or ride, or travel,
 But Death is by to seize us when he lists.

The Spanish Father.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Ay, Pedro,—Come you here with mask and lan-
 tern,
 Ladder of ropes and other moonshine tools—
 Why, youngster, thou mayest cheat the old Duenna,

Flatter the waiting-woman, bribe the valet ;
But know, that I, her father, play the Gryphon,
Tameless and sleepless, proof to fraud or bribe,
And guard the hidden treasure of her beauty.

The Spanish Father.

CHAP. XXXV.

It is a time of danger, not of revel,
When churchmen turn to masquers.

The Spanish Father.

CHAP. XXXVII.

Ay, sir—our ancient crown, in these wild times,
Oft stood upon a cast—the gamester's ducat,
So often staked, and lost, and then regain'd,
Scarce knew so many hazards.

The Spanish Father.

FROM KENILWORTH.

(1.) GOLDTHRED'S SONG.

“ After some brief interval, Master Goldthred, at the earnest instigation of mine host, and the joyous concurrence of his guests, indulged the company with the following morsel of melody: ”—

OF all the birds on bush or tree,
Commend me to the owl,
Since he may best ensample be
To those the cup that trowl.
For when the sun hath left the west,
He chooses the tree that he loves the best,
And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at his
jest ;
Then though hours be late, and weather foul,
We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl

The lark is but a bumpkin fowl,
He sleeps in his nest till morn ;
But my blessing upon the jolly owl,
That all night blows his horn.
Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech.

And match me this catch though you swagger and
 screech,
 And drink till you wink, my merry men each ;
 For though hours be late, and weather be foul,
 We'll drink to the health of the bonny, bonny owl.

Chap. ii.

(2.) SPEECH OF THE PORTER TO THE
 QUEEN.

WHAT stir, what turmoil, have we for the nones ?
 Stand back, my masters, or beware your bones !
 Sirs, I'm a warder, and no man of straw ;
 My voice keeps order, and my club gives law.

Yet soft—nay, stay—what vision have we here ?
 What dainty darling's this—what peerless peer ?
 What loveliest face, that loving ranks enfold,
 Like brightest diamond chased in purest gold ?
 Dazzled and blind, mine office I forsake,
 My club, my key, my knee, my homage take,
 Bright paragon, pass on in joy and bliss ;—
 Beshrew the gate that opes not wide at such a
 sight as this !¹

Chap. xxx.

¹ An imitation of Gascoigne. The original may be found in the republication of the *Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth*, by the same author, in the *History of Kenilworth* Chiswick, 1821.

(3.) TRANSLATION FROM THE ORLANDO
INNAMORATO OF BOIARDO.

Lib. II. C. 4, St. 25.

As then, perchance, unguarded was the tower,
 So entered free Anglante's dauntless knight.
 No monster and no giant guard the bower
 In whose recess reclined the fairy light,
 Robed in a loose cymar of lily white,
 And on her lap a sword of breadth and might,
 In whose broad blade, as in a mirror bright,
 Like maid that trims her for a festal night,
 The fairy decked her hair, and placed her coronet
 aright.

Chap. xxxii. (note.)

(4.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. III.

NAY, I'll hold touch—the game shall be play'd
 out,—

It ne'er shall stop for me, this merry wager;
 That which I say when gamesome, I'll avouch
 In my most sober mood, ne'er trust me else.

The Hazard Table.

CHAP. IV.

Not serve two masters?—Here's a youth will try
it—

Would fain serve God, yet give the devil his due;
Says grace before he doth a deed of villany,
And returns his thanks devoutly when 'tis acted.

Old Play.

CHAP. V.

———He was a man
Versed in the world as pilot in his compass.
The needle pointed ever to that interest
Which was his loadstar, and he spread his sails
With vantage to the gale of others' passion.

The Deceiver—a Tragedy.

CHAP. VII.

———This is he
Who rides on the court-gale; controls its tides;
Knows all their secret shoals and fatal eddies;
Whose frown abases, and whose smile exalts.
He shines like any rainbow—and, perchance,
His colours are as transient.

Old Play.

CHAP. XIV.

This is rare news thou tell'st me, my good fellow;
There are two bulls fierce battling on the green
For one fair heifer—if the one goes down,
The dale will be more peaceful. and the herd,
Which have small interest in their brulziement,
May pasture there in peace.

Old Play.

CHAP. XVII.

Well, then, our course is chosen—spread the
sail,—

Heave oft the lead, and mark the soundings well;
Look to the helm, good master—many a shoal
Marks this stern coast, and rocks, where sits the
Siren,

Who, like ambition, lures men to their ruin.

The Shipwreck.

CHAP. XXIII.

Now God be good to me in this wild pilgrimage!
All hope in human aid I cast behind me.

O, who would be a woman? who that fool,
A weeping, pining, faithful, loving woman?

She hath hard measure still where she hopes
kindest,

And all her bounties only make ingrates.

Love's Pilgrimage.

CHAP. XXV.

Hark! the bells summon, and the bugle calls,

But she the fairest answers not—the tide

Of nobles and of ladies throngs the halls,

But she the loveliest must in secret hide.

What eyes were thine, proud Prince, which in
the gleam

Of yon gay meteors lost that better sense,

That o'er the glow-worm doth the star esteem,

And merit's modest blush o'er courtly insolence?

The Glass Slipper

CHAP. XXVIII.

What, man, ne'er lack a draught, when the full
can

Stands at thine elbow, and craves emptying!—
Nay, fear not me, for I have no delight
To watch men's vices, since I have myself
Of virtue nought to boast of—I'm a striker,
Would have the world strike with me, pell-mell,
all. *Pandæmonium*

CHAP. XXIX.

Now fare thee well, my master—if true service
Be guerdon'd with hard looks, e'en cut the tow-
line,
And let our barks across the pathless flood
Hold different courses—— *Shipwreck*

CHAP. XXX.

Now bid the steeple rock—she comes, she comes!
Speak for us, bells! speak for us, shrill-tongued
tuckets.
Stand to thy linstock, gunner; let thy cannon
Play such a peal, as if a Paynim foe
Came stretch'd in turban'd ranks to storm the
ramparts.
We will have pageants too—but that craves wit;
And I'm a rough-hewn soldier.
The Virgin-Queen, a Tragi-Comedy

CHAP. XXXI.

Nay, this is matter for the month of March,
 When hares are maddest. Either speak in reason,
 Giving cold argument the wall of passion,
 Or I break up the court.

Beaumont and Fletcher.

CHAP. XXXII.

The wisest sovereigns err like private men,
 And royal hand has sometimes laid the sword
 Of chivalry upon a worthless shoulder,
 Which better had been branded by the hangman.
 What then? Kings do their best,—and they and
 we
 Must answer for the intent, and not the event.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Here stands the victim—there the proud betrayer
 E'en as the hind pull'd down by strangling dogs
 Lies at the hunter's feet—who courteous proffers
 To some high dame, the Dian of the chase,
 To whom he looks for guerdon, his sharp blade,
 To gash the sobbing throat.

The Woodsman.

CHAP. XL.

High o'er the eastern steep the sun is beaming,
 And darkness flies with her deceitful shadows—
 So truth prevails o'er falsehood.

Old Play.

FROM THE PIRATE.

(1.) THE SONG OF THE TEMPEST.

“A Norwegian invocation, still preserved in the island of Uist, under the name of the Song of the Reim-kennar, though some call it the Song of the Tempest. The following is a free translation, it being impossible to render literally many of the elliptical and metaphorical terms of expression peculiar to the ancient Northern poetry:”—

1.

STERN eagle of the far northwest,
Thou that bearest in thy grasp the thunderbolt,
Thou whose rushing pinions stir ocean to mad-
ness,
Thou the destroyer of herds, thou the scatterer
of navies,
Thou the breaker down of towers,
Amidst the scream of thy rage,
Amidst the rushing of thy onward wings,
Though thy scream be loud as the cry of a per-
ishing nation,
Though the rushing of thy wings be like the roar
of ten thousand waves,
Yet hear, in thine ire and thy haste,
Hear thou the voice of the Reim-kennar

2.

Thou hast met the pine-trees of Drontheim,
Their dark-green heads lie prostrate beside their
 uprooted stems ;
Thou hast met the rider of the ocean,
The tall, the strong bark of the fearless rover,
And she has struck to thee the topsail
That she had not veil'd to a royal armada ;
Thou hast met the tower that bears its crest
 among the clouds,
The battled massive tower of the Jarl of former
 days,
And the cope-stone of the turret
Is lying upon its hospitable hearth ;
But thou too shalt stoop, proud compeller of
 clouds,
When thou hearest the voice of the Reim-kennar.

3.

There are verses that can stop the stag in the
 forest,
Ay, and when the dark-colour'd dog is opening
 on his track ;
There are verses can make the wild hawk pause
 on his wing,
Like the falcon that wears the hood and the
 jesses,
And who knows the shrill whistle of the fowler.
Thou who canst mock at the scream of the drown
 ing mariner.

And the crash of the ravaged forest,
And the groan of the overwhelm'd crowds,
When the church hath fallen in the moment of
prayer ;
There are sounds which thou also must list,
When they are chanted by the voice of the Reim-
kennar.

4.

Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the ocean,
The widows wring their hands on the beach ;
Enough of woe hast thou wrought on the land,
The husbandman folds his arms in despair ;
Cease thou the waving of thy pinions,
Let the ocean repose in her dark strength ;
Cease thou the flashing of thine eye,
Let the thunderbolt sleep in the armory of Odin ;
Be thou still at my bidding, viewless racer of the
northwestern heaven,—
Sleep thou at the voice of Norna the Reim-kennar.

5.

Eagle of the far northwestern waters,
Thou hast heard the voice of the Reim-kennar,
Thou hast closed thy wide sails at her bidding,
And folded them in peace by thy side.
My blessing be on thy retiring path ;
When thou stoapest from thy place on high,
Soft be thy slumbers in the caverns of the un-
known ocean,

Rest till destiny shall again awaken thee ;
 Eagle of the northwest, thou hast heard the voice
 of the Reim-kennar. *Chap. vi.*

(2.) HALCRO'S SONG.

MARY.

FAREWELL to Northmaven,
 Grey Hillswicke, farewell !
 To the calms of thy haven,
 The storms on thy fell—
 To each breeze that can vary
 The mood of thy main,
 And to thee, bonny Mary !
 We meet not again.

Farewell the wild ferry,
 Which Hacon could brave,
 When the peaks of the Skerry
 Were white in the wave.
 There's a maid may look over
 These wild waves in vain—
 For the skiff of her lover—
 He comes not again

The vows thou hast broke,
 On the wild currents fling them ;
 On the quicksand and rock
 Let the mermaiden sing them.

New sweetness they'll give her
 Bewildering strain;
 But there's one who will never
 Believe them again.

O were there an island,
 Though ever so wild,
 Where woman could smile, and
 No man be beguiled—
 Too tempting a snare
 To poor mortals were given,
 And the hope would fix there,
 That should anchor on heaven.

Chap. xii.

(3.) THE SONG OF HAROLD HARFAGER.

THE sun is rising dimly red,
 The wind is wailing low and dread;
 From his cliff the eagle sallies,
 Leaves the wolf his darksome valleys:
 In the mist the ravens hover,
 Peep the wild-dogs from the cover,
 Screaming, croaking, baying, yelling,
 Each in his wild accents telling,
 "Soon we feast on dead and dying,
 Fair-hair'd Harold's flag is flying."

Many a crest in air is streaming,
 Many a helmet darkly gleaming,

Many an arm the axe uprears,
 Doom'd to hew the wood of spears.
 All along the crowded ranks,
 Horses neigh and armour clanks ;
 Chiefs are shouting, clarions ringing,
 Louder still the bard is singing,
 " Gather, footmen ; gather, horsemen,
 To the field, ye valiant Norsemen !

" Halt ye not for food or slumber,
 View not vantage, count not number ;
 Jolly reapers, forward still,
 Grow the crop on vale or hill,
 Thick or scatter'd, stiff or lithe,
 It shall down before the scythe.
 Forward with your sickles bright,
 Reap the harvest of the fight.—
 Onward, footmen—onward, horsemen,
 To the charge—ye gallant Norsemen !

" Fatal Choosers of the Slaughter,
 O'er you hovers Odin's daughter ;
 Hear the choice she spreads before ye,—
 Victory, and wealth, and glory ;
 Or old Valhalla's roaring hail,
 Her ever-circling mead and ale,
 Where for eternity unite
 The joys of wassail and of fight.
 Headlong forward, foot and horsemen,
 Charge and fight, and die like Norsemen !"

Chap. xv.

(4.) SONG OF THE MERMAIDS AND
MERMEN.

MERMAID.

FATHOMS deep beneath the wave,
Stringing beads of glistening pearl,
Singing the achievements brave
Of many an old Norwegian earl ;
Dwelling where the tempest's raving,
Falls as light upon our ear,
As the sigh of lover, craving
Pity from his lady dear,
Children of wild Thule, we,
From the deep caves of the sea,
As the lark springs from the lea,
Hither come, to share your glee.

MERMAN.

From reining of the water-horse,
'That bounded till the waves were foaming,
Watching the infant tempest's course,
Chasing the sea-snake in his roaming ;
From winding charge-notes on the shell,
When the huge whale and sword-fish duel,
Or tolling shroudless seamen's knell,
When the winds and waves are cruel ;
Children of wild Thule, we
Have plough'd such furrows on the sea,
As the steer draws on the lea,
And hither we come to share your glee.

MERMAIDS AND MERMEN.

We heard you in our twilight caves,
 A hundred fathom deep below,
 For notes of joy can pierce the waves,
 That drown each sound of war and woe.
 Those who dwell beneath the sea,
 Love the sons of Thule well ;
 Thus, to aid your mirth, bring we
 Dance, and song, and sounding shell.
 Children of dark Thule, know,
 Those who dwell by haaf and vœ,
 Where your daring shallops row,
 Come to share the festal show.

Chap. xvi.

 (5.) NORNA'S VERSES.

FOR leagues along the watery way,
 Through gulf and stream my course has been ;
 The billows know my Runic lay,
 And smooth their crests to silent green.

The billows know my Runic lay,—
 The gulf grows smooth, the stream is still ;
 But human hearts, more wild than they,
 Know but the rule of wayward will.

One hour is mine, in all the year,
 To tell my woes,—and one alone ;

When gleams this magic lamp, 'tis here,—
When dies the mystic light, 'tis gone.

Daughters of northern Magnus, hail!
The lamp is lit, the flame is clear,—
To you I come to tell my tale,
Awake, arise, my tale to hear!

Dwellers of the mountain, rise,
Trolld the powerful, Haims the wise!
Ye who taught weak woman's tongue
Words that sway the wise and strong,—
Ye who taught weak woman's hand
How to wield the magic wand,
And wake the gales on Foulah's steep,
Or lull wild Sumburgh's waves to sleep!
Still are ye yet?—Not yours the power
Ye knew in Odin's mightier hour.
What are ye now but empty names,
Powerful Trolld, sagacious Haims,
That, lightly spoken, and lightly heard,
Float on the air like thistle's beard?

When I awoke, I saw, through the dim light which
the upper aperture admitted, the unshapely and
indistinct form of Trolld the dwarf. . . . He spoke,

and his words were of Norse, so old, that few, save my father, or I myself, could have comprehended their import.

A thousand winters dark have flown,
 Since o'er the threshold of my stone
 A votaress pass'd, my power to own.
 Visiter bold
 Of the mansion of Trolld,
 Maiden haughty of heart,
 Who hast hither presum'd,—
 Ungifted, undoom'd,
 Thou shalt not depart.
 The power thou dost covet
 O'er tempest and wave,
 Shall be thine, thou proud maiden,
 By beach and by cave.—
 By stack,¹ and by skerry,² by noup,³ and by voe,⁴
 By air,⁵ and by wick,⁶ and by helyer⁷ and gio,⁸
 And by every wild shore which the northern winds
 know,
 And the northern tides lave.

¹ A precipitous rock, rising out of the sea.

² A flat insulated rock, not subject to the overflowing of the sea.

³ A round-headed eminence.

⁴ A creek or inlet of sea.

⁵ An open sea-beach.

⁶ An open bay.

⁷ A cavern into which the tide flows.

⁸ A deep ravine which admits the sea.

But though this shall be given thee, thou desperately brave,
 I doom thee that never the gift thou shalt have,
 Till thou reave thy life's giver
 Of the gift which he gave.

I answered him in nearly the same strain.

Dark are thy words, and severe,
 Thou dweller in the stone ;
 But trembling and fear
 To her are unknown,
 Who hath sought thee here,
 In thy dwelling lone.
 Come what comes soever,
 The worst I can endure ;
 Life is but a short fever,
 And Death is the cure.

Chap. xix

(6.) HALCRO AND NORNA.

CLAUD HALCRO.

MOTHER darksome, Mother dread,
 Dweller on the Fitful-head,
 Thou canst see what deeds are done
 Under the never-setting sun.
 Look through sleet, and look through frost,
 Look to Greenland's caves and coast,—

By the iceberg is a sail
 Chasing of the swarthy whale ;
 Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
 Tell us, has the good ship sped ?

NORNA.

The thought of the aged is ever on gear,—
 On his fishing, his furrow, his flock, and his steer ;
 But thrive may his fishing, flock, furrow, and herd,
 While the aged for anguish shall tear his gray
 beard.

The ship, well-laden as bark need be,
 Lies deep in the furrow of the Iceland sea ;—
 The breeze from Zetland blows fair and soft,
 And gaily the garland is fluttering aloft :
 Seven good fishes have spouted their last,
 And their jaw-bones are hanging to yard and mast
 Two are for Lerwick, and two for Kirkwall,—
 And three for Burgh-Westra, the choicest of all.

CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
 Dweller of the Fitful-head,
 Thou hast conn'd full many a rhyme,
 That lives upon the surge of time :
 Tell me, shall my lays be sung,
 Like Hacon's of the golden tongue,
 Long after Halcro's dead and gone ?
 Or, shall Hialtland's minstrel own
 One note to rival glorious John ?

NORNA.

The infant loves the rattle's noise ;
 Age, double childhood, hath its toys ;
 But different far the descant rings,
 As strikes a different hand the strings.
 The eagle mounts the polar sky—
 The Imber-goose, unskill'd to fly,
 Must be content to glide along,
 Where seal and sea-dog list his song.

CLAUD HALCRO.

Be mine the Imber-goose to play,
 And haunt lone cave and silent bay ;
 The archer's aim so shall I shun—
 So shall I 'scape the levell'd gun—
 Content my verses' tuneless jingle,
 With Thule's sounding tides to mingle,
 While, to the ear of wondering wight,
 Upon the distant headland's height,
 Soften'd by murmur of the sea,
 The rude sounds seem like harmony !

* * * * *

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
 Dweller of the Fitful-head,
 A gallant bark from far abroad,
 Saint Magnus bath her in his road,
 With guns and firelocks not a few—
 A silken and a scarlet crew,
 Deep stored with precious merchandise,
 Of gold, and goods of rare device :

What interest hath our comrade bold
In bark and crew, in goods and gold?

NORNA.

Gold is ruddy, fair, and free,
Blood is crimson, and dark to see ;—
I look'd out on Saint Magnus bay,
And I saw a falcon that struck her prey,—
A gobbet of flesh in her beak she bore,
And talons and singles are dripping with gore;
Let him that asks after them look on his hand,
And if there is blood on't, he's one of their band

CLAUD HALCRO.

Mother doubtful, Mother dread,
Dweller of the Fitful-head,
Well thou know'st it is thy task
To tell what Beauty will not ask ;—
Then steep thy words in wine and milk,
And weave a doom of gold and silk,—
For we would know, shall Brenda prove
In love, and happy in her love?

NORNA.

Untouch'd by love, the maiden's breast
Is like the snow on Rona's crest,
High seated in the middle sky,
In bright and barren purity ;
But by the sunbeam gently kiss'd,
Scarce by the gazing eye 'tis miss'd,

Ere, down the lonely valley stealing,
Fresh grass and growth its course revealing,
It cheers the flock, revives the flower,
And decks some happy shepherd's bower.

MAGNUS TROIL.

Mother, speak, and do not tarry,
Here's a maiden fain would marry.
Shall she marry, ay or not?
If she marry, what's her lot?

NORNA.

Untouch'd by love, the maiden's breast
Is like the snow on Rona's crest;
So pure, so free from earthly dye,
It seems, whilst leaning on the sky,
Part of the heaven to which 'tis nigh;
But passion, like the wild March rain,
May soil the wreath with many a stain.
We gaze—the lovely vision's gone—
A torrent fills the bed of stone,
That, hurrying to destruction's shock,
Leaps headlong from the lofty rock.

Chap. xxi

(7.) THE FISHERMEN'S SONG.

“ While they were yet within hearing of the shore, they chanted an ancient Norse ditty, appropriate to the occasion, of which Claud Halero had executed the following literal translation :”—

FAREWELL, merry maidens, to song and to laugh,
For the brave lads of Westra are bound to the
Haaf ;
And we must have labour, and hunger, and pain,
Ere we dance with the maids of Dunrossness
again.

For now, in our trim boats of Norway deal,
We must dance on the waves, with the porpoise
and seal ;
The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipe not too high,
And the gull be our songstress whene'er she flits
by.

Sing on, my brave bird, while we follow, like
thee,
By bank, shoal, and quicksand, the swarms of the
sea ;
And when twenty-score fishes are straining our
line,
Sing louder, brave bird, for their spoils shall be
thine.

We'll sing while we bait, and we'll sing when we
 haul,
 For the deeps of the Haaf have enough for us all;
 There is torsk for the gentle, and skate for the
 carle,
 And there's wealth for bold Magnus, the son of
 the earl.

Huzza! my brave comrades, give way for the
 Haaf,
 We shall sooner come back to the dance and the
 laugh;
 For life without mirth is a lamp without oil;
 Then, mirth and long life to the bold Magnus
 Troil! *Chap. xxii.*

(8.) CLEVELAND'S SONGS.

1.

LOVE wakes and weeps
 While Beauty sleeps :
 O for Music's softest numbers,
 To prompt a theme,
 For Beauty's dream,
 Soft as the pillow of her slumbers!

2.

Through groves of palm
 Sigh gales of balm,
 Fire-flies on the air are wheeling;

While through the gloom
 Comes soft perfume,
 The distant beds of flowers revealing.

3.

O wake and live!
 No dream can give
 A shadow'd bliss, the real excelling;
 No longer sleep,
 From lattice peep,
 And list the tale that Love is telling.

Farewell! farewell! the voice you hear,
 Has left its last soft tone with you,—
 Its next must join the seaward cheer,
 And shout among the shouting crew.

The accents which I scarce could form
 Beneath your frown's controlling check,
 Must give the word, above the storm,
 To cut the mast, and clear the wreck.

The timid eye I dared not raise,—
 The hand, that shook when press'd to thine,
 Must point the guns upon the chase—
 Must bid the deadly cutlass shine.

To all I love, or hope, or fear,—
Honour, or own, a long adieu!
To all that life has soft and dear,
Farewell! save memory of you!

(9.) HALCRO'S VERSES.

AND you shall deal the funeral dole ;
Ay, deal it, mother mine,
To weary body, and to heavy soul,
The white bread and the wine.

And you shall deal my horses of pride ;
Ay, deal them, mother mine ;
And you shall deal my lands so wide,
And deal my castles nine ;

But deal not vengeance for the deed,
And deal not for the crime ;
The body to its place, and the soul to Heaven's
grace,
And the rest in God's own time.

Saint Magnus control thee, that martyr of treason ;
Saint Ronan rebuke thee, with rhyme and with
reason ;

By the mass of Saint Martin, the might of Saint
Mary,

Be thou gone, or thy weird shall be worse if thou
tarry!

If of good, go hence and hallow thee,—

If of ill, let the earth swallow thee,—

If thou'rt of air, let the gray mist fold thee,—

If of earth, let the swart mine hold thee;—

If a Pixie, seek thy ring:—

If a Nixie, seek thy spring;—

If on middle earth thou'st been

Slave of sorrow, shame, and sin,

Hast eat the bread of toil and strife,

And dree'd the lot which men call life;

Begone to thy stone! for thy coffin is scant of thee,

The worm, thy play-fellow, wails for the want of
thee:—

Hence, houseless ghost! let the earth hide thee,

Till Michael shall blow the blast, see that there
thou bide thee!—

Phantom, fly hence! take the Cross for a token,

Hence pass till Hallowmass!—my spell is spoken.

Where corpse-light

Dances bright,

Be it by day or night,

Be it by light or dark,

There shall corpse lie stiff and stark.

Menseful maiden ne'er should rise,
 Till the first beam tinge the skies ;
 Silk-fringed eyelids still should close,
 Till the sun has kiss'd the rose ;
 Maiden's foot we should not view,
 Mark'd with tiny print on dew,
 Till the opening flowerets spread
 Carpet meet for beauty's tread.

Chap. xxiii.

(10.) NORNA'S INCANTATIONS.

CHAMPION, famed for warlike toil,
 Art thou silent, Ribolt Troil ?
 Sand, and dust, and pebbly stones,
 Are leaving bare thy giant bones.
 Who dared touch the wild bear's skin
 Ye slumber'd on, while life was in ?—
 A woman now, or babe, may come
 And cast the covering from thy tomb.

Yet be not wrathful, Chief, nor blight
 Mine eyes or ears with sound or sight !
 I come not with unhallow'd tread,
 To wake the slumbers of the dead,
 Or lay thy giant relics bare ;
 But what I seek thou well canst spare.
 Be it to my hand allow'd
 To shear a merk's weight from thy shroud ;
 Yet leave thee sheeted lead enough
 To shield thy bones from weather rough.

See, I draw my magic knife —
 Never while thou wert in life,
 Laidst thou still for sloth or fear,
 When point and edge were glittering near :
 See, the cerements now I sever—
 Waken now, or sleep for ever !
 Thou wilt not wake—the deed is done !—
 The prize I sought is fairly won.

Thanks, Ribolt, thanks,—for this the sea
 Shall smooth its ruffled crest for thee,—
 And while afar its billows foam,
 Subside to peace near Ribolt's tomb.
 Thanks, Ribolt, thanks—for this the might
 Of wild winds raging at their height,
 When to thy place of slumber nigh,
 Shall soften to a lullaby.

She, the dame of doubt and dread,
 Norna of the Fitful-head,
 Mighty in her own despite,—
 Miserable in her might ;
 In despair and frenzy great,
 In her greatness desolate ;
 Wisest, wickedest who lives,
 Well can keep the word she gives.

Chap. xxv.

At the meeting with Minna.

Thou, so needful, yet so dread,
 With cloudy crest, and wing of red ;

Thou, without whose genial breath
The North would sleep the sleep of death;
Who deign'st to warm the cottage hearth,
Yet hurls proud palaces to earth,—
Brightest, keenest of the Powers,
Which form and rule this world of ours,
With my rhyme of Runic, I
Thank thee for thy agency.

Old Reimkennar, to thy art
Mother Hertha sends her part;
She, whose gracious bounty gives
Needful food for all that lives.
From the deep mine of the North,
Came the mystic metal forth,
Doom'd amidst disjointed stones,
Long to cere a champion's bones,
Disinhumed my charms to aid—
Mother Earth, my thanks are paid.

Girdle of our islands dear,
Element of Water, hear!
Thou whose power can overwhelm
Broken mounds and ruin'd realm
 On the lowly Belgian strand;
All thy fiercest rage can never
Of our soil a furlong sever
 From our rock-defended land;

Play then gently thou thy part,
To assist old Norna's art.

Elements, each other greeting,
Gifts and powers attend your meeting!

Thou, that over billows dark
Safely send'st the fisher's bark,—
Giving him a path and motion
Through the wilderness of ocean ;
Thou, that when the billows brave ye,
O'er the shelves canst drive the navy,—
Did'st thou chafe as one neglected,
While thy brethren were respected?
To appease thee, see, I tear
This full grasp of grizzled hair ;
Oft thy breath hath through it sung,
Softening to my magic tongue,—
Now, 'tis thine to bid it fly
Through the wide expanse of sky,
'Mid the countless swarms to sail
Of wild-fowl wheeling on thy gale ;
Take thy portion and rejoice,—
Spirit, thou hast heard my voice!

She who sits by haunted well,
Is subject to the Nixie's spell ;

She who walks on lonely beach,
 To the Mermaid's charmed speech ;
 She who walks round ring of green,
 Offends the peevish Fairy Queen ;
 And she who takes rest in the Dwarfie's cave,
 A weary weird of woe shall have.

By ring, by spring, by cave, by shore,
 Minna Troil has braved all this and more ;
 And yet hath the root of her sorrow and ill
 A source that's more deep and more mystical
 still.—

Thou art within a demon's hold,
 More wise than Heims, more strong than Trolld ;
 No siren sings so sweet as he,—
 No fay springs lighter on the lea ;
 No elfin power hath half the art
 To soothe, to move, to wring the heart,—
 Life-blood from the cheek to drain,
 Drench the eye, and dry the vein.
 Maiden, ere we farther go,
 Dost thou note me, ay or no ?

MINNA.

I mark thee, my mother, both word, look, and sign ;
 Speak on with thy riddle—to read it be mine.

NORNA.

Mark me ! for the word I speak
 Shall bring the colour to thy cheek.

This leaden heart, so light of cost,
 The symbol of a treasure lost,
 Thou shalt wear in hope and in peace,
 That the cause of your sickness and sorrow may
 cease,

When crimson foot meets crimson hand
 In the Martyrs' Aisle, and in Orkney land.
 Be patient, be patient, for Patience hath power
 To ward us in danger, like mantle in shower ;
 A fairy gift you best may hold
 In a chain of fairy gold ;
 The chain and the gift are each a true token,
 That not without warrant old Norna hath spoken ;
 But thy nearest and dearest must never behold
 them,
 Till time shall accomplish the truths I have told
 them.

Chap. xxviii.

(11.) BRYCE SNAILSFOOT'S ADVERTISE-
 MENT.

Poor sinners whom the snake deceives,
 Are fain to cover them with leaves.
 Zetland hath no leaves, 'tis true,
 Because that trees are none, or few ;
 But we have flax and tait's of woo',
 For linen cloth, and wadmaal blue ;
 And we have many of foreign knacks
 Of finer waft than woo' or flax.

Ye gallant Lambmas lads appear,
 And bring your Lambmas sisters here,
 Bryce Snailsfoot spares not cost or care,
 To pleasure every gentle pair.

Chap. xxxii

(12.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. II.

'Tis not alone the scene—the man, Anselmo,
 The man finds sympathies in these wild wastes,
 And roughly tumbling seas, which fairer views
 And smoother waves deny him.

Ancient Drama.

CHAP. IV.

This is no pilgrim's morning—yon gray mist
 Lies upon hill, and dale, and field, and forest,
 Like the dun wimple of a new-made widow ;
 And, by my faith, although my heart be soft,
 I'd rather hear that widow weep and sigh,
 And tell the virtues of the dear departed,
 Than, when the tempest sends his voice abroad,
 Be subject to its fury.

The Double Nuptials.

CHAP. VII.

She does no work by halves, yon raving ocean :
 Engulphing those she strangles, her wild womb

Affords the mariners whom she hath dealt on,
Their death at once, and sepulchre.

Old Play.

CHAP. IX.

This is a gentle trader, and a prudent.
He's no Autolycus, to blear your eye,
With quips of worldly gauds and gamesomeness ;
But seasons all his glittering merchandise
With wholesome doctrines suited to the use,
As men sauce goose with sage and rosemary.

Old Play.

CHAP. XI.

— All your ancient customs,
And long-descended usages, I'll change.
Ye shall not eat, nor drink, nor speak, nor move,
Think, look, or walk, as ye were wont to do ;
Even your marriage-beds shall know mutation ;
The bride shall have the stock, the groom the
wall ;
For all old practice will I turn and change,
And call it reformation—marry, will I !

'Tis Even that we're at Odds.

CHAP. XIII.

Full in the midst the polished table shines,
And the bright goblet, rich with generous wines ;
[Now each partakes the feast, the wine prepares,
Portions the food, and each the portion shares ;]

Nor till the rage of thirst and hunger ceased,
 To the high host approached the sagacious guest.
Odyssey.

CHAP. XIV.

We'll keep our customs—what is law itself,
 But old establish'd custom? What religion,
 (I mean, with one-half of the men that use it,)
 Save the good use and wont that carries them
 To worship how and where their fathers wor-
 shipp'd?
 All things resolve in custom—we'll keep ours.
Old Play.

CHAP. XXIII.

There was shaking of hands, and sorrow of heart,
 For the hour was approaching when merry folks
 must part;
 So we call'd for our horses, and ask'd for our way,
 While the jolly old landlord said, "Nothing's to
 pay."
Lilliput, a Poem.

CHAP. XXIX.

See yonder woman, whom our swains revere.
 And dread in secret. while they take her counsel
 When sweetheart shall be kind, or when cross
 dame shall die;
 Where lurks the thief who stole the silver tankard,
 And how the pestilent murrain may be cured.--
 This sage adviser's mad, stark mad, my friend;
 Yet, in her madness, hath the art and cunning

To wring fools' secrets from their inmost bosoms,
And pay inquirers with the coin they gave her.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXX.

What ho, my jovial mates! come on! we'll frolic
it

Like fairies frisking in the merry moonshine,
Seen by the curtal friar, who, from some christen-
ing,

Or some blithe bridal, lies belated cell-ward—
He starts, and changes his bold bottle swagger
To churchman's pace professional,—and, ransack-
ing

His treacherous memory for some holy hymn,
Finds but the roundel of the midnight catch.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXII.

I strive like to the vessel in the tide-way,
Which, lacking favouring breeze, hath not the
power

To stem the powerful current.—Even so,
Resolving daily to forsake my vices,
Habits, strong circumstance, renew'd temptation,
Sweep me to sea again.—O heavenly breath,
Fill thou my sails, and aid the feeble vessel,
Which ne'er can reach the blessed port without
thee!

'Tis Odds when Evens meet.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Parental love, my friend, has power o'er wisdom,
And is the charm, which, like the falconer's lure,
Can bring from heaven the highest soaring
spirits.—

So, when famed Prosper doff'd his magic robe,
It was Miranda pluck'd it from his shoulders.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXIV.

Hark to the insult loud, the bitter sneer,
The fierce threat answering to the brutal jeer ;
Oaths fly like pistol-shots, and vengeful words
Clash with each other like conflicting swords.—
The robber's quarrel by such sounds is shown,
And true men have some chance to gain their
own.

Captivity, a Poem.

FROM THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

(1.) NIGEL'S INITIATION AT WHITEFRIARS.

YOUR suppliant, by name
Nigel Grahame,
In fear of mishap
From a shoulder-tap ;
And dreading a claw
From the talons of law,
That are sharper than briars ;
His freedom to sue,
And rescue by you—
Through weapon and wit,
From warrant and writ,
From bailiff's hand,
From tipstaff's wand,
Is come hither to Whitefriars.

By spigot and barrel,
By bilboe and buff ;

Thou art sworn to the quarrel
 Of the blades of the Huff.
 For Whitefriars and its claims
 To be champion or martyr,
 And to fight for its dames
 Like a Knight of the Garter.

From the touch of the tip,
 From the blight of the warrant,
 From the watchmen who skip
 On the Harman Beck's errand,
 From the bailiff's cramp speech,
 That makes man a thrall,
 I charm thee from each,
 And I charm thee from all.
 Thy freedom's complete
 As a blade of the Huff,
 To be cheated and cheat,
 To be cuff'd and to cuff;
 To stride, swear, and swagger.
 To drink till you stagger,
 To stare and to stab,
 And to brandish your dagger
 In the cause of your drab;
 To walk wool-ward in winter,
 Drink brandy, and smoke,
 And go *fresco* in summer
 For want of a cloak;

To eke out your living
 By the wag of your elbow,
 By fulham and gourd,
 And by baring of bilboe ;
 To live by your shifts,
 And to swear by your honour
 Are the freedom and gifts
 Of which I am the donor.

Chap. xvii

(2.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. I.

Now Scot and English are agreed,
 And Saunders hastes to cross the Tweed,
 Where, such the splendours that attend him,
 His very mother scarce had ken'd him.
 His metamorphosis behold,
 From Glasgow frieze to cloth of gold ;
 His back-sword, with the iron hilt,
 To rapier, fairly hatch'd and gilt ;
 Was ever seen a gallant braver !
 His very bonnet's grown a beaver.

The Reformation

CHAP. II.

This, sir, is one among the Seignory,
 Has wealth at will, and will to use his wealth,

And wit to increase it. Marry, his worst folly
Lies in a thriftless sort of charity,
That goes a-gadding sometimes after objects
Which wise men will not see when thrust upon
them.

The Old Couple.

CHAP. IV.

Ay, sir, the clouted shoe hath oftentimes craft in't,
As says the rustic proverb, and your citizen,
In's grogram suit, gold chain, and well-black'd
shoes,
Bears under his flat cap oftentimes a brain
Wiser than burns beneath the cap and feather,
Or seethes within the statesman's velvet nightcap.

Read me my Riddle.

CHAP. V.

Wherefore come ye not to court?
Certain 'tis the rarest sport;
There are silks and jewels glistening,
Prattling fools, and wise men listening,
Bullies among brave men justling,
Beggars amongst nobles bustling;
Low-breathed talkers, minion lispers,
Cutting honest throats by whispers;
Wherefore come ye not to court?
Skelton swears 'tis glorious sport.

Skelton Skeltonizeth

CHAP. VI.

Oh, I do know him—'tis the mouldy lemon
 Which our court wits will wet their lips withal,
 When they would sauce their honied conversation
 With somewhat sharper flavour.—Marry, sir,
 That virtue's well-nigh left him—all the juice
 That was so sharp and poignant, is squeezed out,
 While the poor rind, although as sour as ever,
 Must season soon the draff we give our grunTERS,
 For two-legged things are weary on't.

The Chamberlain—A Comedy.

CHAP. VII.

Things needful we have thought on; but the thing
 Of all most needful—that which Scripture terms,
 As if alone it merited regard,
 The ONE thing needful—that's yet unconsider'd.

The Chamberlain.

CHAP. VIII.

Ay! mark the matron well—and laugh not, Harry
 At her old steeple-hat and velvet guard—
 I've call'd her like the ear of Dionysius;
 I mean that ear-form'd vault, built o'er his dun-
 geon,

To catch the groans and discontented murmurs
 Of his poor bondsmen.—Even so doth Martha
 Drink up, for her own purpose, all that passes,

Or is supposed to pass, in this wide city—
 She can retail it, too, if that her profit
 Shall call on her to do so ; and retail it
 For your advantage, so that you can make
 Your profit jump with hers.

The Conspiracy.

CHAP. X.

Bid not thy fortune troll upon the wheels
 Of yonder dancing cubes of mottled bone ;
 And drown it not, like Egypt's royal harlot,
 Dissolving her rich pearl in the brimm'd winecup.
 These are the arts, Lothario, which shrink acres
 Into brief yards—bring sterling pounds to far-
 things,

Credit to infamy ; and the poor gull,
 Who might have lived an honour'd, easy life,
 To ruin, and an unregarded grave.

The Changes.

CHAP. XII.

— This is the very barn-yard,
 Where muster daily the prime cocks o' the game,
 Ruffle their pinions, crow till they are hoarse,
 And spar about a barleycorn. Here, too, chick-
 ens,

The callow, unfledged brood of forward folly,
 Learn first to rear the crest, and aim the spur,
 And tune their note like full-plumed Chanticleer

The Bear-Garden.

CHAP. XIII.

Let the proud salmon gorge the feather'd hook,
Then strike, and then you have him. He wil
wince ;

Spin out your line that it shall whistle from you
Some twenty yards or so, yet you shall have him—
Marry! you must have patience—the stout rock
Which is his trust, hath edges something sharp ;
And the deep pool hath ooze and sludge enough
To mar your fishing—'less you are more careful.

Albion, or the Double Kings.

CHAP. XIV.

Bingo, why, Bingo! hey, boy—here, sir, here—
He's gone and off, but he'll be home before us ;—
'Tis the most wayward cur e'er mumbled bone,
Or dogg'd a master's footstep.—Bingo loves me,
Better than beggar ever loved his alms ;
Yet, when he takes such humour, you may coax
Sweet Mistress Fantasy, your worship's mistress,
Out of her sullen moods, as soon as Bingo.

The Dominic and his Dog.

CHAP. XV.

'Twas when fleet Snowball's head was waxen gray
A luckless leveret met him on his way.—
Who knows not Snowball—he, whose race re-
nowned,
Is still victorious on each coursing ground?

Swoffham, Newmarket, and the Roman Camp,
 Have seen them victors o'er each meaner stamp.--
 In vain the youngling sought, with doubling wile,
 The hedge, the hill, the thicket, or the stile.
 Experience sage the lack of speed supplied,
 And in the gap he sought the victim died.
 So was I once in thy fair street, St. James,
 Through walking cavaliers, and car-borne dames,
 Descried, pursued, turned o'er again and o'er,
 Coursed, coted, mouthed, by an unfeeling bore.

CHAP. XVI.

Give way—give way—I must and will have justice.

And tell me not of privilege and place :
 Where I am injured, there I'll sue redress.
 Look to it, every one who bars my access ;
 I have a heart to feel the injury,
 A hand to right myself, and, by my honour,
 That hand shall grasp what gray-beard Law
 denies me. *The Chamberlain.*

CHAP. XVII.

Come hither, young one—Mark me ! Thou art now

'Mongst men o' the sword, that live by reputation
 More than by constant income—Single-suited
 Therefore, I grant you ; yet each single suit
 Maintains, on the rough guess, a thousand followers—

And they be men, who, hazarding their all,
 Needful apparel, necessary income,
 And human body, and immortal soul,
 Do in the very deed but hazard nothing—
 So strictly is that ALL bound in reversion;
 Clothes to the broker, income to the usurer,—
 And body to disease, and soul to the foul fiend;
 Who laughs to see Soldadoes and Fooladoes,
 Play better than himself his game on earth.

The Mohocks.

CHAP. XVIII.

Mother.—What! dazzled by a flash of Cupid's
 mirror,
 With which the boy, as mortal urchins wont,
 Flings back the sunbeam in the eye of passengers—
 Then laughs to see them stumble!

Daughter.—Mother! no—
 It was a lightning-flash which dazzled me,
 And never shall these eyes see true again.

Beef and Pudding—An Old English Comedy.

CHAP. XIX.

By this good light, a wench of matchless metal!
 This were a leaguer-lass to love a soldier,
 To bind his wounds, and kiss his bloody brow,
 And sing a roundel as she help'd to arm him,
 Though the rough foeman's drums were beat so
 nigh,
 They seem'd to bear the burden.

Old Play.

CHAP. XX.

Credit me, friend, it hath been ever thus,
 Since the ark rested on Mount Ararat.
 False man hath sworn, and woman hath be-
 lieved—
 Repented and reproach'd, and then believed once
 more.

The New World.

CHAP. XXI.

Rove not from pole to pole—the man lives here
 Whose razor's only equall'd by his beer ;
 And where, in either sense, the cockney-put
 May, if he pleases, get confounded *cut*.

On the Sign of an Alehouse kept by a Barber.

CHAP. XXII.

Chance will not do the work—Chance sends the
 breeze ;
 But if the pilot slumber at the helm,
 The very wind that wafts us towards the port
 May dash us on the shelves.—The steersman's
 part is vigilance,
 Blow it or rough or smooth.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXIII.

Swash-Buckler.—Bilboe's the word—
Pierrot.—It hath been spoke too often,

The spell hath lost its charm—I tell thee, friend,
 The meanest cur that trots the street, will turn
 And snarl against your proffer'd bastinado.

Swash-Buckler.—'Tis art shall do it, then—I
 will dose the mongrels—

Or, in plain terms, I'll use the private knife
 'Stead of the brandish'd falchion.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXIV.

This is the time—Heaven's maiden-sentinel
 Hath quitted her high watch—the lesser spangles
 Are paling one by one; give me the ladder
 And the short lever—bid Anthony
 Keep with his carabine the wicket-gate;
 And do thou bare thy knife and follow me,
 For we will in and do it—darkness like this
 Is dawning of our fortunes.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXV.

Death finds us 'mid our playthings—snatches us,
 As a cross nurse might do a wayward child,
 From all our toys and baubles. His rough call
 Unlooses all our favourite ties on earth;
 And well if they are such as may be answer'd
 In yonder world, where all is judged of truly.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXVI.

Give us good voyage, gentle stream—we stun not
 Thy sober ear with sounds of revelry ;
 Wake not the slumbering echoes of thy banks
 With voice of flute and horn—we do but seek
 On the broad pathway of thy swelling bosom
 To glide in silent safety.

The Double Bridal.

CHAP. XXVII.

This way lie safety and a sure retreat ;
 Yonder lie danger, shame, and punishment.
 Most welcome danger then—Nay, let me say,
 Though spoke with swelling heart—welcome e'en
 shame ;
 And welcome punishment—for, call me guilty,
 I do but pay the tax that's due to justice ;
 And call me guiltless, then that punishment
 Is shame to those alone who do inflict it.

The Tribunal.

CHAP. XXIX.

How fares the man on whom good men would
 look
 With eyes where scorn and censure combated,
 But that kind Christian love hath taught the
 lesson—
 That they who merit most contempt and hate,
 Do most deserve our pity.—

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXI.

Marry, come up, sir, with your gentle blood !
Here's a red stream beneath this coarse blue
doublet,

That warms the heart as kindly as if drawn
From the far source of old Assyrian kings,
Who first made mankind subject to their sway.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXV.

We are not worst at once—the course of evil
Begins so slowly, and from such slight source,
An infant's hand might stem its breach with clay ;
But let the stream get deeper, and philosophy—
Ay, and religion too—shall strive in vain
To turn the headlong torrent.

Old Play.

FROM PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

MOTTOES.

CHAP. II.

WHY, then, we will have bellowing of beeves,
Broaching of barrels, brandishing of spigots ;
Blood shall flow freely, but it shall be gore
Of herds and flocks, and venison and poultry,
Join'd to the brave heart's-blood of John-a-Barley-
corn !

Old Play.

CHAP. III.

Here's neither want of appetite nor mouths ;
Pray Heaven we be not scant of meat or mirth.

Old Play.

CHAP. IV.

No, sir,—I will not pledge—I'm one of those
Who thinks good wine needs neither bush nor
preface

To make it welcome. If you doubt my word,
Fill the quart-cup, and see if I will choke on't.

Old Play.

CHAP. VI.

You shall have no worse prison than my chamber.
Nor jailer than myself.

The Captain

CHAP. XIII.

Parents have flinty hearts! No tears can move
them.

Otway.

CHAP. XIV.

This day at least is friendship's—on the morrow,
Let strife come an she will.

Otway.

CHAP. XVI.

Ascasto. Can she not speak?

Oswald. If speech be only in accented sounds,
Framed by the tongue and lips, the maiden's dumb;
But if by quick and apprehensive look,
By motion, sign, and glance, to give each meaning,
Express as clothed in language, be term'd speech,
She hath that wondrous faculty; for her eyes,
Like the bright stars of heaven, can hold discourse,
Though it be mute and soundless.

Old Play.

CHAP. XVII.

This a love-meeting? See the maiden mourns,
And the sad suitor bends his looks on earth.
There's more hath pass'd between them than
belongs
To Love's sweet sorrows.

Old Play.

CHAP. XIX.

Now hoist the anchor, mates—and let the sails
 Give their broad bosom to the buxom wind,
 Like lass that woos a lover.

Anonymous.

CHAP. XXII.

He was a fellow in a peasant's garb,
 Yet one could censure you a woodcock's carving,
 Like any courtier at the ordinary.

The Ordinary.

CHAP. XXIV.

We meet, as men see phantoms in a dream,
 Which glide, and sigh, and sign, and move their
 lips,
 But make no sound; or, if they utter voice,
 'Tis but a low and undistinguish'd moaning,
 Which has nor word nor sense of utter'd sound.

The Chieftain.

CHAP. XXV.

The course of human life is changeful still,
 As is the fickle wind and wandering rill;
 Or, like the light dance which the wild-breeze
 weaves
 Amidst the faded race of fallen leaves;
 Which now its breath bears down, now tosses
 high,

Beats to the earth, or wafts to middle sky.
Such, and so varied, the precarious play
Of fate with man, frail tenant of a day!

Anonymous.

CHAP. XXVI.

Necessity—thou best of peacemakers,
As well as surest prompter of invention—
Help us to composition!

Anonymous.

CHAP. XXVII.

—This is some creature of the elements,
Most like your sea-gull. He can wheel and
whistle
His screaming song, e'en when the storm is
loudest—
Take for his sheeted couch the restless foam
Of the wild wave-crest—slumber in the calm,
And dally with the storm. Yet 'tis a gull,
An arrant gull, with all this.

The Chieftain.

CHAP. XXXI.

I fear the devil worst when gown and cassock,
Or, in the lack of them, old Calvin's cloak,
Conceals his cloven hoof.

Anonymous.

CHAP. XXXIII.

'Tis the black ban-dog of our jail—Pray look on
 him,
 But at a wary distance—rouse him not—
 He bays not till he worries.

The Black Dog of Newgate.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

“Speak not of niceness, when there's chance of
 wreck,”

The captain said, as ladies writhed their neck
 To see the dying dolphin flap the deck ;
 “If we go down, on us these gentry sup ;
 We dine upon them, if we haul them up.
 Wise men applaud us when we eat the eaters,
 As the devil laughs when keen folks cheat the
 cheaters.”

The Sea Voyage.

CHAP. XL.

—Contentions fierce,
 Ardent, and dire, spring from no petty cause.

Albion.

CHAP. XLIII.

He came amongst them like a new-raised spirit
 To speak of dreadful judgments that impend,
 And of the wrath to come.

The Reformer

CHAP. XLIV.

And some for safety took the dreadful leap ;
 Some for the voice of Heaven seem'd calling on
 them ;
 Some for advancement, or for lucre's sake—
 I leap'd in frolic.

The Dream.

CHAP. XLV.

High feasting was there there—the gilded roofs
 Rung to the wassail-health—the dancer's step
 Sprung to the chord responsive—the gay gamester
 To fate's disposal flung his heap of gold,
 And laugh'd alike when it increased or lessen'd :
 Such virtue hath court-air to teach us patience
 Which schoolmen preach in vain.

Why come ye not to Court ?

CHAP. XLVI.

Here stand I tight and trim,
 Quick of eye, though little of limb ;
 He who denieth the word I have spoken.
 Betwixt him and me shall lances be broken.

Lay of the Little John de Saindre.

FROM QUENTIN DURWARD.

(1.) SONG—COUNTY GUY.

Ah ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange-flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who thrill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh ;
Breeze, bird, and flower, confess the hour,
But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade,
Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
Now reigns o'er earth and sky ;
And high and low the influence know—
But where is County Guy ?

(2.)

SOME better bard shall sing in feudal state
 How Bracquemont's Castle oped its Gothic gate,
 When on the wandering Scot its lovely heir
 Bestowed her beauty and an earldom fair.

Chap. xxxvii.

(3.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. III.

FULL in the midst a mighty pile arose,
 Where iron-grated gates their strength oppose
 To each invading step—and, strong and steep,
 The battled walls arose, the fosse sunk deep.
 Slow round the fortress roll'd the sluggish stream,
 And high in middle air the warder's turrets gleam.

Anonymous.

CHAP. VII.

Justice of the Peace.—Here, hand me down the
 statute—read the articles—
 Swear, kiss the book—subscribe, and be a hero,
 Drawing a portion from the public stock,
 For deeds of valor to be done hereafter—
 Sixpence per day, subsistence and arrears.

The Recruiting Officer.

CHAP. XI.

Painters show Cupid blind—Hath Hymen eyes?
 Or is his sight warp'd by those spectacles

Which parents, guardians, and advisers, lend him,
 That he may look through them on lands and
 mansions,
 On jewels, gold, and all such rich donations,
 And see their value ten times magnified?—
 Methinks 'twill brook a question.

The Miseries of Enforced Marriage.

CHAP. XII.

This is a lecturer, so skill'd in policy,
 That (no disparagement to Satan's cunning)
 He well might read a lesson to the devil,
 And teach the old seducer new temptations.

Old Play.

CHAP. XIII.

Talk not of kings—I scorn the poor comparison;
 I am a Sage, and can command the elements—
 At least men think I can; and on that thought
 I found unbounded empire.

Albumazar.

CHAP. XIV.

I see thee yet, fair France—thou favour'd land
 Of art and nature—thou art still before me.
 Thy sons, to whom their labour is a sport,
 So well the grateful soil returns its tribute;
 Thy sunburnt daughters, with their laughing eyes
 And glossy raven-locks. But, favour'd France,
 Thou hast had many a tale of woe to tell
 In ancient times as now.

Anonymous.

CHAP. XV.

He was a son of Egypt, as he told me,
 And one descended from those dread magicians,
 Who waged rash war, when Israel dwelt in
 Goshen,
 With Israel and her Prophet—matching rod
 With his, the son of Levi's—and encountering
 Jehovah's miracles with incantations,
 Till upon Egypt came the avenging Angel,
 And those proud sages wept for their first-born,
 As wept the unletter'd peasant. *Anonymous*

CHAP. XXIV.

Rescue or none, Sir Knight, I am your captive;
 Deal with me what your nobleness suggests—
 'Thinking the chance of war may one day place you
 Where I must now be reckon'd—i' the roll
 Of melancholy prisoners. *Anonymous.*

CHAP. XXV.

No human quality is so well wove
 In warp and woof, but there's some flaw in it;
 I've known a brave man fly a shepherd's cur,
 A wise man so demean him, drivelling idiocy
 Had well-nigh been ashamed on't. For your
 crafty,
 Your worldly-wise man, he, above the rest,
 Weaves his own snares so fine, he's often caught
 in them. *Old Play.*

CHAP. XXVI.

When Princes meet, Astrologers may mark it
 An ominous conjunction, full of boding,
 Like that of Mars with Saturn. *Old Play.*

CHAP. XXIX.

Thy time is not yet out—the devil thou servest
 Has not as yet deserted thee. He aids
 The friends who drudge for him, as the blind man
 Was aided by the guide, who lent his shoulder
 O'er rough and smooth, until he reach'd the brink
 Of the fell precipice—then hurl'd him downward.
Old Play.

CHAP. XXX.

Our counsels waver like the un-steady bark,
 That reels amid the strife of meeting currents.
Old Play.

CHAP. XXXI.

Hold fast thy truth, young soldier.—Gentle
 maiden,
 Keep you your promise plight—leave age its
 subtleties,
 And gray-hair'd policy its maze of falsehood ;
 But be you candid as the morning sky,
 Ere the high sun sucks vapours up to stain it.
The Trial

CHAP. XXXV.

'Tis brave for Beauty when the best blade wins her.
The Count Palatine.

FROM ST. RONAN'S WELL.

MOTTOES.

CHAP. II.

QUIS novus hic hospes?

Dido apud Virgilium.

Ch'am-maid!—The Gemman in the front parlour!

Boots's free Translation of the Æneid.

CHAP. III.

There must be government in all society—
Bees have their Queen, and stag herds have their
leader ;

Rome had her Consuls, Athens had her Archons.
And we, sir, have our Managing Committee.

The Album of St. Ronan's.

CHAP. VI.

And, sir, if these accounts be true,
The Dutch have mighty things in view ;
The Austrians—I admire French beans,
Dear Ma'am, above all other greens.

* * * * *

And all as lively and as brisk
As—Ma'am, d'ye choose a game at whisk.

Table Talk

CHAP. VIII.

They draw the cork, they broach the barrel,
And first they kiss, and then they quarrel.

Prior.

CHAP. IX.

We meet as shadows in the land of dreams,
Which speak not but in signs.

Anonymous

CHAP. X.

Come, let me have thy counsel, for I need it;
Thou art of those, who better help their friends
With sage advice, than usurers with gold,
Or brawlers with their swords—I'll trust to thee,
For I ask only from thee words, not deeds.

The Devil hath met his Match

CHAP. XI.

Nearest of blood should still be next in love;
And when I see these happy children playing,
While William gathers flowers for Ellen's ringlets
And Ellen dresses flies for William's angle,
I scarce can think, that in advancing life,
Coldness, unkindness, interest, or suspicion,
Will e'er divide that unity so sacred,
Which Nature bound at birth.

Anonymous

CHAP. XXIII.

Oh! you would be a vestal maid, I warrant,
 The bride of Heaven—Come—we may shake
 your purpose :

For here I bring in hand a jolly suitor
 Hath ta'en degrees in the seven sciences
 That ladies love best—He is young and noble,
 Handsome and valiant, gay and rich, and liberal.
The Nun.

CHAP. XXVII.

Thou bear'st a precious burden, gentle post,
 Nitre and sulphur—see that it explode not.
Old Play.

CHAP. XXXII.

It comes—it wrings me in my parting hour,
 The long-hid crime—the well-disguised guilt.
 Bring me some holy priest to lay the spectre !
Old Play.

CHAP. XXXIII.

On the lee-beam lies the land, boys,
 See all clear to reef each course ;
 Let the fore-sheet go, don't mind, boys,
 Though the weather should be worse.
The Storm.

CHAP. XXXV.

Sedet post equitem atra cura—
 Still though the headlong cavalier,
 O'er rough and smooth, in wild career,

Seems racing with the wind ;
His sad companion,—ghastly pale,
And darksome as a widow's veil,
CARE—keeps her seat behind.

Horace.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

What sheeted ghost is wandering through the
storm ?

For never did a maid of middle earth
Choose such a time or spot to vent her sorrows.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXIX.

Here come we to our close—for that which follows
Is but the tale of dull, unvaried misery.

Steep crags and headlong linns may court the
pencil,

Like sudden haps, dark plots, and strange ad-
ventures ;

But who would paint the dull and fog-wrapt moor,
In its long track of sterile desolation ?

Old Play.

FROM REDGAUNTLET.

A CATCH OF COWLEY'S ALTERED.

FOR all our men were very very merry,
And all our men were drinking:
There were two men of mine,
Three men of thine,
And three that belonged to old Sir Thom o' Lyne
As they went to the ferry, they were very very
merry,
And all our men were drinking.

Jack looked at the sun, and cried, Fire, fire, fire;
Tom stabled his keffel in Birkendale mire;
Jem started a calf, and halloo'd for a stag;
Will mounted a gate-post instead of his nag:
For all our men were very very merry,
And all our men were drinking;
There were two men of mine,
Three men of thine,
And three that belonged to old Sir Thom o' Lyne
As they went to the ferry, they were very very
merry,
For all our men were drinking. *Letter x.*

As lords their labourers' hire delay,
Fate quits our toil with hopes to come,
Which, if far short of present pay,
Still owns a debt and names a sum.

Quit not the pledge, frail sufferer, then,
Although a distant date be given ;
Despair is treason towards man,
And blasphemy to Heaven.

Chap. ix

FROM THE BETROTHED.

(1.) SONG—SOLDIER WAKE.

I.

SOLDIER, wake—the day is peeping,
Honour ne'er was won in sleeping,
Never when the sunbeams still
Lay unreflected on the hill:
'Tis when they are glinted back
From axe and armour, spear and jack,
That they promise future story
Many a page of deathless glory.
Shields that are the foeman's terror,
Ever are the morning's mirror.

II.

Arm and up—the morning beam
Hath call'd the rustic to his team,
Hath call'd the falc'ner to the lake,
Hath call'd the huntsman to the brake,
The early student ponders o'er
His dusty tomes of ancient lore.
Soldier, wake—thy harvest, fame;
Thy study, conquest; war, thy game.

Shield, that would be foeman's terror,
Still should gleam the morning's mirror.

III.

Poor hire repays the rustic's pain ;
More paltry still the sportsman's gain :
Vainest of all, the student's theme
Ends in some metaphysic dream :
Yet each is up, and each has toil'd,
Since first the peep of dawn has smil'd :
And each is eagerer in his aim
Than he who barter's life for fame.
Up, up, and arm thee, son of terror !
Be thy bright shield the morning's mirror.

Chap. xix

(2.) SONG—WOMAN'S FAITH.

I.

WOMAN'S faith, and woman's trust—
Write the characters in dust,
Stamp them on the running stream,
Print them on the moon's pale beam,
And each evanescent letter,
Shall be clearer, firmer, better,
And more permanent, I ween,
Than the things those letters mean.

II.

I have strain'd the spider's thread
 'Gainst the promise of a maid ;
 I have weigh'd a grain of sand
 'Gainst her plight of heart and hand ;
 I told my true love of the token,
 How her faith proved light, and her word
 was broken : •
 Again her word and truth she plight,
 And I believed them again ere night.

Chap. xx.

(3.) SONG—I ASK'D OF MY HARP.

“A lay, of which we can offer only a few fragments, literally translated from the ancient language in which they were chanted, premising that they are in that excursive symbolical style of poetry, which Taliessin, Llewarch Hen, and other bards, had derived perhaps from the time of the Druids.”

I ASK'D of my harp, “Who hath injured thy
 chords ?”
 And she replied, “The crooked finger, which I
 mocked in my tune.”
 A blade of silver may be bended—a blade of
 steel abideth—
 Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

The sweet taste of mead passeth from the
lips,
But they are long corroded by the juice of worm-
wood ;
The lamb is brought to the shambles, but the
wolf rangeth the mountain ;
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I ask'd the red-hot iron, when it glimmer'd on the
anvil,
"Wherefore glowest thou longer than the fire-
brand?"—
"I was born in the dark mine, and the brand in
the pleasant greenwood."
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

I ask'd the green oak of the assembly, wherefore
its boughs were dry and seared like the
horns of the stag?
And it show'd me that a small worm had gnaw'd
its roots.
The boy who remembered the scourge, undid the
wicket of the castle at midnight.
Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

Lightning destroyeth temples, though their spires
pierce the clouds ;
Storms destroy armadas, though their sails inter-
cept the gale.

He that is in his glory falleth, and that by a contemptible enemy.

Kindness fadeth away, but vengeance endureth.

Chap. xxxi

(4.)

WIDOWED wife and wedded maid,
 Betroth'd, betrayer, and betray'd,
 All is done that has been said ;
 Vanda's wrong hath been y-wroken—
 Take her pardon by this token.

Concluding Chap.

(5.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. VII.

Oh, sadly shines the morning sun
 On leaguer'd castle wall,
 When bastion, tower, and battlement,
 Seem nodding to their fall.

Old Ballad.

CHAP. XIII.

Too much rest is rust,
 There's ever cheer in changing ;
 We tyne by too much trust,
 So we'll be up and ranging.

Old Song

CHAP. XVII.

Ring out the merry bell, the bride approaches,
The blush upon her cheek has shamed the morn-
ing,

For that is dawning palely. Grant, good saints,
These clouds betoken nought of evil omen!

Old Play.

CHAP. XXVI.

What! fair and young, and faithful too?
A miracle if this be true.

Waller.

CHAP. XXVII.

Julia. — Gentle sir,
You are our captive—but we'll use you so,
That you shall think your prison joys may match
Whate'er your liberty hath known o' pleasure.

Roderick. No fairest, we have trifled here too
long;
And, lingering to see your roses blossom,
I've let my laurels wither.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXVIII.

Let our proud trumpet shake their castle wall,
Menacing death and ruin.

O'way

CHAP. XXXI.

O, fear not, fear not, good Lord John,
That I would you betray,
Or sue requital for a debt,
Which nature cannot pay.

Bear witness, all ye sacred powers,—
Ye lights that 'gin to shine—
This night shall prove the sacred tie
That binds your faith and mine.

Ancient Scottish Ballad

FROM THE TALISMAN.

(1.)

DARK Ahriman, whom Irak still
Holds origin of woe and ill !

When, bending at thy shrine,
We view the world with troubled eye,
Where see we, 'neath the extended sky,
An empire matching thine !

If the Benigner Power can yield
A fountain in the desert field,
Where weary pilgrims drink ;
Thine are the waves that lash the rock,
Thine the tornado's deadly shock,
Where countless navies sink !

Or if He bid the soil dispense
Balsams to cheer the sinking sense,
How few can they deliver
From lingering pains, or pang intense,
Red Fever, spotted Pestilence,
The arrows of thy quiver !

Chief in Man's bosom sits thy sway,
And frequent, while in words we pray

Before another throne,
Whate'er of specious form be there,
The secret meaning of the prayer
Is, Ahriman, thine own.

Say, hast thou feeling, sense, and form,
Thunder thy voice, thy garments storm,
As Eastern Magi say ;
With sentient soul of hate and wrath,
And wings to sweep thy deadly path,
And fangs to tear thy prey ?

Or art thou mix'd in Nature's source,
An ever-operating force,
Converting good to ill ;
An evil principle innate,
Contending with our better fate,
And oh ! victorious still ?

Howe'er it be, dispute is vain.
On all without thou hold'st thy reign,
Nor less on all within ;
Each mortal passion's fierce career,
Love, hate, ambition, joy, and fear,
Thou goadest into sin.

Whene'er a sunny gleam appears,
To brighten up our vale of tears,
Thou art not distant far ;
'Mid such brief solace of our lives,

Thou whett'st our very banquet-knives
To tools of death and war.

Thus, from the moment of our birth,
Long as we linger on the earth,
Thou rul'st the fate of men ;
Thine are the pangs of life's last hour,
And—who dare answer?—is thy power,
Dark Spirit! ended THEN?

Chap. iii.

(2.)

“A hearing was at length procured for the poet preferred, who sung, in high German, stanzas which may be thus translated :—”

WHAT brave chief shall head the forces,
Where the red-cross legions gather?
Best of horsemen, best of horses,
Highest head and fairest feather.

Ask not Austria why, 'midst princes,
Still her banner rises highest;
Ask as well the strong-wing'd eagle
Why to heaven he soars the nighest.

Chap. xi

(3.) THE BLOODY VEST.

“The song of Blondel was, of course, in the Norman language; but the verses which follow express its meaning and its manner.”

'Twas near the fair city of Benevent,
When the sun was setting on bough and bent,
And knights were preparing in bower and tent,
On the eve of the Baptist's tournament;
When in Lincoln green a stripling gent,
Well seeming a page by a princess sent,
Wander'd the camp, and, still as he went,
Inquired for the Englishman, Thomas à Kent.

Far hath he fared, and farther must fare,
Till he finds his pavilion nor stately nor rare,—
Little save iron and steel was there:
And, as lacking the coin to pay armourer's care,
With his sinewy arms to the shoulders bare,
The good knight with hammer and file did repair
The mail that to-morrow must see him wear,
For the honour of Saint John and his lady fair.

“Thus speaks my lady,” the page said he,
And the knight bent lowly both head and knee,
“She is Benevent's Princess so high in degree,
And thou art as lowly as knight may well be—
He that would climb so lofty a tree,

Or spring such a gulf as divides her from thee,
Must dare some high deed, by which all men
 may see
His ambition is back'd by his hie chivalrie.

“Therefore thus speaks my lady,” the fair page
 he said,
And the knight lowly louted with hand and with
 head,
“Fling aside the good armour in which thou art
 clad,
And don thou this weed of her night-gear instead,
For a hauberk of steel, a kirtle of thread :
And charge thus attired, in the tournament dread,
And fight, as thy wont is, where most blood is
 shed,
And bring honour away, or remain with the dead.”

Untroubled in his look, and untroubled in his
 breast,
The knight the weed hath taken, and reverently
 hath kiss'd :
“Now blessed be the moment, the messenger be
 blest !
Much honour'd do I hold me in my lady's high
 behest ;
And say unto my lady, in this dear night-weed
 dress'd,
To the best armed champion I will not veil my
 crest ;

But if I live and bear me well, 'tis her turn to
take the test."

Here, gentles, ends the foremost fyfte of the Lay
of the Bloody Vest.

FYTTE SECOND.

The Baptist's fair morrow beheld gallant feats—
There was winning of honour, and losing of
seats—

There was hewing with falchions, and splintering
of staves,

The victors won glory, the vanquish'd won graves.

Oh, many a knight there fought bravely and well,

Yet one was accounted his peers to excel,

And 'twas he whose sole armour on body and
breast

Seem'd the weed of a damsel when bound for
her rest.

There were some dealt him wounds, that were
bloody and sore,

But others respected his plight, and forebore.

"It is some oath of honour," they said, "and I
trow,

'Twere unknighly to slay him achieving his
vow."

Then the Prince, for his sake, bade the tourna
ment cease,

He flung down his warder, the trumpets sung
peace ;
And the judges declare, and competitors yield,
That the Knight of the Night-gear was first in
the field.

The feast it was nigh, and the mass it was nigher,
When before the fair Princess low louted a squire,
And deliver'd a garment unseemly to view,
With sword-cut and spear-thrust, all hack'd and
pierced through ;
All rent and all tatter'd, all clotted with blood,
With foam of the horses, with dust, and with mud,
Not the point of that lady's small finger, I ween,
Could have rested on spot was unsullied and clean.

“ This token my master, Sir Thomas à Kent,
Restores to the Princess of fair Benevent :
He that climbs the tall tree has won right to the
fruit,
He that leaps the wide gulf should prevail in his
suit ;
Through life's utmost peril the prize I have won,
And now must the faith of my mistress be shown ;
For she who prompts knights on such danger to run,
Must avouch his true service in front of the sun.

“ I restore, says my master, “ the garment I've
worn,
And I claim of the Princess to don it in turn ;

For its stains and its rents she should prize it the
more,
Since by shame 'tis unsullied, though crimson'd
with gore."
Then deep blush'd the Princess—yet kiss'd she
and press'd
The blood-spotted robes to her lips and her
breast.
“Go tell my true knight, church and chamber
shall show
If I value the blood on this garment or no.”

And when it was time for the nobles to pass,
In solemn procession to minster and mass,
The first walk'd the Princess in purple and pall,
But the blood-besmeared night-robe she wore over
all ;
And eke, in the hall, where they all sat at dine,
When she knelt to her father and proffer'd the
wine,
Over all her rich robes and state jewels she wore
That wimple unseemly bedabbled with gore.

Then lords whisper'd ladies, as well you may
think,
And ladies replied, with nod, titter, and wink ;
And the Prince, who in anger and shame had
look'd down,
Turn'd at length to his daughter, and spoke with
a frown :

“ Now since thou hast publish'd thy folly and
 guilt,
 E'en atone with thy hand for the blood thou hast
 spilt ;
 Yet sore for your boldness you both will repent,
 When you wander as exiles from fair Benevent.”

Then out spoke stout Thomas, in hall where he
 stood,
 Exhausted and feeble, but dauntless of mood ;
 “ The blood that I lost for this daughter of thine,
 I pour'd forth as freely as flask gives its wine :
 And if for my sake she brooks penance and
 blame,
 Do not doubt I will save her from suffering and
 shame ;
 And light will she reck of thy pryncedom and
 rent,
 When I hail her, in England, the Countess of
 Kent.”

Chap. xxvi.

(4.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. VI.

Now change the scene—and let the trumpets
 sound,
 For we must rouse the lion from his lair.

Old Play.

CHAP. IX.

This is the prince of leeches ; fever, plague,
Cold rheum, and hot podagra, do but look on him,
And quit their grasp upon the tortured sinews.

Anonymous.

CHAP. XI.

One thing is certain in our Northern land,
Allow that birth, or valour, wealth, or wit,
Give each precedence to their possessor,
Envy, that follows on such eminence,
As comes the lyme-hound on the roebuck's
trace,
Shall pull them down each one.

Sir David Lindsay.

CHAP. XIII.

You talk of Gayety and Innocence !
The moment when the fatal fruit was eaten,
They parted ne'er to meet again ; and Malice
Has ever since been playmate to light Gayety,
From the first moment when the smiling infant
Destroys the flower or butterfly he toys with,
To the last chuckle of the dying miser,
Who on his deathbed laughs his last to hear
His wealthy neighbour has become a bankrupt.

Old Play

CHAP. XVII.

Were every hair upon his head a life,
 And every life were to be supplicated
 By numbers equal to those hairs quadrupled,
 Life after life should out like waning stars
 Before the daybreak--or as festive lamps,
 Which have lent lustre to the midnight revel,
 Each after each are quench'd when guests depart!
Old Play.

CHAP. XIX.

Must we then sheath our still victorious sword;
 Turn back our forward step, which ever trode
 O'er foemen's necks the onward path of glory;
 Unclasp the mail, which, with a solemn vow,
 In God's own house, we hung upon our shoulders:
 That vow, as unaccomplish'd as the promise
 Which village nurses make to still their children,
 And after think no more of? ——
The Crusade, a Tragedy.

CHAP. XX.

When beauty leads the lion in her toils,
 Such are her charms, he dare not raise his mane,
 Far less expand the terror of his fangs.
 So great Alcides made his club a distaff,
 And spun to please fair Omphaló.
Anonymous.

CHAP. XXIII.

'Mid these wild scenes Enchantment waves her
 hand,
 To change the face of the mysterious land ;
 Till the bewildering scenes around us seem
 The vain productions of a feverish dream.

Astolpho, a Romance.

CHAP. XXIV.

— A grain of dust
 Soiling our cup, will make our sense reject
 Fastidiously the draught which we did thirst for ;
 A rusted nail, placed near the faithful compass,
 Will sway it from the truth, and wreck the argosy.
 Even this small cause of anger and disgust
 Will break the bonds of amity 'mongst princes,
 And wreck their noblest purposes.

The Crusade.

CHAP. XXVI.

The tears I shed must ever fall !
 I weep not for an absent swain,
 For time may happier hours recall,
 And parted lovers meet again.

I weep not for the silent dead,
 Their pains are past, their sorrows o'er,
 And those that loved their steps must tread,
 When death shall join to part no more.

But worse than absence, worse than death,
She wept her lover's sullied fame,
And, fired with all the pride of birth,
She wept a soldier's injured name.

Ballad.

FROM WOODSTOCK.

(1.)

By pathless march, by greenwood tree,
It is thy weird to follow me—
To follow me through the ghastly moonlight—
To follow me through the shadows of night—
To follow me, comrade, still art thou bound :
I conjure thee by the unstanched wound—
I conjure thee by the last words I spoke,
When the body slept and the spirit awoke,
In the very last pangs of the deadly stroke !

Chap. xiv

(2.) GLEE FOR KING CHARLES.

BRING the bowl which you boast,
Fill it up to the brim ;
'Tis to him we love most,
And to all who love him.

Brave gallants, stand up,
 And avaunt ye, base carles!
 Were there death in the cup,
 Here's a health to King Charles!

Though he wanders through dangers,
 Unaided, unknown,
 Dependent on strangers,
 Estranged from his own;
 Though 'tis under our breath
 Amidst forfeits and perils,
 Here's to honor and faith,
 And a health to King Charles!

Let such honors abound,
 As the time can afford,
 The knee on the ground,
 And the hand on the sword;
 But the time shall come round
 When, 'mid Lords, Dukes, and Earls,
 The loud trumpet shall sound,
 Here's a health to King Charles!

Chap. xx.

(3.) AN HOUR WITH THEE.

AN hour with thee!—When earliest day
 Dapples with gold the eastern gray,
 Oh, what can frame my mind to bear
 The toil and turmoil, cark and care,

(5.)

SON of a witch,
 Mayst thou die in a ditch,
 With the butchers who back thy quarrels;
 And rot above ground,
 While the world shall resound
 A welcome to Royal King Charles.

Chap. xxx.

(6.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. II.

COME forth, old man—Thy daughter's side
 Is now the fitting place for thee:
 When time hath quell'd the oak's bold pride,
 The youthful tendril yet may hide
 The ruins of the parent tree.

CHAP. III.

Now, ye wild blades, that make loose inns your
 stage,
 To vapour forth the acts of this sad age,
 Stout Edgehill fight, the Newberries and the West,
 And northern clashes, where you still fought best;
 Your strange escapes, your dangers void of fear,
 When bullets fell between the head and ear,
 Whether you fought by Damme or the Spirit,
 Of you I speak.

Legend of Captain Jones.

CHAP. IV.

Yon path of greensward
 Winds round by sparry grot and gay pavilion ;
 There is no flint to gall thy tender foot,
 There's ready shelter from each breeze, or
 shower.—
 But Duty guides not that way—see her stand,
 With wand entwined with amaranth, near yon
 cliffs.
 Oft where she leads thy blood must mark thy
 footsteps,
 Oft where she leads thy head must bear the
 storm,
 And thy shrunk form endure heat, cold, and
 hunger ;
 But she will guide thee up to noble heights,
 Which he who gains seems native of the sky,
 While earthly things lie stretch'd beneath his feet,
 Diminish'd, shrunk, and valueless.—

Anonymous.

CHAP. V.

My tongue pads slowly under this new language,
 And starts and stumbles at these uncouth phrases.
 They may be great in worth and weight, but hang
 Upon the native glibness of my language
 Like Saul's plate-armour on the shepherd boy,
 Encumbering and not arming him.

J. B.

CHAP. VI.

Sleep steals on us even like his brother Death—
 We know not when it comes—we know it **must**
 come—

We may affect to scorn and to contemn it,
 For 'tis the highest pride of human misery
 To say it knows not of an opiate ;
 Yet the reft parent, the despairing lover,
 Even the poor wretch who waits for execution,
 Feels this oblivion, against which he thought
 His woes had arm'd his senses, steal upon him,
 And through the fenceless citadel—the body—
 Surprise that haughty garrison—the mind.

Herbert.

CHAP. X.

Here we have one head
 Upon two bodies—your two-headed bullock
 Is but an ass to such a prodigy.
 These two have but one meaning, thought, and
 counsel :
 And, when the single noddle has spoke out,
 The four legs scrape assent to it.

Old Play.

CHAP. XIV.

Deeds are done on earth,
 Which have their punishment ere the earth closes
 Upon the perpetrators. Be it the working
 Of the remorse-stirr'd fancy, or the vision,

Distinct and real, of unearthly being,
 All ages witness, that beside the couch
 Of the fell homicide oft stalks the ghost
 Of him he slew, and shows the shadowy wound
Old Play.

CHAP. XVII.

We do that in our zeal,
 Our calmer moments are afraid to answer.
Anonymous.

CHAP. XVIII.

Then are the harpies gone.—Yet ere we perch
 Where such foul birds have roosted, let us
 cleanse
 The foul obscenity they've left behind them.
Agamemnon.

CHAP. XXIV.

The deadliest snakes are those which, twined
 'mongst flowers,
 Blend their bright colouring with the varied blos-
 soms,
 Their fierce eyes glittering like the spangled dew-
 drop ;
 In all so like what nature has most harmless,
 That sportive innocence, which dreads no danger
 Is poison'd unawares.
Old Play.

FROM CHRONICLES OF THE CANON-
GATE.

(1.)

OH, I'm come to the Low Country,
Och, och, ohonochie,
Without a penny in my pouch
To buy a meal for me.
I was the proudest of my clan,
Long, long may I repine ;
And Donald was the bravest man,
And Donald he was mine.

Old Song. Highland Widow, Chap. ii.

(2.) MOTTO OF MY AUNT MARGARET'S MIRROR

THERE are times
When Fancy plays her gambols, in despite
Even of our watchful senses, when in sooth
Substance seems shadow, shadow substance seems,
When the broad, palpable, and mark'd partition,
'TWixt that which is and is not, seems dissolved,
As if the mental eye gain'd power to gaze
Beyond the limits of the existing world.
Such hours of shadowy dreams I better love
Than all the gross realities of life.

Anonymous.

Ah, poor Louise! In woody wold
 She met a huntsman fair and bold;
 His baldrick was of silk and gold,
 And many a witching tale he told
 To poor Louise.

Ah, poor Louise! Small cause to pine
 Hadst thou for treasures of the mine;
 For peace of mind, that gift divine,
 And spotless innocence, were thine,
 Ah, poor Louise!

Ah, poor Louise! Thy treasure's reft!
 I know not if by force or theft,
 Or part by violence, part by gift;
 But misery is all that's left
 To poor Louise.

Let poor Louise some succour have!
 She will not long your bounty crave,
 Or tire the gay with warning stave—
 For Heaven has grace, and earth a grave,
 For poor Louise.
Chap. x.

(2.) DEATH CHANT.

—“ERE he guessed where he was going, the leech
 was hurried into the house of the late Oliver Proud-

tute, from which he heard the chant of the women, as they swathed and dressed the corpse of the umquhile Bonnet-maker, for the ceremony of next morning, of which chant, the following verses may be received as a modern imitation:”—

1.

VIEWLESS Essence, thin and bare,
Well-nigh melted into air ;
Still with fondness hovering near
The earthly form thou once didst wear ;

2.

Pause upon thy pinion's flight,
Be thy course to left or right ;
Be thou doom'd to soar or sink,
Pause upon the awful brink.

3.

To avenge the deed expelling
Thee untimely from thy dwelling,
Mystic force thou shalt retain
O'er the blood and o'er the brain.

4.

When the form thou shalt espy
That darken'd on thy closing eye ;
When the footstep thou shalt hear
That thrill'd upon thy dying ear ;

5.

Then strange sympathies shall wake,
 The flesh shall thrill, the nerves shall quake;
 The wounds renew their clotted flood,
 And every drop cry blood for blood.

Chap. xxii.

 (3.)

“The maiden sung a melancholy dirge in Norman French; the words, of which the following is an imitation, were united to a tune as doleful as they are themselves.”

1.

Yes, thou mayst sigh,
 And look once more at all around,
 At stream and bank, and sky and ground,
 Thy life its final course has found,
 And thou must die.

2.

Yes, lay thee down,
 And while thy struggling pulses flutter,
 Bid the grey monk his soul-mass mutter,
 And the deep bell its death-tone utter—
 Thy life is gone.

8.

Be not afraid,
 'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
 A fever fit, and then a chill ;
 And then an end of human ill,—
 For thou art dead.

Chap. xxx.

(4.) The minstrel recorded her gratitude to the stout smith in the little song of "Bold and True," which was long a favourite in Scotland.

OH! Bold and True
 In bonnet blue,
 That fear or falsehood never knew,
 Whose heart was loyal to his word,
 Whose hand was faithful to his sword.
 Seek Europe wide from sea to sea,
 But bonny Blue-Cap still for me!

I've seen Almain's proud champions prance—
 Have seen the gallant knights of France,
 Unrivalled with the sword and lance—
 Have seen the sons of England true,
 Wield the brown bill and bend the yew,
 Search France the fair, and England free,
 But bonny Blue-Cap still for me!

Chap. xxxii.

(5.) MOTTOES.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE ashes here of murder'd Kings
 Beneath my footsteps sleep ;
 And yonder lies the scene of death,
 Where Mary learn'd to weep.

Captain Marjoribanks.

CHAP. I.

“Behold the Tiber !” the vain Roman cried,
 Viewing the ample Tay from Baiglie's side ;
 But where's the Scot that would the vaunt repay,
 And hail the puny Tiber for the Tay ?

Anonymous.

CHAP. XI.

Fair is the damsel, passing fair,—
 Sunny at distance gleams her smile !
 Approach—the cloud of woeful care
 Hangs trembling in her eye the while.

Lucinda, a Ballad.

CHAP. XV.

O for a draught of power to steep
 The soul of agony in sleep !

Bertha.

CHAP. XX.

A woman wails for justice at the gate,
A widow'd woman, wan and desolate.

Bertha.

CHAP. XXIII.

Lo! where he lies embalm'd in gore,
His wound to Heaven cries ;
The floodgates of his blood implore,
For vengeance from the skies.

Uranus and Psyche.

CHAP. XXVII

'This Austin humbly did.—“ Did he,” quoth he ;
“ Austin may do the same again for me.”

Pope's Prologue to Canterbury Tales, from Chaucer.

CHAP. XXXIII.

The hour is nigh : now hearts beat high ;
Each sword is sharpen'd well :
And who dares die, who stoops to fly,
To-morrow's light shall tell.

Sir Edoald.

FROM ANNE OF GEIERSTEIN.

(1.)

IF I hit mast, and line, and bird,
An English archer keeps his word.
Ah! maiden, didst thou aim at me,
A single glance were worth the three.

Chap. iv.

(2.) THE SECRET TRIBUNAL.

—— “ Philipson could perceive that the lights proceeded from many torches, borne by men muffled in black cloaks, like mourners at a funeral, or the Black Friars of Saint Francis’s Order, wearing their cowls drawn over their heads, so as to conceal their features. They appeared anxiously engaged in measuring off a portion of the apartment; and, while occupied in that employment, they sung, in the ancient German language, rhymes more rude than Philipson could well understand, but which may be imitated thus:”—

MEASURERS of good and evil,
Bring the square, the line, the level.—

Rear the altar, dig the trench,
Blood both stone and ditch shall drench.
Cubits six, from end to end,
Must the fatal bench extend,—
Cubits six, from side to side,
Judge and culprit must divide.
On the east the Court assembles,
On the west the Accused trembles—
Answer, brethren, all and one,
Is the ritual rightly done?

On life and soul, on blood and bone,
One for all, and all for one,
We warrant this is rightly done.

How wears the night?—Doth morning shine
In early radiance on the Rhine?
What music floats upon his tide?
Do birds the tardy morning chide?
Brethren, look out from hill and height,
And answer true, how wears the night?

The night is old ; on Rhine's broad breast
 Glance drowsy stars which long to rest.

No beams are twinkling in the east.
 There is a voice upon the flood,
 The stern still call of blood for blood ;
 'Tis time we listen the behest.

Up, then, up ! When day's at rest,
 'Tis time that such as we are watchers ;
 Rise to judgment, brethren, rise !
 Vengeance knows not sleepy eyes,
 He and night are matchers.

Chap. xx.

(3.) MOTTOES.

CHAP. V.

———— I was one
 Who loved the greenwood bank and lowing herd,
 The russet prize, the lowly peasant's life,
 Season'd with sweet content, more than the halls
 Where revellers feast to fever-height. Believe me,
 There ne'er was poison mix'd in maple bowl.

Anonymous.

CHAP. VI.

When we two meet, we meet like rushing torrents ;
Like warring winds, like flames from various
 points,
That mate each other's fury—there is nought
Of elemental strife, were fiends to guide it,
Can match the wrath of man.

Frenaud.

CHAP. VIII.

They saw that city, welcoming the Rhine,
As from his mountain heritage he bursts,
As purposed proud Orgetorix of yore,
Leaving the desert region of the hills,
To lord it o'er the fertile plains of Gaul.

Helvetia.

CHAP. X.

We know not when we sleep nor when we wake.
Visions distinct and perfect cross our eye,
Which to the slumberer seem realities ;
And while they waked, some men have seen such
 sights
As set at nought the evidence of sense,
And left them well persuaded they were dreaming

Anonymous.

CHAP. XI.

These be the adept's doctrines—every element
 Is peopled with its separate race of spirits.
 The airy Sylphs on the blue ether float ;
 Deep in the earthly cavern skulks the Gnome ;
 The sea-green Naiad skims the ocean-billow,
 And the fierce fire is yet a friendly home
 To its peculiar sprite—the Salamander.

Anonymous.

CHAP. XV.

And this place our forefathers built for man.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXII.

Tell me not of it—I could ne'er abide
 The mummery of all that forced civility.
 “ Pray, seat yourself, my lord.” With cringing
 hams
 The speech is spoken, and, with bended knee,
 Heard by the smiling courtier.—“ Before you, sir ?
 It must be on the earth then.” Hang it all !
 The pride which cloaks itself in such poor fashion
 Is scarcely fit to swell a beggar's bosom.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXIX.

A nirthful man he was—the snows of age
 Fell, but they did not chill him. Gayety,
 Even in life's closing, touch'd his teeming brain
 With such wild visions as the setting sun

Raises in front of some hoar glacier,
 Painting the bleak ice with a thousand hues.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXX.

Ay, this is he who wears the wreath of bays
 Wove by Apollo and the Sisters Nine,
 Which Jove's dread lightning scathes not. He
 hath doft
 The cumbrous helm of steel, and flung aside
 The yet more galling diadem of gold ;
 While, with a leafy circlet round his brows,
 He reigns the King of Lovers and of Poets.

CHAP. XXXI.

——— Want you a man
 Experienced in the world and its affairs ?
 Here he is for your purpose. He's a monk.
 He hath forsworn the world and all its work—
 The rather that he knows it passing well,
 'Special the worst of it, for he's a monk.

Old Play.

CHAP. XXXIII.

Toll, toll the bell !
 Greatness is o'er,
 The heart has broke,
 To ache no more ;
 An unsubstantial pageant all—
 Drop o'er the scene the funeral-pall.

Old Poem.

CHAP. XXXV.

——— Here's a weapon now,
Shall shake a conquering general in his tent,
A monarch on his throne, or reach a prelate.
However holy be his offices,
E'en while he serves the altar.

Old Play.



FROM COUNT ROBERT OF PARIS.

MOTTOES.

CHAP. III.

HERE, youth, thy foot unbrace,
Here, youth, thy brow unbraided;
Each tribute that may grace
The threshold here be paid.
Walk with the stealthy pace
Which Nature teaches deer,
When, echoing in the chase,
The hunter's horn they hear.

The Court.

CHAP. V.

The storm increases—'tis no sunny shower,
Foster'd in the moist breast of March or April,
Or such as parched Summer cools his lip with;
Heaven's windows are flung wide; the inmost
deeps
Call in hoarse greeting one upon another;
On comes the flood in all its foaming horrors,
And where's the dike shall stop it!

The Deluge, a Poem.

CHAP. VI.

Vain man! thou mayst esteem thy love as fair
 As fond hyperboles suffice to raise.
 She may be all that's matchless in her person,
 And all-divine in soul to match her body;
 But take this from me—thou shalt never call her
 Superior to her sex, while *one* survives,
 And I am her true votary. *Old Play.*

CHAP. VIII.

Through the vain webs which puzzle sophist's skill,
 Plain sense and honest meaning work their way
 So sink the varying clouds upon the hill,
 When the clear dawning brightens into day.
Dr. Watts.

CHAP. IX.

Between the foaming jaws of the white torrent,
 The skilful artist draws a sudden mound;
 By level long he subdivides their strength,
 Stealing the waters from their rocky bed,
 First to diminish what he means to conquer;
 Then, for the residue he forms a road,
 Easy to keep, and painful to desert,
 And guiding to the end the planner aim'd at.
The Engineer.

CHAP. X.

Those were wild times—the antipodes of ours:
 Ladies were there, who oftener saw themselves

In the broad lustre of a foeman's shield
 That in a mirror, and who rather sought
 To match themselves in battle, than in dalliance
 To meet a lover's onset.—But though Nature
 Was outraged thus, she was not overcome.

Feudal Times.

CHAP. XI.

Without, a ruin, broken, tangled, cumbrous,
 Within, it was a little paradise,
 Where Taste had made her dwelling.—Stat-
 uary,
 First-born of human art, moulded her images,
 And bade men mark and worship.

Anonymous.

CHAP. XII.

The parties met. The wily, wordy Greek,
 Weighing each word, and canvassing each syllable;
 Evading, arguing, equivocating,
 And the stern Frank came with his two-hand
 sword,
 Watching to see which way the balance sways,
 That he may throw it in, and turn the scales.

Palestine.

CHAP. XVI.

Strange ape of man! who loathes thee while he
 scorns thee;
 Half a reproach to us and half a jest.

What fancies can be ours ere we have pleasure
 In viewing our own form, our pride and passions,
 Reflected in a shape grotesque as thine!

Anonymous.

CHAP. XVII.

'Tis strange that. in the dark sulphureous mine,
 Where wild ambition piles its ripening stores
 Of slumbering thunder, Love will interpose
 His tiny torch, and cause the stern explosion
 To burst, when the deviser's least aware.

Anonymous.

CHAP. XXIV.

All is prepared—the chambers of the mine
 Are cramm'd with the combustible, which, harm-
 less

While yet unkindled, as the sable sand,
 Needs but a spark to change its nature so,
 That he who wakes it from its slumbrous mood,
 Dreads scarce the explosion less than he who
 knows

That 'tis his towers which meet its fury.

Anonymous.

CHAP. XXV.

Heaven knows its time; the bullet has its billet,
 Arrow and javelin each its destined purpose;
 The fated beasts of Nature's lower strain
 Have each their separate task.

Old Play.

FROM CASTLE DANGEROUS.

MOTTOES.

CHAP. I.

Hosts have been known at that dread sound to
yield;

And, Douglas dead, his name hath won the field.

John Home.

CHAP. V.

A tale of sorrow, for your eyes may weep;

A tale of horror, for your flesh may tingle;

A tale of wonder, for the eyebrows arch,

And the flesh curdles if you read it rightly.

Old Play.

CHAP. XI.

Where is he? Has the deep earth swallow'd
him?

Or hath he melted like some airy phantom

That shuns the approach of morn and the young
sun?

Or hath he wrapt him in Cimmerian darkness,

And pass'd beyond the circuit of the sight

With things of the night's shadows?

Anonymous.

CHAP. XIV.

The way is long, my children, long and rough—
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark;
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave,
Unskill'd save in the velvet course of fortune,
Hath miss'd the discipline of noble hearts.

Old Play.

CHAP. XVIII.

His talk was of another world—his bodements
Strange, doubtful, and mysterious; those who
 heard him
Listen'd as to a man in feverish dreams,
Who speaks of other objects than the present,
And mutters like to him who sees a vision.

Old Play.

END OF VOL. VII.

THE POETICAL WORKS
OF
SIR WALTER SCOTT
—◆—
VOLUME VIII.

P R E F A C E

TO THE

BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

TO THE FIRST EDITION, 1813.

IN the Edinburgh Annual Register for the year 1809, Three Fragments were inserted, written in imitation of Living Poets. It must have been apparent, that, by these proflusions, nothing burlesque, or disrespectful, to the authors, was intended, but that they were offered to the public as serious, though certainly very imperfect, imitations of that style of composition, by which each of the writers is supposed to be distinguished. As these exercises attracted a greater degree of attention than the author anticipated, he has been

induced to complete one of them, and present it as a separate publication.¹

It is not in this place that an examination of the works of the master whom he has here adopted as his model, can, with propriety, be introduced; since his general acquiescence in the favourable suffrage of the public must necessarily be inferred from the attempt he has now made. He is induced, by the nature of his subject, to offer a few remarks on what has been called ROMANTIC POETRY;—the popularity of which has been revived in the present day, under the auspices, and by the unparalleled success, of one individual.

The original purpose of poetry is either religious or historical, or, as must frequently happen, a mixture of both. To modern readers, the poems of Homer have many of the features of pure

¹ [Sir Walter Scott, in his Introduction to the *Lord of the Isles*, given in the preceding volume, says,—“Being much urged by my intimate friend, now unhappily no more, William Erskine, I agreed to write the little romantic tale called the ‘*Bridal of Triermain* ;’ but it was on the condition, that he should make no serious effort to disown the composition, if report should lay it at his door. As he was more than suspected of a taste for poetry, and as I took care, in several places, to mix something which might resemble (as far as was in my power) my friend’s feeling and manner, the train easily caught, and two large editions were sold. A third being called for, Lord Kinnedder became unwilling to add any longer a deception which was going further than he expected or desired, and the real author’s name was given.”]

romance; but in the estimation of his contemporaries, they probably derived their chief value from their supposed historical authenticity. The same may be generally said of the poetry of all early ages. The marvels and miracles which the poet blends with his song, do not exceed in number or extravagance the figments of the historians of the same period of society; and, indeed, the difference betwixt poetry and prose, as the vehicles of historical truth, is always of late introduction. Poets, under various denominations of Bards, Scalds, Chroniclers, and so forth, are the first historians of all nations. Their intention is to relate the events they have witnessed, or the traditions that have reached them; and they clothe the relation in rhyme, merely as the means of rendering it more solemn in the narrative, or more easily committed to memory. But as the poetical historian improves in the art of conveying information, the authenticity of his narrative unavoidably declines. He is tempted to dilate and dwell upon the events that are interesting to his imagination, and, conscious how indifferent his audience is to the naked truth of his poem, his history gradually becomes a romance.

It is in this situation that those epics are found, which have been generally regarded the standards of poetry; and it has happened somewhat strangely, that the moderns have pointed out as the characteristics and peculiar excellences of

narrative poetry, the very circumstances which the authors themselves adopted, only because their art involved the duties of the historian as well as the poet. It cannot be believed, for example, that Homer selected the siege of Troy as the most appropriate subject for poetry; his purpose was to write the early history of his country; the event he has chosen, though not very fruitful in varied incident, nor perfectly well adapted for poetry, was nevertheless combined with traditional and genealogical anecdotes extremely interesting to those who were to listen to him; and this he has adorned by the exertions of a genius, which, if it has been equalled, has certainly been never surpassed. It was not till comparatively a late period that the general accuracy of his narrative, or his purpose in composing it, was brought into question. Δοκεῖ πρῶτος [ὁ Ἄναξαγόρας] (καθὰ φησι Φαβιορῖνος ἐν Παντοδαπῇ Ἱστορίᾳ) τὴν Ὀμήρου ποίησιν ἀποφῆνασθαι εἶναι περὶ ἀρετῆς καὶ δικαιοσύνης.¹ But whatever theories might be framed by speculative men, his work was of an historical, not of an allegorical nature. Ἐναντίλλετο μετὰ τοῦ Μέντεω, καὶ ὅπου ἐκίστοτε ἀφίκοιτο, πάντα τὰ ἐπιχώρια δειωῶτο, καὶ ἱστορέων ἐπυνθάνετο. εἰκὸς δέ μιν ἦν καὶ ἀνημόσυνα πάντων γράφεσθαι.² Instead of recommending the choice of a subject similar to that of Homer, it was to be expected that critics should

¹ Diogenes Laertius, Lib. ii. Anaxag. Segm. 11.

² Homeri Vita, in Herod. *Henr. Steph.* 1570, p. 356.

have exhorted the poets of these latter days to adopt or invent a narrative in itself more susceptible of poetical ornament, and to avail themselves of that advantage in order to compensate, in some degree, the inferiority of genius. The contrary course has been inculcated by almost all the writers upon the *Epopœia*; with what success, the fate of Homer's numerous imitators may best show. The *ultimum supplicium* of criticism was inflicted on the author if he did not choose a subject which at once deprived him of all claim to originality, and placed him, if not in actual contest, at least in fatal comparison, with those giants in the land, whom it was most his interest to avoid. The celebrated receipt for writing an epic poem, which appeared in *The Guardian*,¹

¹ [A RECEIPT TO MAKE AN EPIC POEM.

FOR THE FABLE.

“Take out of any old poem, history book, romance or legend (for instance, Geoffry of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece,) those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions. Put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures; there let him work for twelve books, at the end of which, you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or marry, it being necessary that the conclusion of an epic poem be fortunate.”

To make an Episode.—“Take any remaining adventure of your former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero, or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away, and it will be of use, applied to any other

was the first instance in which common sense was applied to this department of poetry; and, indeed,

person, who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition."

For the Moral and Allegory.—"These you may extract out of the fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently."

FOR THE MANNERS.

"For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. Be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and, to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the Alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man. For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the names as occasion serves."

FOR THE MACHINES.

"Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use. Separate them into equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident, for, since no epic poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry:

'Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit.'

Verse 191.

if the question be considered on its own merits, we must be satisfied that narrative poetry, if strictly

‘Never presume to make a god appear

But for a business worthy of a god.’—ROSCOMMON.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.”

FOR THE DESCRIPTIONS

For a Tempest.—“Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together into one verse. Add to these, of rain, lightning, and of thunder, (the loudest you can,) *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing.”

For a battle.—“Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer’s Iliad, with a spice or two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.”

For a Burning Town.—“If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of Conflagration,¹ well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.”

As *for similes and metaphors*, “they may be found all over the creation. The most ignorant may gather them, but the danger is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.”

FOR THE LANGUAGE

(I mean the diction.) “Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton; for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than any thing else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be

¹ From Lib. iii. De Conflagratione Mundi, of Telluris Theoria Sacra, published in 4to, 1689. By Dr. Thomas Buruet, master of the Charter-House.

confined to the great occurrences of history, would be deprived of the individual interest which it is so well calculated to excite.

Modern poets may therefore be pardoned in seeking simpler subjects of verse, more interesting in proportion to their simplicity. Two or three figures, well grouped, suit the artist better than a crowd, for whatever purpose assembled. For the same reason, a scene immediately presented to the imagination, and directly brought home to the feelings, though involving the fate but of one or two persons, is more favourable for poetry than the political struggles and convulsions which influence the fate of kingdoms. The former are within the reach and comprehension of all, and, if depicted with vigour, seldom fail to fix attention: The other, if more sublime, are more vague and distant, less capable of being

found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals, by setting them in the smoke. You may, in the same manner, give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening up and down like Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion, by the Dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer."

"I must not conclude without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point, which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper; for they are observed to cool before they are read."—POPE. *The Guardian*, No. 78.

distinctly understood, and infinitely less capable of exciting those sentiments which it is the very purpose of poetry to inspire. To generalize is always to destroy effect. We would, for example, be more interested in the fate of an individual soldier in combat, than in the grand event of a general action; with the happiness of two lovers raised from misery and anxiety to peace and union, than with the successful exertions of a whole nation. From what causes this may originate is a separate and obviously an immaterial consideration. Before ascribing this peculiarity to causes decidedly and odiously selfish, it is proper to recollect, that while men see only a limited space, and while their affections and conduct are regulated, not by aspiring to a universal good, but by exerting their power of making themselves and others happy within the limited scale allotted to each individual, so long will individual history and individual virtue be the readier and more accessible road to general interest and attention; and perhaps, we may add, that it is the more useful as well as the more accessible, inasmuch as it affords an example capable of being easily imitated.

According to the author's idea of Romantic Poetry, as distinguished from Epic, the former comprehends a fictitious narrative, framed and combined at the pleasure of the writer; beginning and ending as he may judge best; which neither

exacts nor refuses the use of supernatural machinery; which is free from the technical rules of the *Epée*; and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals, apply to every species of poetry without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present; the story may detail the adventures of a prince or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and every thing is permitted to him, excepting to be heavy or prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology. Those, it is probable, will be found the peculiarities of this species of composition; and, before joining the outcry against the vitiated taste that fosters and encourages it, the justice and grounds of it ought to be made perfectly apparent. If the want of sieges, and battles, and great military evolutions, in our poetry, is complained of, let us reflect, that the campaigns and heroes of our days are perpetuated in a record that neither requires nor admits of the aid of fiction; and if the complaint refers to the inferiority of our bards, let us pay a just tribute to their modesty, limiting them, as it does, to subjects which, however indifferently treated, have still the interest and charm of novelty, and which thus prevents them from adding insipidity to their other more insuperable defects.¹

¹["In all this we cheerfully acquiesce, without abating any thing of our former hostility to the modern *Romant*"]

style, which is founded on very different principles. Nothing is, in our opinion, so dangerous to the very existence of poetry as the extreme laxity of rule and consequent facility of composition, which are its principal characteristics. Our very admission in favour of that license of plot and conduct which is claimed by the Romance writers, ought to render us so much the more guarded in extending the privilege to the minor poets of composition and versification. The removal of all technical bars and impediments sets wide open the gates of Parnassus; and so much the better. We dislike mystery quite as much in matters of taste, as of politics and religion. But let us not, in opening the door, pull down the wall, and level the very foundation of the edifice."—*Critical Review*, 1813.]

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN :
OR,
THE VALE OF ST JOHN.

A LOVER'S TALE

INTRODUCTION.

I.

COME, LUCY ! while 'tis morning hour,
The woodland brook we needs must pass ;
So, ere the sun assume his power,
We shelter in our poplar bower,
Where dew lies long upon the flower,
Though vanish'd from the velvet grass.
Curbing the stream, this stony ridge
May serve us for a sylvan bridge ;
For here, compell'd to disunite,
Round petty isles the runnels glide

And chafing off their puny spite,
The shallow murmurers waste their might,
Yielding to footstep free and light
A dry-shod pass from side to side.

II.

Nay, why this hesitating pause?
And, Lucy, as thy step withdraws,
Why sidelong eye the streamlet's brim?
Titania's foot without a slip,
Like thine, though timid, light, and slim,
From stone to stone might safely trip,
Nor risk the glow-worm clasp to dip
That binds her slipper's silken rim.
Or trust thy lover's strength : nor fear
That this same stalwart arm of mine,
Which could yon oak's prone trunk uprear,
Shall shrink beneath the burden dear
Of form so slender, light, and fine.—
So,—now, the danger dared at last,
Look back, and smile at perils past !

III.

And now we reach the favourite glade,
Paled in by copsewood, cliff, and stone,
Where never harsher sounds invade,
To break affection's whispering tone,
Than the deep breeze that waves the shade,
Than the small brooklet's feeble moan.
Come ! rest thee on thy wonted seat :

Moss'd is the stone, the turf is green,
 A place where lovers best may meet,
 Who would not that their love be seen.
 The boughs, that dim the summer sky,
 Shall hide us from each lurking spy,
 That fain would spread the invidious tale,
 How Lucy of the lofty eye,¹
 Noble in birth, in fortunes high,
 She for whom lords and barons sigh,
 Meets her poor Arthur in the dale.

IV.

How deep that blush!—how deep that sigh!
 And why does Lucy shun mine eye?
 Is it because that crimson draws
 Its colour from some secret cause,
 Some hidden movement of the breast,
 She would not that her Arthur guess'd?
 O! quicker far is lovers' ken
 Than the dull glance of common men,²
 And, by a strange sympathy, can spell
 The thoughts the loved one will not tell!
 And mine, in Lucy's blush, saw met
 The hues of pleasure and regret;
 Pride mingled in the sigh her voice,
 And shared with Love the crimson glow;

¹ [MS.—“Haughty eye.”]

² [—————“with wings as swift
 As meditation or the thoughts of love.”]

Well pleased that thou art Arthur's choice,
 Yet shamed thine own is placed so low :
 Thou turn'st thy self-confessing cheek,
 As if to meet the breeze's cooling ;
 Then, Lucy, hear thy tutor speak,
 For Love, too, has his hours of schooling

V.

Too oft my anxious eye has spied
 That secret grief thou fain wouldst hide,
 The passing pang of humbled pride ;
 Too oft, when through the splendid hall,
 The load-star of each heart and eye,
 My fair one leads the glittering ball,
 Will her stol'n glance on Arthur fall,
 With such a blush and such a sigh !
 Thou wouldst not yield, for wealth or rank,
 The heart thy worth and beauty won,
 Nor leave me on this mossy bank,
 To meet a rival on a throne :
 Why, then, should vain repinings rise,
 That to thy lover fate denies
 A nobler name, a wide domain,
 A Baron's birth, a menial train,
 Since Heaven assign'd him, for his part,
 A lyre, a falchion, and a heart ?

VI.

My sword——its master must be dumb ;
 But, when a soldier names my name,

Approach, my Lucy ! fearless come,
 Nor dread to hear of Arthur's shame.
 My heart—'mid all yon courtly crew,
 Of lordly rank and lofty line,
 Is there to love and honour true,
 That boasts a pulse so warm as mine ?¹
 They praised thy diamonds' lustre rare—
 Match'd with thine eyes, I thought it faded
 They praised the pearls that bound thy hair—
 I only saw the locks they braided ;
 They talk'd of wealthy dower and land,
 And titles of high birth the token—
 I thought of Lucy's heart and hand,
 Nor knew the sense of what was spoken.
 And yet, if ranked in Fortune's roll,
 I might have learn'd their choice unwise,
 Who rate the dower above the soul,
 And Lucy's diamonds o'er her eyes.²

VII.

My lyre—it is an idle toy,
 That borrows accents not its own,
 Like warbler of Colombian sky,
 That sings but in a mimic tone.³
 Ne'er did it sound o'er sainted well,
 Nor boasts it aught of Border spell ;
 Its strings no feudal slogan pour,

¹ [MS.—“ That boasts so warm a heart as mine.”]

² [MS.—“ And Lucy's gems before her eyes.”]

³ The Mocking Bird.

Its heroes draw no broad claymore ;
 No shouting clans applauses raise,
 Because it sung their father's praise ;¹
 On Scottish moor, or English down,
 It ne'er was graced with fair renown ;
 Nor won,—best meed to minstrel true,—
 One favouring smile from fair BUCCLEUCH !
 By one poor streamlet sounds its tone,
 And heard by one dear maid alone.

VIII.

But, if thou bid'st, these tones shall tell,
 Of errant knight, and damozelle ;
 Of the dread knot a Wizard tied,
 In punishment of maiden's pride,
 In notes of marvel and of fear,
 That best may charm romantic ear.
 For Lucy loves,—like COLLINS, ill-starr'd name !²
 Whose lay's requital, was that tardy fame,
 Who bound no laurel round his living head,
 Should hang it o'er his monument when dead,—

¹ [MS.—'Perchance, because it sung their praise.']

² Collins, according to Johnson, "by indulging some peculiar habits of thought, was eminently delighted with those flights of imagination which pass the bounds of nature, and to which the mind is reconciled only by a passive acquiescence in popular traditions. He loved fairies, genii, giants, and monsters ; he delighted to rove through the meanders of enchantment, to gaze on the magnificence of golden palaces, to repose by the waterfalls of Elysian gardens."

For Lucy loves to tread enchanted strand,
 And thread, like him, the maze of Fairy land ;
 Of golden battlements to view the gleam,
 And slumber soft by some Elysian stream ;
 Such lays she loves,—and, such my Lucy's choice,
 What other song can claim her Poet's voice ? ¹

¹ ["The Introduction, though by no means destitute of beauties, is decidedly inferior to the Poem: its plan, or conception, is neither very ingenious nor very striking. The best passages are those in which the author adheres most strictly to his original: in those which are composed without having his eyes fixed on his model, there is a sort of affectation and straining at humour, that will probably excite some feeling of disappointment, either because the effort is not altogether successful, or because it does not perfectly harmonize with the tone and colouring of the whole piece.

"The 'Bridal' itself is purely a tale of chivalry; a tale of 'Britain's Isle, and Arthur's days, when midnight fairies daunced the maze.' The author never gives us a glance of ordinary life, or of ordinary personages. From the splendid court of Arthur we are conveyed to the halls of enchantment, and, of course, are introduced to a system of manners, perfectly decided and appropriate, but altogether remote from those of this vulgar world."—*Quarterly Review*, July 1813.

"The poem now before us consists properly of two distinct subjects, interwoven together something in the manner of the Last Minstrel and his Lay, in the first and most enchanting of Walter Scott's romances. The first is the history (real or imaginary, we presume not to guess which) of the author's passion, courtship, and marriage, with a young lady, his superior in rank and circumstances, to whom he relates at intervals the story which may be considered as the principal design of the work, to which it gives its title. This is a

mode of introducing romantic and fabulous narratives which we very much approve, though there may be reason to fear that too frequent repetition may wear out its effect. It attaches a degree of dramatic interest to the work, at the same time softens the absurdity of a Gothic legend, by throwing it to a greater distance from the relation and auditor, by representing it, not as a train of facts which actually took place, but as a mere fable, either adopted by the credulity of former times, or invented for the purposes of amusement, and the exercise of the imagination."—*Critical Review*, 1813.]

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

WHERE is the Maiden of mortal strain,
That may match with the Baron of Triermain!¹

¹ Triermain was a fief of the Barony of Gilsland, in Cumberland; it was possessed by a Saxon family at the time of the Conquest, but, "after the death of Gilmore, Lord of Tryermaine and Torcrossock, Hubert Vaux gave Tryermaine and Torcrossock to his second son, Ranulph Vaux; which Ranulph afterwards became heir to his elder brother Robert the founder of Lanercost, who died without issue. Ranulph, being Lord of all Gilsland, gave Gilmore's lands to his own younger son, named Roland, and let the Barony descend to his eldest son Robert, son of Ranulph. Roland had issue Alexander, and he Ranulph, after whom succeeded Robert, and they were named Rolands successively, that were lords thereof, until the reign of Edward the Fourth. That house gave for arms, Vert a bend dexter, chequy, or, and gules."—BURN'S *Antiquities of Westmoreland and Cumberland*, vol. ii p. 482. See Appendix, Note A.

She must be lovely, and constant, and kind,
Holy and pure, and humble of mind,
Blithe of cheer, and gentle of mood,
Courteous, and generous, and noble of blood—
Lovely as the sun's first ray,
When it breaks the clouds of an April day;
Constant and true as the widow'd dove,
Kind as a minstrel that sings of love;
Pure as the fountain in rocky cave,
Where never sunbeam kiss'd the wave;
Humble as maiden that loves in vain,
Holy as hermit's vesper strain;
Gentle as breeze that but whispers and dies,
Yet blithe as the light leaves that dance in its
sighs;
Courteous as monarch the morn he is crown'd,
Generous as spring-dews that bless the glad ground;
Noble her blood as the currents that met
In the veins of the noblest Plantagenet—
Such must her form be, her mood, and her strain,
That shall match with Sir Roland of Triermain.

II.

Sir Roland de Vaux he hath laid him to sleep,
His blood it was fever'd, his breathing was deep.
He had been pricking against the Scot,
The foray was long, and the skirmish hot;
His dinted helm and his buckler's plight
Bore token of a stubborn fight.

All in the castle must hold them still,

Harpers must lull him to his rest,
 With the slow soft tunes he loves the best,
 Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
 Like the dew on a summer hill.

III.

It was the dawn of an autumn day ;
 The sun was struggling with frost-fog gray,
 That like a silvery crape was spread
 Round Skiddaw's dim and distant head,
 And faintly gleam'd each painted pane
 Of the lordly halls of Triermaln,
 When that Baron bold awoke.
 Starting he woke, and loudly did call,
 Rousing his menials in bower and hall,
 While hastily he spoke.

IV.

“ Harken, my minstrels ! Which of ye all
 Touch'd his harp with that dying fall,
 So sweet, so soft, so faint,
 It seem'd an angel's whisper'd call
 To an expiring saint ?
 And hearken, my merry men ! What time or
 where
 Did she pass, that maid with her heavenly
 brow,
 W' th her look so sweet and her eyes so fair,
 And her graceful step and her angel air,
 And the eagle plume in her dark-brown hair,
 That pass'd from my bower e'en now !”

V.

Answer'd him Richard de Bretville ; he
 Was chief of the Baron's minstrelsy,—
 " Silent, noble chieftain, we
 Have sat since midnight close,
 When such lulling sounds as the brooklet sings,
 Murmur'd from our melting strings,
 And hush'd you to repose.
 Had a harp-note sounded here,
 It had caught my watchful ear,
 Although it fell as faint and shy
 As bashful maiden's half-form'd sigh,
 When she thinks her lover near."

Answer'd Philip of Fashwaite tall,
 He kept guard in the outer hall,—
 " Since at eve our watch took post,
 Not a foot has thy portal cross'd ;
 Else had I heard the steps, though low,
 And light they fell, as when earth receives,
 In morn of frost, the wither'd leaves,
 That drop when no winds blow."—

VI.

" Then come thou hither, Henry, my page,
 Whom I saved from the sack of Hermitage,
 When that dark castle, tower and spire,
 Rose to the skies a pile of fire,
 And redden'd all the Nine-stane Hill,
 And the shrieks of death, that wildly broke
 Through devouring flame and smothering
 smoke,

Made the warrior's heart-blood chill.
The trustiest thou of all my train,
My fleetest courser thou must rein,
 And ride to Lyulph's tower,
And from the Baron of Triermain
 Greet well that Sage of power.
He is sprung from Druid sires,
And British bards that tuned their lyres
To Arthur's and Pendragon's praise,
And his who sleeps at Dunmailraise.¹
Gifted like his gifted race,
He the characters can trace,
Graven deep in elder time
Upon Hellvellyn's cliffs sublime ;
Sign and sigil well doth he know,
And can bode of weal and woe,
Of kingdoms' fall, and fate of wars,
From mystic dreams and course of stars.
He shall tell if middle earth
To that enchanting shape gave birth,
Or if 'twas but an airy thing,
Such as fantastic slumbers bring,
Fram'd from the rainbow's varying dyes,
Or fading tints of western skies.²

¹ Dunmailraise is one of the grand passes from Cumberland into Westmoreland. It takes its name from a cairn, or pile of stones, erected, it is said, to the memory of Dunmail, the last King of Cumberland.

² ["Just like Aurora when she ties
A rainbow round the morning skies."]

For, by the blessed rood I swear,
 If that fair form breathe vital air,
 No other maiden by my side
 Shall ever rest De Vaux's bride!"¹

VII.

The faithful Page he mounts his steed,
 And soon he cross'd green Irthing's mead,
 Dash'd o'er Kirkoswald's verdant plain,
 And Eden barr'd his course in vain.
 He pass'd red Penrith's Table Round,²
 For feats of chivalry renown'd,
 Left Mayburgh's mound³ and stones of power,
 By Druids raised in magic hour,

¹ ["This powerful Baron required in the fair one whom he should honour with his hand an assemblage of qualities, that appears to us rather unreasonable even in those high days, profuse as they are known to have been of perfections now unattainable. His resolution, however, was not more inflexible than that of any mere modern youth; for he decrees that his nightly visitant, of whom at this time he could know nothing, but that she looked and sung like an angel, if of mortal mould, shall be his bride." — *Quarterly Review*.]

² A circular intrenchment, about half a mile from Penrith, is thus popularly termed. The circle within the ditch is about one hundred and sixty paces in circumference, with openings, or approaches, directly opposite to each other. As the ditch is on the inner side, it could not be intended for the purpose of defence, and it has reasonably been conjectured, that the enclosure was designed for the solemn exercise of feats of chivalry; and the embankment around for the convenience of the spectators.

³ Higher up the River Eamont than Arthur's Round Table

And traced the Eamont's winding way,
Till Ulfo's lake¹ beneath him lay.

VIII.

Onward he rode, the pathway still
Winding betwixt the lake and hill ;
Till, on the fragment of a rock,
Struck from its base by lightning shock,
 He saw the hoary Sage :
The silver moss and lichen twined,
With fern and deer-hair check'd and lined,
 A cushion fit for age ;
And o'er him shook the aspen-tree,
A restless rustling canopy.
Then sprung young Henry from his selle,
 And greeted Lyulph grave,
And then his master's tale did tell,
 And then for counsel crave.
The Man of Years mused long and deep,
Of time's loss treasures taking keep,
And then, as rousing from a sleep,
 His solemn answer gave.

is a prodigious enclosure of great antiquity, formed by a collection of stones upon the top of a gently sloping hill, called Mayburgh. In the plain which it encloses there stands erect an unhewn stone of twelve feet in height. Two similar masses are said to have been destroyed during the memory of man. The whole appears to be a monument of Druidical times.

¹ [Ulswater.]

IX.

“ That maid is born of middle earth,
And may of man be won,
Though there have glided since her birth
Five hundred years and one.
But where’s the Knight in all the north,
That dare the adventure follow forth,
So perilous to knightly worth,
In the valley of St. John?
Listen, youth, to what I tell,
And bind it on thy memory well;
Nor muse that I commence the rhyme
Far distant mid the wrecks of time.
The mystic tale, by bard and sage,
Is handed down from Merlin’s age.

X.

LYULPH’S TALE.

“ KING ARTHUR has ridden from Merry Carlisle,
When Pentecost was o’er:
He journey’d like errant-knight the while,
And sweetly the summer sun did smile
On mountain, moss, and moor.
Above his solitary track
Rose Glaramara’s ridgy back,
Amid whose yawning gulfs the sun
Cast umber’d radiance red and dun,
Though never sunbeam could discern

The surface of that sable tarn,¹
 In whose black mirror you may spy
 The stars, while noontide lights the sky.
 The gallant King he skirted still
 The margin of that mighty hill ;
 Rock upon rocks incumbent hung,
 And torrents, down the gullies flung,
 Join'd the rude river that brawl'd on,
 Recoiling now from crag and stone,
 Now diving deep from human ken,
 And raving down its darksome glen.
 The Monarch judg'd this desert wild,
 With such romantic ruin piled,
 Was theatre by Nature's hand
 For feat of high achievement plann'd.

XI.

“O rather he chose, that Monarch bold,
 On vent'rous quest to ride,
 In plate and mail, by wood and wold,
 Than, with ermine trapp'd and cloth of gold,
 In princely bower to bide ;
 The bursting crash of a foeman's spear,
 As it shiver'd against his mail,

¹ The small lake called Scales-tarn lies so deeply imbedded in the recesses of the huge mountain called Saddleback, more poetically Glaramara, is of such great depth, and so completely hidden from the sun, that it is said its beams never reach it, and that the reflection of the stars may be seen at mid-day.

Was merrier music to his ear,
Than courtier's whisper'd tale :
And the clash of Caliburn more dear,
When on the hostile casque it rung,
Than all the lays
To their monarch's praise
That the harpers of Reged sung.
He loved better to rest by wood or river,
Than in bower of his bride, Dame Guenever,
For he left that lady so lovely of cheer,
To follow adventures of danger and fear ;
And the frank-hearted Monarch full little did wot,
That she smiled, in his absence, on brave
Lancelot.

XII.

“ He rode, till over down and dell
The shade more broad and deeper fell ;
And though around the mountain's head
Flow'd streams of purple, and gold, and red,
Dark at the base, unblest by beam,
Frown'd the black rocks, and roar'd the stream.
With toil the King his way pursued
By lonely Threlkeld's waste and wood,
Till on his course obliquely shone
The narrow valley of SAINT JOHN,
Down sloping to the western sky,
Where lingering sunbeams love to lie.
Right glad to feel those beams again,
The King drew up his charger's rein ;

With gauntlet raised he screen'd his sight,
 As dazzled with the level light,
 And, from beneath his glove of mail,
 Scann'd at his ease the lovely vale,
 While 'gainst the sun his armour bright
 Gleam'd ruddy like the beacon's light.

XIII.

“ Paled in by many a lofty hill,
 The narrow dale lay smooth and still,
 And, down its verdant bosom led,
 A winding brooklet found its bed.
 But, midmost of the vale, a mound
 Arose with airy turrets crown'd,
 Buttress, and rampire's circling bound,
 And mighty keep and tower ;
 Seem'd some primeval giant's hand
 'The castle's massive walls had plann'd,
 A ponderous bulwark to withstand
 Ambitious Nimrod's power.
 Above the moated entrance slung,
 The balanced drawbridge trembling hung,
 As jealous of a foe ;
 Wicket of oak, as iron hard,
 With iron studded, clench'd, and barr'd,
 And prong'd portcullis, join'd to guard
 The gloomy pass below.
 But the grey walls no banners crown'd,
 Upon the watch-tower's airy round
 No warder stood his horn to sound,

No guard beside the bridge was found,
And, where the Gothic gateway frown'd,
Glanced neither bill nor bow.

XIV.

“Beneath the castle’s gloomy pride,
In ample round did Arthur ride
Three times ; nor living thing he spied,
Nor heard a living sound,
Save that, awakening from her dream.
The owlet now began to scream,
In concert with the rushing stream,
That wash’d the battled mound.
He lighted from his goodly steed,
And he left him to graze on bank and mead ;
And slowly he climb’d the narrow way,
That reached the entrance grim and gray,
And he stood the outward arch below,
And his bugle-horn prepared to blow,
In summons blithe and bold,
Deeming to rouse from iron sleep
The guardian of this dismal Keep,
Which well he guess’d the hold
Of wizard stern, or goblin grim,
Or pagan of gigantic limb,
The tyrant of the wold.

XV.

“The Ivory bugle’s golden tip
Twice touch’d the Monarch’s manly lip,

And twice his hand withdrew.
 Think not but Arthur's heart was good !
 His shield was cross'd by the blessed rood,
 Had a pagan host before him stood,
 He had charged them through and through
 Yet the silence of that ancient place
 Sunk on his heart, and he paused a space
 Ere yet his horn he blew.
 But, instant as its 'larum rung,
 The castle gate was open flung,
 Portcullis rose with crashing groan
 Full harshly up its groove of stone ;
 The balance-beams obey'd the blast,
 And down the trembling drawbridge cast ;
 The vaulted arch before him lay,
 With nought to bar the gloomy way,
 And onward Arthur paced, with hand
 On Caliburn's¹ resistless brand.

XVI.

" A hundred torches, flashing bright,
 Dispell'd at once the gloomy night
 That lour'd along the walls,
 And show'd the King's astonish'd sight
 The inmates of the halls.
 Nor wizard stern, nor goblin grim,
 Nor giant huge of form and limb,

¹ This was the name of King Arthur's well-known sword sometimes also called Excalibar.

Nor heathen knight, was there ;
 But the cressets, which odours flung aloft,
 Show'd by their yellow light and soft,
 A band of damsels fair.
 Onward they came, like summer wave
 That dances to the shore ;
 An hundred voices welcome gave,
 And welcome o'er and o'er !
 An hundred lovely hands assail
 The bucklers of the monarch's mail,
 And busy labour'd to unhasp
 Rivet of steel and iron clasp.
 One wrapp'd him in a mantle fair,
 And one flung odours on his hair ;
 His short curl'd ringlets one smooth'd down,
 One wreathed them with a myrtle-crown.
 A bride upon her wedding-day,
 Was tended ne'er by troop so gay.

XVII.

" Loud laugh'd they all,—the King, in vain,
 With questions task'd the giddy train ;
 Let him entreat, or crave, or call,
 'Twas one reply,—loud laugh'd they all.
 Then o'er him mimic chains they fling,
 Framed of the fairest flowers of spring.
 While some their gentle force unite,
 Onward to drag the wondering knight,
 Some, bolder, urge his pace with blows,
 Dealt with the lily or the rose.

Behind him were in triumph borne
 The warlike arms he late had worn.
 Four of the train combined to rear
 The terrors of Tintadgel's spear ;¹
 Two, laughing at their lack of strength,
 Dragg'd Caliburn in cumbrous length ;
 One, while she aped a martial stride,
 Placed on her brows the helmet's pride ;
 Then scream'd, 'twixt laughter and surprise,
 To feel its depth o'erwhelm her eyes.
 With revel-shout, and triumph-song,
 Thus gaily march'd the giddy throng.

XVIII.

" Through many a gallery and hall
 They led, I ween, their royal thrall ;
 At length, beneath a fair arcade
 Their march and song at once they staid.
 The eldest maiden of the band,
 (The lovely maid was scarce eighteen,)
 Raised, with imposing air, her hand,
 And reverent silence did command,
 On entrance of their Queen,
 And they were mute.—But as a glance
 They steal on Arthur's countenance
 Bewilder'd with surprise,
 Their smother'd mirth again 'gan speak,

¹ Tintadgel Castle, in Cornwall, is reported to have been the birthplace of King Arthur.

In archly dimpled chin and cheek,
And laughter-lighted eyes.

XIX.

“ The attributes of those high days
Now only live in minstrel-lays ;
For Nature, now exhausted, still
Was then profuse of good and ill.
Strength was gigantic, valour high,
And wisdom soar'd beyond the sky,
And beauty had such matchless beam
As lights not now a lover's dream.
Yet e'en in that romantic age,
 Ne'er were such charms by mortal seen,
As Arthur's dazzled eyes engage,
When forth on that enchanted stage,
With glittering train of maid and page,
 Advanced the castle's Queen !
While up the hall she slowly pass'd,
Her dark eye on the King she cast,
 That flash'd expression strong ;¹
The longer dwelt that lingering look,
Her cheek the livelier colour took,
And scarce the shame-faced King could brook
 The gaze that lasted long.

¹ [“ In the description of the Queen's entrance, as well as in the contrasted enumeration of the levities of her attendants, the author, we think, has had in his recollection Gray's celebrated description of the power of harmony to produce all the graces of motion in the body.”—*Quarterly Review*.]

A sage, who had that look espied,
 Where kindling passion strove with pride,
 Had whisper'd, ' Prince, beware !
 From the chafed tiger rend the prey,
 Rush on the lion when at bay,
 Bar the fell dragon's blighted way,
 But shun that lovely snare !'—¹

XX.

" At once, that inward strife suppress'd,
 The dame approach'd her warlike guest,
 With greeting in that fair degree,
 Where female pride and courtesy
 Are blended with such passing art
 As awes at once and charms the heart.²
 A courtly welcome first she gave,
 Then of his goodness 'gan to crave
 Construction fair and true
 Of her light maidens' idle mirth,
 Who drew from lonely glens their birth,
 Nor knew to pay to stranger worth
 And dignity their due ;

¹ [" Arouse the tiger of Hyrcanian deserts,
 Strive with the half-starved lion for his prey,
 Lesser the risk, than rouse the slumbering fire
 Of wild Fanaticism."—

Waverley Novels, vol. xvii. p. 207]

² [" Still sways their souls with that commanding art
 That dazzles, leads, yet chills the vulgar heart."
 BYRON'S *Corsair*, 1814.]

And then she pray'd that he would rest
 That night her castle's honour'd guest.
 The Monarch meetly thanks express'd ;
 The banquet rose at her behest,
 With lay and tale, and laugh and jest,
 Apace the evening flew.¹

XXI.

“The lady sate the Monarch by,
 Now in her turn abash'd and shy,
 And with indifference seem'd to hear,
 The toys he whisper'd in her ear.
 Her bearing modest was and fair,
 Yet shadows of constraint were there,
 That show'd an over-cautious care
 Some inward thought to hide ;
 Oft did she pause in full reply,
 And oft cast down her large dark eye,
 Oft check'd the soft voluptuous sigh,
 That heav'd her bosom's pride.
 Slight symptoms these, but shepherds know
 How hot the mid-day sun shall glow,
 From the mist of morning sky ;
 And so the wily Monarch guess'd,
 That this assum'd restraint express'd
 More ardent passions in the breast,
 Than ventured to the eye.

¹ [“On the opinion that may be formed even of these two stanzas, (xix. and xx.) we are willing to hazard the justness of the eulogium we have bestowed on the general poetical merit of this little work.”—*Quarterly Review*.]

Closer he press'd, while beakers rang,
While maidens laugh'd and minstrels sang,
 Still closer to her ear—
But why pursue the common tale?
Or wherefore show how knights prevail
 When ladies dare to hear?
Or wherefore trace, from what slight cause
Its source one tyrant passion draws,
 Till, mastering all within,¹
Where lives the man that has not tried,
How mirth can into folly glide,
 And folly into sin!"

¹ [—"One MASTER PASSION in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest."

POPE.]

THE

BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

LYULPH'S TALE, CONTINUED.

" ANOTHER day, another day,
And yet another, glides away!
The Saxon stern, the pagan Dane,
Maraud on Britain's shores again.
Arthur, of Christendom the flower,
Lies loitering in a lady's bower;
The horn, that foemen wont to fear,
Sounds but to wake the Cumbrian deer,
And Caliburn, the British pride,
Hangs useless by a lover's side.

II.

" Another day, another day,
And yet another, glides away.

Heroic plans in pleasure drown'd,
 He thinks not of the Table Round ;
 In lawless love dissolved his life,
 He thinks not of his beautiful¹ wife :
 Better he loves to snatch a flower
 From bosom of his paramour,
 Than from a Saxon knight² to wrest
 The honours of his heathen crest ;
 Better to wreath, 'mid tresses brown,
 The heron's plume her hawk struck down,
 Than o'er the altar give to flow
 The banners of a Paynim foe.³
 Thus, week by week, and day by day,
 His life inglorious glides away ;
 But she, that soothes his dream, with fear
 Beholds his hour of waking near.⁴

III.

" Much force have mortal charms to stay
 Our peace in Virtue's toilsome way ;
 But Guendolen's might far outshine
 Each maid of merely mortal line.
 Her mother was of human birth,
 Her sire a Genie of the earth,
 In days of old deem'd to preside

¹ [MS.—"Lovely."]

² [MS.—"Paynim knight."]

³ [MS.—"Vanquish'd foe."]

⁴ [The MS. has this and the sixth couplet of stanza iii. interpolated.]

O'er lovers' wiles and beauty's pride,
 By youths and virgins worshipp'd long,
 With festive dance and choral song,
 Till, when the cross to Britain came,
 On heathen altars died the flame.
 Now, deep in Wastdale solitude,
 The downfall of his rights he rued,
 And, born of his resentment heir,
 He train'd to guile that lady fair,
 To sink in slothful sin and shame
 The champions of the Christian name.
 Well skill'd to keep vain thoughts alive,
 And all to promise, nought to give,
 The timid youth had hope in store,
 The bold and pressing gain'd no more.
 As wilder'd children leave their home,
 After the rainbow's arch to roam,
 Her lovers barter'd fair esteem,
 Faith, fame, and honour, for a dream.¹

IV.

"Her sire's soft arts the soul to tame"²
 She practised thus—till Arthur came;
 Then, frail humanity had part,
 And all the mother claim'd her heart.
 Forgot each rule her father gave,
 Sunk from a princess to a slave,

¹ [MS.—" So the poor dupes exchanged esteem,
 Fame, faith, and honour, for a dream "]

² [MS.—" Such arts as best her sire became."]

Too late must Guendolen deplore,
 He, that has all,¹ can hope no more.
 Now must she see² her lover strain,
 At every turn, her feeble chain :³
 Watch, to new-bind each knot, and shrink
 To view each fast-decaying link.
 Art she invokes to Nature's aid,
 Her vest to zone, her locks to braid ;
 Each varied pleasure heard her call,
 The feast, the tourney, and the ball :
 Her storied lore she next applies,
 Taxing her mind to aid her eyes ;
 Now more than mortal wise, and then
 In female softness sunk again ;
 Now, raptur'd, with each wish complying,
 With feign'd reluctance now denying ;
 Each charm she varied, to retain
 A varying heart⁴—and all in vain !

¹ [MS.—“ That who gives all,” &c.]

² [MS.—“ Now must she *watch*,” &c.]

³ [MS.———“ her *wasting* chain.”]

⁴ [“ As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ;
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.”—GOLDSMITH.]

V.

“ Thus in the garden’s narrow bound,
Flank’d by some castle’s Gothic round,
Fair would the artist’s skill provide,
The limits of his realms to hide.
The walks in labyrinths he twines,
Shade after shade with skill combines,
With many a varied flowery knot,
And copse, and arbour, decks the spot,
Tempting the hasty foot to stay,
And linger on the lovely way——
Vain art! vain hope! ’tis fruitless all!
At length we reach the bounding wall,
And, sick of flower and trim-dress’d tree,
Long for rough glades and forest free.

VI.

“ Three summer months had scantily flown,
When Arthur, in embarrass’d tone,
Spoke of his liegemen and his throne;
Said, all too long had been his stay,
And duties, which a monarch sway,
Duties, unknown to humbler men,
Must tear her knight from Guendolen.—
She listen’d silently the while,
Her mood express’d in bitter smile;¹
Beneath her eye must Arthur quail,

¹ [MS.—“ Wreathed were her lips in bitter smile.”]

And oft resume the unfinish'd tale,¹
 Confessing, by his downcast eye,
 The wrong he sought to justify.
 He ceased. A moment mute she gazed,
 And then her looks to heaven she raised;
 One palm her temples veil'd, to hide²
 The tear that sprung in spite of pride;
 The other for an instant press'd
 The foldings of her silken vest!

VII.

“At her reproachful sign and look,
 The hint the Monarch's conscience took.³
 Eager he spoke—‘No, lady, no!
 Deem not of British Arthur so,
 Nor think he can deserter prove
 To the dear pledge of mutual love.
 I swear by sceptre and by sword,
 As belted knight and Britain's lord,
 That if a boy shall claim my care,
 That boy is born a kingdom's heir;
 But, if a maiden Fate allows,
 To choose that maid a fitting spouse,

¹ [MS.—“his broken tale,
 With downcast eye and flushing cheeks,
 As one who 'gainst his conscience speaks.”]

² [MS.—“One hand her temples press'd to hide.”]

³ [“The scene in which Arthur, sated with his lawless
 love, and awake at last to a sense of his duties, announces
 his immediate departure, is managed, we think, with uncom-
 mon skill and delicacy.”—*Quarterly Review.*]

A summer-day in lists shall strive
My knights,—the bravest knights alive,—
And he, the best and bravest tried,
Shall Arthur's daughter claim for bride.'—
He spoke, with voice resolved and high—
The lady deign'd him not reply.

VIII.

“At dawn of morn, ere on the brake
His matins did a warbler make,¹
Or stirr'd his wing to brush away
A single dewdrop from the spray,
Ere yet a sunbeam, through the mist,
The castle-battlements had kiss'd,
The gates revolve, the drawbridge falls,
And Arthur sallies from the walls.
Doff'd his soft garb of Persia's loom,
And steel from spur to helmet-plume,
His Lybian steed full proudly trode,
And joyful neigh'd beneath his load.
The Monarch gave a passing sigh
To penitence² and pleasures by,
When, lo! to his astonish'd ken
Appear'd the form of Guendolen.

IX.

“Beyond the outmost wall she stood,
Attired like huntress of the wood :

¹ [MS.—“ A single warbler was awake.”]

² [MS.—“ To deep remorse.”]

Sandall'd her feet, her ankles bare,¹
 And eagle-plumage deck'd her hair;
 Firm was her look, her bearing bold,
 And in her hand a cup of gold.
 'Thou goest!' she said, 'and ne'er again
 Must we two meet in joy or pain.
 Full fain would I this hour delay,
 Though weak the wish—yet wilt thou stay?
 —No! thou look'st forward. Still attend,—
 Part we like lover and like friend.'
 She raised the cup—'Not this the juice
 The sluggish vines of earth produce;
 Pledge we, at parting, in the draught
 Which Genii love!'—she said and quaff'd;
 And strange unwonted lustres fly
 From her flush'd cheek and sparkling eye.

x.

"The courteous Monarch bent him low,
 And, stooping down from saddlebow,
 Lifted the cup, in act to drink.
 A drop escaped the goblet's brink—
 Intense as liquid fire from hell,
 Upon the charger's neck it fell.
 Screaming with agony and fright,
 He bolted twenty feet upright—
 —The peasant still can show the dint,
 Where his hoofs lighted on the flint.—

[MS.—"Her arms and buskin'd feet were bare."]

From Arthur's hand the goblet flew,
 Scattering a shower of fiery dew,¹
 That burn'd and blighted where it fell!²
 The frantic steed rush'd up the dell,³
 As whistles from the bow the reed;
 Nor bit nor rein could check his speed,
 Until he gain'd the hill;
 Then breath and sinew fail'd apace,
 And, reeling from the desperate race,
 He stood, exhausted, still.
 The Monarch, breathless and amazed,
 Back on the fatal castle gazed——
 Nor tower nor donjon could he spy,
 Darkening against the morning sky;⁴

¹ [MS.———“of { burning }
 { blazing } dew.”]

² The author has an indistinct recollection of an adventure somewhat similar to that which is here ascribed to King Arthur, having befallen one of the ancient Kings of Denmark. The horn in which the burning liquor was presented to that Monarch, is said still to be preserved in the Royal Museum at Copenhagen.

³ [MS.—“Curb, bit, and bridle he disdain'd,
 Until a mountain crest he gain'd,
 Then stopp'd;—exhausted, all amazed,
 The rider down the valley gazed,
 But tower nor donjon,” &c.]

⁴ —“We now gained a view of the Vale of St. John's, a very narrow dell, hemmed in by mountains, through which a small brook makes many meanderings, washing little enclosures of grass-ground, which stretch up the rising of the hills. In the widest part of the dale you are struck with the appearance of an ancient ruined castle, which seems to stand upon the summit of a little mount, the mountains

But, on the spot where once they frown'd,
 The lonely streamlet brawl'd around
 A tufted knoll, where dimly shone
 Fragments of rock and rifted stone.¹
 Musing on this strange hap the while,
 The King wends back to fair Carlisle;
 And cares, that cumber royal sway,
 Wore memory of the past away.

around forming an amphitheatre. This massive bulwark shows a front of various towers, and makes an awful, rude, and Gothic appearance, with its lofty turrets and ragged battlements; we traced the galleries, the bending arches, the buttresses. The greatest antiquity stands characterized in its architecture; the inhabitants near it assert it is an antediluvian structure.

“The traveller’s curiosity is roused, and he prepares to make a nearer approach, when that curiosity is put upon the rack, by his being assured, that, if he advances, certain genii who govern the place, by virtue of their supernatural art and necromancy, will strip it of all its beauties, and, by enchantment, transform the magic walls. The vale seems adapted for the habitation of such beings; its gloomy recesses and retirements look like haunts of evil spirits. There was no delusion in the report; we were soon convinced of its truth; for this piece of antiquity, so venerable and noble in its aspect, as we drew near, changed its figure, and proved no other than a shaken massive pile of rocks, which stand in the midst of this little vale, disunited from the adjoining mountains, and have so much the real form and resemblance of a castle, that they bear the name of the Castle Rocks of St. John.”—HUTCHINSON’S *Excursion to the Lakes*, p. 121.

¹[MS.—“But on the spot where once they frown’d,
 The stream begirt a sylvan mound,
 With rocks in shatter’d fragments crown’d.”]

XI.

" Full fifteen years, and more, were sped,
 Each brought new wreaths to Arthur's head.
 Twelve bloody fields, with glory fought,
 The Saxons to subjection brought :¹
 Rython, the mighty giant, slain
 By his good brand, relieved Bretagne :
 The Pictish Gillamore in fight,
 And Roman Lucius, own'd his might ;
 And wide were through the world renown'd²
 The glories of his Table Round.
 Each knight, who sought adventurous fame,
 To the bold court of Britain came,
 And all who suffer'd causeless wrong,
 From tyrant proud, or faitour strong,
 Sought Arthur's presence to complain,
 Nor there for aid implored in vain.³

XII.

" For this the King, with pomp and pride,
 Held solemn court at Whitsuntide,
 And summon'd Prince and Peer,
 All who owed homage for their land,
 Or who craved knighthood from his hand,

¹ Arthur is said to have defeated the Saxons in twelve pitched battles, and to have achieved the other feats alluded to in the text.

² [MS.—" And wide was blazed the world around."]

³ [MS.—" Sought before Arthur to complain,
 Nor there for succour sued in vain."]

Or who had succour to demand,
 To come from far and near
 At such high tide, were glee and game
 Mingled with feats of martial fame,
 For many a stranger champion came,
 In lists to break a spear ;
 And not a knight of Arthur's host,
 Save that he trode some foreign coast,
 But at this feast of Pentecost
 Before him must appear.
 Ah, Minstrels! when the Table Round
 Arose, with all its warriors crown'd,
 There was a theme for bards to sound
 In triumph to their string!
 Five hundred years are past and gone,
 But Time shall draw his dying groan,
 Ere he behold the British throne
 Begirt with such a ring!

XIII.

"The heralds named the appointed spot,
 As Caerleon or Camelot,
 Or Carlisle fair and free.
 At Penrith, now, the feast was set,
 And in fair Eamont's vale were met
 The flower of Chivalry.¹
 There Galaad sate with manly grace,

¹ ["The whole description of Arthur's Court is picturesque and appropriate."—*Quarterly Review*.]

Yet maiden meekness in his face ;
 There Morolt of the iron mace,¹
 And love-lorn Tristrem there :
 And Dinadam with lively glance,
 And Lanval with the fairy lance,
 And Mordred with his look askance,
 Brunor and Bevidere.
 Why should I tell of numbers more ?
 Sir Cay, Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
 Sir Carodac the keen,
 The gentle Gawain's courteous lore,
 Hector de Mares and Pellinore,
 And Lancelot,² that ever more
 Look'd stol'n-wise on the Queen.³

¹ The characters named in the following stanza are all of them more or less distinguished in the romances which treat of King Arthur and his Round Table, and their names are strung together according to the established custom of minstrels upon such occasions; for example, in the ballad of the Marriage of Sir Gawaine:—

“ Sir Lancelot, Sir Stephen bolde,
 They rode with them that daye,
 And, foremost of the companye,
 There rode the stewarde Kaye.

“ Soe did Sir Banier, and Sir Bore,
 And eke Sir Garratte keen,
 Sir Tristrem too, that gentle knight,
 To the forest fresh and greene.”

² [MS.—“ And Launcelot for evermore
 That scowl'd upon the scene.”]

³ Upon this delicate subject hear Richard Robinson, citizen of London, in his assertiō of King Arthur “ But

XIV.

"When wine and mirth did most abound,
 And harpers play'd their blithest round,
 A shrilly trumpet shook the ground,
 And marshals clear'd the ring;
 A maiden, on a palfrey white,
 Heading a band of damsels bright,
 Paced through the circle, to alight
 And kneel before the King.
 Arthur, with strong emotion, saw
 Her graceful boldness check'd by awe,
 Her dress like huntress of the wold,
 Her bow and baldric trapp'd with gold,
 Her sandall'd feet, her ankles bare,¹
 And the eagle-plume that deck'd her hair.

as it is a thing sufficiently apparent that she (Guenever, wife of King Arthur) was beautiful, so it is a thing doubted whether she was chaste, yea or no. Truly, so far as I can with honestie, I would spare the impayred honour and fame of noble women. But yet the truth of the historie pluckes me by the eare, and willeth not onely, but commandeth me to declare what the ancients have deemed of her. To wrestle or contend with so great authoritie were indeede unto mei a controversie, and that greate."—*Assertion of King Arthure. Imprinted by John Wolfe, London, 1582.*

¹ [MS.—"The King with strong emotion saw,

Her { dignity and mingled
 { strange attire, her reverend } awe.

Attired
 Her dress } like huntress of the wold,

Her silken buskins braced with gold,

Her { sandall'd feet, her
 { arms and buskin'd } ankles bare,

And eagle-plumes," &c.]

Graceful her veil she backward flung——
 The King, as from his seat he sprung,
 Almost cried, ‘ Guendolen !’
 But ’twas a face more frank and wild,
 Betwixt the woman and the child,
 Where less of magic beauty smiled
 Than of the race of men ;
 And in the forehead’s haughty grace,
 The lines of Britain’s royal race,¹
 Pendragon’s, you might ken.

XV.

“ Faltering, yet gracefully she said—
 ‘ Great Prince ! behold an orphan maid,
 In her departed mother’s name,
 A father’s vow’d protection claim !
 The vow was sworn in desert lone,
 In the deep valley of St. John.’
 At once the King the suppliant raised,
 And kiss’d her brow, her beauty praised ;
 His vow, he said, should well be kept,
 Ere in the sea the sun was dipp’d,—²

1 [MS.—“ The lineaments of royal race.”]

2 [Mr. Adolphus, in commenting on the similarity of manners in the ladies of Sir Walter Scott’s poetry, and those of his then anonymous Novels, says, “ In Rokeby, the filial attachment and dutiful anxieties of Matilda form the leading feature of her character, and the chief source of her distresses. The intercourse between King Arthur and his daughter Gyneth, in *The Bridal of Triermain*, is neither long nor altogether amicable; but the monarch’s feelings on first

Then, conscious, glanced upon his queen:
 But she, unruffled at the scene,
 Of human frailty construed mild,
 Look'd upon Lancelot and smiled.

XVI.

“Up! up! each knight of gallant crest
 Take buckler, spear, and brand!
 He that to-day shall bear him best,
 Shall win my Gyneth's hand.
 And Arthur's daughter, when a bride,
 Shall bring a noble dower;
 Both fair Strath-Clyde and Reged wide,
 And Carlisle town and tower.’
 Then might you hear each valiant knight,
 To page and squire that cried,
 ‘Bring my armour bright, and my courser
 wight!
 ’Tis not each day that a warrior's might
 May win a royal bride.’
 Then cloaks and caps of maintenance
 In haste aside they fling;
 The helmets glance, and gleams the lance,
 And the steel-weaved hauberks ring.
 Small care had they of their peaceful array,

beholding that beautiful ‘slip of wilderness,’ and his manner of receiving her before the Queen and Court, are too forcibly and naturally described to be omitted in this enumeration.”—*Letters on the Author of Waverley*, 1822 p. 212.]

They might gather it that wolde ;
For brake and bramble glitter'd gay,
With pearls and cloth of gold.

XVII.

“ Within trumpet sound of the Table Round
Were fifty champions free,
And they all arise to fight that prize,—
They all arise but three.
Nor love's fond troth, nor wedlock's oath,
One gallant could withhold,
For priests will allow of a broken vow,
For penance or for gold.
But sigh and glance from ladies bright
Among the troop were thrown,
To plead their right, and true-love plight,
And plain of honour flown.
The knights they busied them so fast,
With buckling spur and belt,
That sigh and look, by ladies cast,
Were neither seen nor felt.
From pleading, or upbraiding glance,
Each gallant turns aside,
And only thought, ' If speeds my lance,
A queen becomes my bride !
She has fair Strath-Clyde, and Reged wide,
And Carlisle tower and town ;
She is the loveliest maid, beside,
That ever heir'd a crown.'
So in haste their coursers they bestride,
And strike their visors down.

XVIII.

"The champions, arm'd in martial sort,
 Have throng'd into the list,
 And but three knights of Arthur's court
 Are from the tourney miss'd.
 And still these lovers' fame survives
 For faith so constant shown,—
 There were two who loved their neighbour's
 wives,
 And one who loved his own.¹
 The first was Lancelot de Lac,
 The second Tristrem bold,
 The third was valiant Carodac,
 Who won the cup of gold,²

¹ "In our forefathers' tyme, when Papietrie, as a standyng poole, covered and overflowed all England, fewe booke were read in our tongue, sayyng certaine booke of chevalrie, as they said, for pastime and pleasure; which, as some say, were made in the monasteries, by idle monks or wanton chanons. As one, for example, *La Morte d'Arthure*; the whole pleasure of which booke standeth in two speciall poynts, in open manslaughter and bold bawdrye; in which booke they be counted the noblest knightes that do kill most men without any quarrell, and commit fowlest adoulteries by sutlest shiftes; as Sir Launcelot, with the wife of King Arthur his master; Sir Tristram, with the wife of King Marke, his uncle; Sir Lamerocke, with the wife of King Lote, that was his own aunt. This is good stuffe for wise men to laugh at, or honest men to take pleasure at, yet I know when God's Bible was banished the court, and *La Morte d'Arthure* received into the prince's chamber."—*ASCHAM'S Schoolmaster*.

² See the comic tale of *The Boy and the Mantle*, in the third volume of *Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, from

What time, of all King Arthur's crew,
(Thereof came jeer and laugh,)
He, as the mate of lady true,
Alone the cup could quaff.
'Though envy's tongue would fain surmise,
That, but for very shame,
Sir Carodac, to fight that prize,
Had given both cup and dame;
Yet, since but one of that fair court
Was true to wedlock's shrine,
Brand him who will with base report,—
He shall be free from mine.

XIX.

“Now caracol'd the steeds in air,
Now plumes and pennons wanton'd fair,
As all around the lists so wide
In panoply the champions ride.
King Arthur saw, with startled eye,
The flower of chivalry march by,
The bulwark of the Christian creed,
The kingdom's shield in hour of need.
Too late he thought him of the woe
Might from their civil conflict flow;'

the Breton or Norman original of which Ariosto is supposed to have taken his Tale of the Enchanted Cup.

¹ [“The preparation for the combat, and the descriptions of its pomp and circumstance, are conceived in the best manner of the author's original, seizing the prominent parts of the picture, and detailing them with the united beauty of

For well he knew they would not part
 Till cold was many a gallant heart.
 His hasty vow he 'gan to rue,
 And Gyneth then apart he drew ;
 To her his leading-staff resign'd,
 But added caution grave and kind.

XX.

“ ‘Thou see'st, my child, as promise-bound,
 I bid the trump for tourney sound.
 Take thou my warder, as the queen
 And umpire of the martial scene ;
 But mark thou this :—as Beauty bright
 Is polar star to valiant knight,
 As at her word his sword he draws,
 His fairest guerdon her applause,
 So gentle maid should never ask
 Of knighthood vain and dangerous task ;
 And Beauty's eyes should ever be
 Like the twin stars that soothe the sea,
 And Beauty's breath shall whisper peace,
 And bid the storm of battle cease.
 I tell thee this, lest all too far
 These knights urge tourney into war.
 Blithe at the trumpet let them go,
 And fairly counter blow for blow ;—
 No striplings these, who succour need

Mr. Scott's vigour of language, and the march and richness of the late Thomas Warton's versification."—*Quarterly Review*, 1813.]

For a razed helm or falling steed.
 But, Gyneth, when the strife grows warm,
 And threatens death or deadly harm,
 Thy sire entreats, thy king commands,
 Thou drop the warder from thy hands.
 Trust thou thy father with thy fate,
 Doubt not he choose thee fitting mate ;
 Nor be it said, through Gyneth's pride
 A rose of Arthur's chaplet died.'

XXI.

“ A proud and discontented glow
 O'ershadow'd Gyneth's brow of snow ;
 She put the warder by :—
 ‘ Reserve thy boon, my liege,’ she said,
 ‘ Thus chaffer'd down and limited,
 Debased and narrow'd, for a maid
 Of less degree than I.
 No petty chief, but holds his heir
 At a more honour'd price and rare
 Than Britain's King holds me !
 Although the sun-burn'd maid, for dower,
 Has but her father's rugged tower,
 His barren hill and lee.’
 King Arthur swore, ‘ By crown and sword,
 As belted knight and Britain's lord,
 That a whole summer's day should strive
 His knights, the bravest knights alive !’—
 ‘ Recall thine oath ! and to her glen
 Poor Gyneth can return agen

Not on thy daughter will the stain,
 That soils thy sword and crown, remain.
 But think not she will e'er be bride
 Save to the bravest, proved and tried ;
 Pendragon's daughter will not fear
 For clashing sword or splinter'd spear,
 Nor shrink though blood should flow ;
 And all too well sad Guendolen
 Hath taught the faithlessness of men,
 That child of hers should pity, when
 Their meed they undergo.'

XXII.

"He frown'd and sigh'd, the Monarch bold :—
 'I give—what I may not withhold ;
 For, not for danger, dread, or death,
 Must British Arthur break his faith.
 Too late I mark, thy mother's art
 Hath taught thee this relentless part.
 I blame her not, for she had wrong,
 But not to these my faults belong.
 Use, then, the warder as thou wilt ;
 But trust me, that, if life be spilt,¹
 In Arthur's love, in Arthur's grace,
 Gyneth shall lose a daughter's place.'
 With that he turn'd his head aside,
 Nor brook'd to gaze upon her pride,
 As, with the truncheon raised, she sate

¹ [MS.——"if blood be spilt."]

The arbitress of mortal fate ;
 Nor brook'd to mark, in ranks disposed,
 How the bold champions stood opposed,
 For shrill the trumpet-flourish fell
 Upon his ear like passing bell!¹
 Then first from sight of martial fray
 Did Britain's hero turn away.

XXIII.

“ But Gyneth heard the clangour high,
 As hears the hawk the partridge cry.
 Oh, blame her not ! the blood was hers,
 That at the trumpet's summons stirs !—
 And e'en the gentlest female eye
 Might the brave strife of chivalry
 Awhile untroubled view ;
 So well accomplish'd was each knight,
 To strike and to defend in fight,
 Their meeting was a goodly sight,
 While plate and mail held true.
 The lists with painted plumes were strown,
 Upon the wind at random thrown,
 But helm and breastplate bloodless shone,
 It seem'd their feather'd crests alone
 Should this encounter rue.
 And ever, as the combat grows,
 The trumpet's cheery voice arose,
 Like lark's shrill song the flourish flows,
 Heard while the gale of April blows
 The merry greenwood through.

¹ [MS.—“dying knell.”]

XXIV.

" But soon to earnest grew their game,
 The spears drew blood, the swords struck flame,
 And, horse and man, to ground there came
 Knights, who shall rise no more !
 Gone was the pride the war that graced,
 Gay shields were cleft, and crests defaced,
 And steel coats riven, and helms unbraced,
 And pennons stream'd with gore.
 Gone, too, were fence and fair array,
 And desperate strength made deadly way
 At random through the bloody fray,
 And blows were dealt with headlong sway,
 Unheeding where they fell ;
 And now the trumpet's clamours seem
 Like the shrill sea-bird's wailing scream,
 Heard o'er the whirlpool's gulping stream,
 The sinking seaman's knell !

XXV.

" Seem'd in this dismal hour, that Fate
 Would Camlan's ruin antedate,
 And spare dark Mordred's crime !
 Already gasping on the ground
 Lie twenty of the Table Round,
 Of chivalry the prime.¹

¹ [" The difficult subject of a tournament, in which several knights engage at once, is admirably treated by the novelist in *Ivanhoe*, and by his rival in *The Bridal of Triermain*; and the leading thought in both descriptions is the sudden

Arthur, in anguish, tore away
 From head and beard his tresses gray,
 And she, proud Gyneth, felt dismay,
 And quaked with ruth and fear ;
 But still she deem'd her mother's shade
 Hung o'er the tumult, and forbade
 The sign that had the slaughter staid,
 And chid the rising tear.
 Then Brunor, Taulas, Mador, fell,
 Helias the White, and Lionel,
 And many a champion more ;
 Rochemont and Dinadam are down,
 And Ferrand of the Forest Brown
 Lies gasping in his gore.
 Vanoc, by mighty Morolt press'd
 Even to the confines of the list,

and tragic change from a scene of pomp, gaiety, and youthful pride, to one of misery, confusion, and death."—*Adolphus*, p. 245.

"The tide of battle seemed to flow now toward the southern, now toward the northern extremity of the lists, as the one or the other party prevailed. Meantime, the clang of the blows, and the shouts of the combatants, mixed fearfully with the sound of the trumpets, and drowned the groans of those who fell, and lay rolling defenceless beneath the feet of the horses. The splendid armour of the combatants was now defaced with dust and blood, and gave way at every stroke of the sword and battle-axe. The gay plumage, snorn from the crests, drifted upon the breeze like snowflakes. All that was beautiful and graceful in the martial array had disappeared, and what was now visible was only calculated to awake terror or compassion."—*Ivanhoe*—*Waverley Novels*, vol. xvi. p. 187.]

Young Vanoc of the beardless face,
 (Fame spoke the youth of Merlin's race,)
 O'erpower'd at Gyneth's footstool bled,
 His heart's-blood dyed her sandals red.
 But then the sky was overcast,
 Then howl'd at once a whirlwind's blast,
 And, rent by sudden throes,
 Yawn'd in mid lists the quaking earth,
 And from the gulf,—tremendous birth!—
 The form of Merlin rose.

XXVI.

“ Sternly the Wizard Prophet eyed
 The dreary lists with slaughter dyed,
 And sternly raised his hand:—
 ‘ Madmen,’ he said, ‘ your strife forbear!
 And thou, fair cause of mischief, hear
 The doom thy fates demand!
 Long shall close in stony sleep
 Eyes for ruth that would not weep;
 Iron lethargy shall seal
 Heart that pity scorn'd to feel.
 Yet, because thy mother's art
 Warp'd thine unsuspecting heart,
 And for love of Arthur's race,
 Punishment is blent with grace,
 Thou shalt bear thy penance lone
 In the valley of Saint John,
 And this weird¹ shall overtake thee

¹ Doom.

Sleep, until a knight shall wake thee,
For feats of arms as far renown'd
As warrior of the Table Round.
Long endurance of thy slumber
Well may teach the world to number
All their woes from Gyneth's pride,
When the Red Cross champions died.

XXVII.

“As Merlin speaks, on Gyneth's eye
Slumber's load begins to lie;
Fear and anger vainly strive
Still to keep its light alive.
Twice, with effort and with pause,
O'er her brow her hand she draws;
Twice her strength in vain she tries,
From the fatal chair to rise;
Merlin's magic doom is spoken,
Vanoc's death must now be wroken.
Slow the dark-fringed eyelids fall,
Curtaining each azure ball,
Slowly as on summer eves
Violets fold their dusky leaves.
The weighty baton of command
Now bears down her sinking hand,
On her shoulder droops her head;
Net of pearl and golden thread,
Bursting, gave her locks to flow
O'er her arm and breast of snow.
And so lovely seem'd she there,

Spell-bound in her ivory chair,
That her angry sire, repenting,
Craved stern Merlin for relenting,
And the champions, for her sake,
Would again the contest wake ;
Till, in necromantic night,
Gyneth vanish'd from their sight.

XXVIII.

“ Still she bears her weird alone,
In the Valley of Saint John ;
And her semblance oft will seem,
Mingling in a champion's dream,
Of her weary lot to plain,
And crave his aid to burst her chain.
While her wondrous tale was new,
Warriors to her rescue drew,
East and west, and south and north,
From the Liffy, Thames, and Forth.
Most have sought in vain the glen,
Tower nor castle could they ken ?
Not at every time or tide,
Nor by every eye, descried.
Fast and vigil must be borne,
Many a night in watching worn,
Ere an eye of mortal powers
Can discern those magic towers.
Of the persevering few,
Some from hopeless task withdrew,
When they read the dismal threat

Graved upon the gloomy gate.
Few have braved the yawning door,
And those few return'd no more.
In the lapse of time forgot,
Wellnigh lost is Gyneth's lot ;
Sound her sleep as in the tomb,
Till waken'd by the trump of doom."

END OF LYULPH'S TALE.

Here pause, my tale ; for all too soon,
 My Lucy, comes the hour of noon.
 Already from thy lofty dome
 Its courtly inmates 'gin to roam,
 And each, to kill the goodly day
 That God has granted them, his way
 Of lazy sauntering has sought ;
 Lordlings and witlings not a few,
 Incapable of doing aught,
 Yet ill at ease with nought to do.
 Here is no longer place for me ;
 For, Lucy, thou wouldst blush to see
 Some phantom, fashionably thin,
 With limb of lath and kerchief'd chin,
 And lounging gape, or sneering grin,
 Steal sudden on our privacy.
 And how should I, so humbly born,
 Endure the graceful spectre's scorn?
 Faith! ill, I fear, while conjuring wand
 Of English oak is hard at hand.

II.

Or grant the hour be all too soon
 For Hessian boot and pantaloons,
 And grant the lounge seldom strays
 Beyond the smooth and gravell'd maze,
 Laud we the gods, that Fashion's train

Holds hearts of more adventurous strain.
Artists are hers, who scorn to trace
Their rules from Nature's boundless grace,
But their right paramount assert
To limit her by pedant art,
Damning whate'er of vast and fair
Exceeds a canvass three feet square.
This thicket, for their *gumption* fit,
May furnish such a happy *bit*.
Bards, too, are hers, wont to recite
Their own sweet lays by waxen light,
Half in the salver's tingle drown'd,
While the *chasse-café* glides around ;
And such may hither secret stray,
To labour an extempore :
Or sportsman, with his boisterous hollo,
May here his wiser spaniel follow,
Or stage-struck Juliet may presume
To choose this bower for tiring-room ;
And we alike must shun regard,
From painter, player, sportsman, bard.
Insects that skim in Fashion's sky,
Wasp, blue-bottle, or butterfly,
Lucy, have all alarms for us,
For all can hum and all can buzz.

III.

But oh, my Lucy, say how long
We still must dread this trifling throng,
And stoop to hide, with coward art,

The genuine feelings of the heart !
 No parents thine, whose just command
 Should rule their child's obedient hand ;
 Thy guardians, with contending voice,
 Press each his individual choice.
 And which is Lucy's ?—Can it be
 That puny fop, trimm'd cap-a-pee,
 Who loves in the saloon to show
 The arms that never knew a foe ;
 Whose sabre trails along the ground,
 Whose legs in shapeless boots are drown'd ;
 A new Achilles, sure,—the steel
 Fled from his breast to fence his heel :
 One, for the simple manly grace
 That wont to deck our martial race,
 Who comes in foreign trashery
 Of tinkling chain and spur,
 A walking haberdashery,
 Of feathers, lace and fur :
 In Rowley's antiquated phrase,
 Horse-milliner¹ of modern days ?

IV.

Or is it he, the wordy youth,
 So early train'd for statesman's part,
 Who talks of honour, faith, and truth,
 As themes that he has got by heart ;

¹ " The trammels of the palfraye pleased his sight,
 And the *horse-millanere* his head with roses dight."

ROWLEY'S *Ballads of Charitie.*

Whose ethics Chesterfield can teach,
 Whose logic is from Single-speech;¹
 Who scorns the meanest thought to vent,
 Save in the phrase of Parliament;
 Who, in a tale of cat and mouse,
 Calls "order," and "divides the house,"
 Who "craves permission to reply,"
 Whose "noble friend is in his eye;"
 Whose loving tender some have reckon'd
 A *motion*, you should gladly *second*?

V.

What, neither? Can there be a third,
 To such resistless swains preferr'd?—
 O why, my Lucy, turn aside,
 With that quick glance of injured pride?
 Forgive me, love, I cannot bear
 That alter'd and resentful air.
 Were all the wealth of Russel mine,
 And all the rank of Howard's line,
 All would I give for leave to dry
 That dewdrop trembling in thine eye.
 Think not I fear such fops can wile
 From Lucy more than careless smile;
 But yet if wealth and high degree
 Give gilded counters currency,

¹ [See "Parliamentary Logic, &c., by the Right Honourable William Gerard Hamilton," (1808,) commonly called "Single-Speech Hamilton."]

Must I not fear, when rank and birth
Stamp the pure ore of genuine worth?
Nobles there are, whose martial fires
Rival the fame that raised their sires,
And patriots, skill'd through storms of fate
To guide and guard the reeling state.
Such, such there are—If such should come,
Arthur must tremble and be dumb,
Self-exil'd seek some distant shore,
And mourn till life and grief are o'er.

VI.

What sight, what signal of alarm,
That Lucy clings to Arthur's arm?
Or is it, that the rugged way
Makes Beauty lean on lover's stay?
Oh, no! for on the vale and brake,
Nor sight nor sounds of danger wake,
And this trim sward of velvet green,
Were carpet for the Fairy Queen.
That pressure slight was but to tell,
That Lucy loves her Arthur well,
And fain would banish from his mind
Suspicious fear and doubt unkind.

VII.

But wouldst thou bid the demons fly
Like mist before the dawning sky,
There is but one resistless spell—
Say, wilt thou guess, or must I tell?

'Twere hard to name, in minstrel phrase,
A landalet and four blood-bays,
But bards agree this wizard band
Can but be bound in Northern land.
'Tis there—nay, draw not back thy hand!—
'Tis there this slender singer round
Must golden amulet be bound,
Which, bless'd with many a holy prayer,
Can change to rapture lovers' care,
And doubt and jealousy shall die,
And fears give place to ecstasy.

VIII.

Now, trust me, Lucy, all too long
Has been thy lover's tale and song.
O, why so silent, love, I pray?
Have I not spoke the livelong day?
And will not Lucy deign to say
 One word her friend to bless?
I ask but one—a simple sound,
Within three little letters bound,
 O, let the word be YES!

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMALN.

CANTO THIRD.

INTRODUCTION.

I.

LONG loved, long woo'd, and lately won,
My life's best hope, and now mine own !
Doth not this rude and Alpine glen
Recall our favourite haunts agen ?
A wild resemblance we can trace,
Though reft of every softer grace,
As the rough warrior's brow may bear
A likeness to a sister fair.
Full well advised our Highland host,
That this wild pass on foot be cross'd,
While round Ben-Cruach's mighty base
Wheel the slow steeds and lingering chaise.

The keen old carle, with Scottish pride,
He praised his glen and mountains wide ;
An eye he bears for nature's face,
Ay, and for woman's lovely grace.
Even in such mean degree we find
The subtle Scot's observing mind ;
For, nor the chariot nor the train
Could gape of vulgar wonder gain,
But when old Allan would expound
Of Beal-na-paish¹ the Celtic sound,
His bonnet doff'd, and bow, applied
His legend to my bonny bride ;
While Lucy blush'd beneath his eye,
Courteous and cautious, shrewd and sly.

II.

Enough of him.—Now, ere we lose,
Plunged in the vale, the distant views,
Turn thee, my love ! look back once more
To the blue lake's retiring shore.
On its smooth breast the shadows seem
Like objects in a morning dream,
What time the slumberer is aware
He sleeps, and all the vision's air :
Even so, on yonder liquid lawn,
In hues of bright reflection drawn,
Distinct the shaggy mountains lie,
Distinct the rocks, distinct the sky ;

¹ Beal-na-paish, the Vale of the Bridal.

The summer-clouds so plain we note,
 That we might count each dappled spot :
 We gaze and we admire, yet know
 The scene is all delusive show.
 Such dreams of bliss ¹ would Arthur draw,
 When first his Lucy's form he saw ;
 Yet sighed and sicken'd as he drew,
 Despairing they could e'er prove true !

III.

But Lucy, turn thee now, to view
 Up the fair glen, our destined way :
 The fairy path that we pursue,
 Distinguish'd but by greener hue,
 Winds round the purple brae,
 While Alpine flowers of varied dye
 For carpet serve, or tapestry.
 See how the little runnels leap,
 In threads of silver, down the steep,
 To swell the brooklet's moan !
 Seems that the Highland Naiad grieves,
 Fantastic while her crown she weaves,
 Of rowan, birch, and alder leaves,
 So lovely, and so lone.
 There's no illusion there ; these flowers,
 That wailing brook, these lovely bowers,
 Are, Lucy, all our own ;
 And, since thine Arthur call'd thee wife,

¹ [MS.—“ Scenes of bliss.”]

Such seems the prospect of his life,
 A lovely path, on-winding still,
 By gurgling brook and sloping hill.
 'Tis true, that mortals cannot tell
 What waits them in the distant dell;
 But be it hap, or be it harm,
 We tread the pathway arm in arm.

IV.

And now, my Lucy, wot'st thou why
 I could thy bidding twice deny,
 When twice you pray'd I would again
 Resume the legendary strain
 Of the bold Knight of Triermain?
 At length yon peevish vow you swore,
 That you would sue to me no more,¹
 Until the minstrel fit drew near,
 And made me prize a listening ear.
 But, loveliest, when thou first didst pray
 Continuance of the knightly lay,
 Was it not on the happy day
 That made thy hand mine own?
 When, dizzied with mine ecstasy,
 Nought past, or present, or to be,
 Could I or think on, hear, or see,
 Save, Lucy, thee alone!
 A giddy draught my rapture was,
 As ever chemist's magic gas.

¹ [MS.—“Until yon peevish oath you swore,
 That you would sue for it no more.”]

V.

Again the summons I denied
 In yon fair capital of Clyde:
 My Harp—or let me rather choose
 The good old classic form—my Muse
 (For Harp's an over-scuted phrase,
 Worn out by bards of modern days,
 My Muse, then—seldom will she wake,
 Save by dim wood and silent lake;
 She is the wild and rustic Maid,
 Whose foot unsandall'd loves to tread
 Where the soft greensward is inlaid
 With varied moss and thyme;
 And, lest the simple lily-braid,
 That coronets her temples, fade,
 She hides her still in greenwood shade,
 To meditate her rhyme.

VI.

And now she comes! The murmur dear
 Of the wild brook hath caught her ear,
 The glade hath won her eye;
 She longs to join with each blithe rill
 That dances down the Highland hill,
 Her blither melody.¹
 And now, my Lucy's way to cheer,
 She bids Ben-Cruach's echoes hear

¹ [MS.—“Her wild-wood melody.”]

How closed the tale, my love whilere
Loved for its chivalry.
List how she tells, in notes of flame,
“ Child Roland to the dark tower came ! ”¹

¹ [The MS. has not this couplet.]

THE
BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

BEWCASTLE now must keep the Hold,
Speir-Adam's steeds must bide in stall,
Of Hartley-burn the bowmen bold
Must only shoot from battled wall ;
And Liddesdale may buckle spur,
And Teviot now may belt the brand,
Taras and Ewes keep nightly stir,
And Eskdale foray Cumberland.
Of wasted fields and plunder'd flocks
The Borderers bootless may complain ;
They lack the sword of brave de Vaux,
There comes no aid from Triermain.
That lord, on high adventure bound,
Hath wander'd forth alone,
And day and night keeps watchful round
In the Valley of Saint John.

II.

When first began his vigil bold,
The moon twelve summer nights was old,
 And shone both fair and full;
High in the vault of cloudless blue,
O'er streamlet, dale, and rock, she threw
 Her light composed and cool.
Stretch'd on the brown hill's heathy breast,
 Sir Roland eyed the vale ;
Chief where, distinguish'd from the rest,
Those clustering rocks uprear'd their crest,
The dwelling of the fair distress'd,
 As told grey Lyulph's tale.
Thus as he lay, the lamp of night
Was quivering on his armour bright,
 In beams that rose and fell,
And danced upon his buckler's boss,
That lay beside him on the moss,
 As on a crystal well.

III.

Ever he watch'd, and oft he deem'd,
While on the mound the moonlight stream'd,
 It alter'd to his eyes ;
Fain would he hope the rocks 'gan change
To buttress'd walls their shapeless range,
Fain think, by transmutation strange,
 He saw grey turrets rise.
But scarce his heart with hope throbb'd high,
Before the wild illusions fly,

Which fancy had conceived,
 Abetted by an anxious eye
 That long'd to be deceived.
 It was a fond deception all,
 Such as, in solitary hall,
 Beguiles the musing eye,
 When, gazing on the sinking fire,
 Bulwark, and battlement, and spire,
 In the red gulf we spy.
 For, seen by moon of middle night,
 Or by the blaze of noontide bright,
 Or by the dawn of morning light,
 Or evening's western flame,
 In every tide, at every hour,
 In mist, in sunshine, and in shower,
 The rocks remain'd the same.

IV.

Oft has he traced the charmed mound,
 Oft climb'd its crest, or paced it round,
 Yet nothing might explore,
 Save that the crags so rudely piled,
 At distance seen, resemblance wild
 To a rough fortress bore.
 Yet still his watch the Warrior keeps,
 Feeds hard and spare, and seldom sleeps,
 And drinks but of the well;
 Ever by day he walks the hill,
 And when the evening gale is chill,
 He seeks a rocky cell,

Like hermit poor to bid his bead,
And tell his Ave and his Creed,
Invoking every saint at need,
For aid to burst his spell.

V.

And now the moon her orb has hid,
And dwindled to a silver thread,
Dim seen in middle heaven,
While o'er its curve careering fast,
Before the fury of the blast
The midnight clouds are driven.
The brooklet raved, for on the hills
The upland showers had swoln the rills,
And down the torrents came ;
Mutter'd the distant thunder dread,
And frequent o'er the vale was spread
A sheet of lightning flame.
De Vaux, within his mountain cave,
(No human step the storm durst brave,)
To moody meditation gave
Each faculty of soul,¹
Till, lull'd by distant torrent sound,
And the sad winds that whistled round,
Upon his thoughts, in musing drown'd,
A broken slumber stole.

¹ [MS.—“ His faculties of soul.”]

VI.

'Twas then was heard a heavy sound,
 (Sound, strange and fearful there to hear,
 'Mongst desert hills, where, leagues around,
 Dwelt but the gorcock and the deer:)
 As, starting from his couch of fern,¹
 Again he heard, in clangour stern,
 That deep and solemn swell,—
 Twelve times, in measured tone, it spoke,
 Like some proud minster's pealing clock,
 Or city's larum-bell.
 What thought was Roland's first when fell,
 In that deep wilderness, the knell
 Upon his startled ear?
 To slander warrior were I loth,
 Yet must I hold my minstrel troth,—
 It was a thought of fear.

VII.

But lively was the mingled thrill
 That chased that momentary chill,
 For Love's keen wish was there,
 And eager Hope, and Valour high,
 And the proud glow of Chivalry,
 That burn'd to do and dare.
 Forth from the cave the Warrior rush'd,
 Long ere the mountain-voice² was hush'd,

¹ [MS.———" his couch of rock,
 Again upon his ear it broke."]

² [MS.———" mingled sounds were hush'd."]

That answer'd to the knell;
 For long and far the unwonted sound,
 Eddying in echoes round and round,
 Was toss'd from fell to fell;
 And Glaramara answer flung,
 And Gridale-pike responsive rung,
 And Legbert heights their echoes swung,
 As far as Derwent's dell.¹

VIII.

Forth upon trackless darkness gazed
 The Knight, bedeaften'd and amazed,
 Till all was hush'd and still,
 Save the swoln torrent's sullen roar,
 And the night-blast that wildly bore
 Its course along the hill.
 Then on the northern sky there came
 A light, as of reflected flame,
 And over Legbert-head,

¹ ["The rock, like something starting from a sleep,
 Took up the lady's voice, and laughed again;
 That ancient Woman seated on Helm-Crag
 Was ready with her cavern; Hammar-Scar,
 And the tall steep of Silver-How, sent forth
 A noise of laughter; southern Loughrigg heard,
 And Fairfield answered with a mountain tone;
 Helvellyn far into the clear blue sky
 Carried the lady's voice,—old Skiddaw blew
 His speaking-trumpet;—back out of the clouds
 Of Glaramara southward came the voice;
 And Kirkstone tossed it from his misty head."]

As if by magic art controll'd,
 A mighty meteor slowly roll'd
 Its orb of fiery red ;
 Thou wouldst have thought some demon **dire**
 Came mounted on that car of fire,
 To do his errand dread.
 Far on the sloping valley's course,
 On thicket, rock, and torrent hoarse,
 Shingle and Scrae,¹ and Fell and Force,²
 A dusky light arose :
 Display'd, yet alter'd was the scene ;
 Dark rock, and brook of silver sheen,
 Even the gay thicket's summer green,
 In bloody tincture glows.

IX.

De Vaux had mark'd the sunbeams set,
 At eve, upon the coronet
 Of that enchanted mound,
 And seen but crags at random flung,
 That, o'er the brawling torrent hung,³
 In desolation frown'd.
 What sees he by that meteor's lour?—
 A banner'd Castle, keep, and tower,
 Return the lurid gleam,
 With battled walls and buttress fast,

¹ Bank of loose stones.² Waterfall.³ [MS.——"rocks at random piled,
 That on the torrent brawling wild."]

And barbican¹ and ballium² vast,
 And airy flanking towers, that cast
 Their shadows on the stream.
 'Tis no deceit! distinctly clear
 Crenell³ and parapet appear,
 While o'er the pile that meteor drear
 Makes momentary pause;
 Then forth its solemn path it drew,
 And fainter yet and fainter grew
 Those gloomy towers upon the view,
 As its wild light withdraws.

X.

Forth from the cave did Roland rush,
 O'er crag and stream, through brier and bush;
 Yet far he had not sped,⁴
 Ere sunk was that portentous light
 Behind the hills, and utter night
 Was on the valley spread.⁵
 He paused perforce,—and blew his horn,
 And, on the mountain-echoes borne⁶
 Was heard an answering sound,
 A wild and lonely trumpet-note,—
 In middle air it seem'd to float
 High o'er the battled mound;

¹ The outer defence of the castle gate.

² Fortified court.

³ Apertures for shooting arrows.

⁴ [MS. ————“ had not gone.”]

⁵ [MS. ————“ the valley lone.”]

⁶ [MS. ————“ And far upon the echoes borne.”]

And sounds were heard, as when a guard
 Of some proud castle, holding ward,
 Pace forth their nightly round.
 The valiant Knight of Triermain
 Rung forth his challenge-blast again,
 But answer came there none ;
 And mid the mingled wind and rain,
 Darkling he sought the vale in vain,¹
 Until the dawning shone ;
 And when it dawn'd, that wondrous sight,
 Distinctly seen by meteor-light,
 It all had pass'd away !
 And that enchanted mount once more
 A pile of granite fragments bore.
 As at the close of day.

XI.

Steel'd for the deed, De Vaux's heart
 Scorn'd from his venturous quest to part,
 He walks the vale once more ;
 But only sees, by night or day,
 That shatter'd pile of rocks so gray,
 Hears but the torrent's roar.
 Till when, through hills of azure borne,²
 The moon renew'd her silver horn,
 Just at the time her waning ray
 Had faded in the dawning day,
 A summer mist arose ;

¹ [MS. ———— "he sought the towers in vain."]

² [MS ——"But when, through fields of azure borne."]

Adown the vale the vapours float,
 And cloudy undulations moat¹
 That tufted mound of mystic note,
 As round its base they close.
 And higher now the fleecy tide
 Ascends its stern and shaggy side,
 Until the airy billows hide²
 The rock's majestic isle ;
 It seem'd a veil of filmy lawn,³
 By some fantastic fairy drawn
 Around enchanted pile.

XII.

The breeze came softly down the brook,⁴
 And, sighing as it blew,

¹ [MS.—“ And with their eddying billows moat.”]

² [MS.—“ Until the mist's grey bosom hide.”]

³ [MS.—“ a veil of airy lawn.”]

⁴ [“ A sharp frost wind, which made itself heard and felt from time to time, removed the clouds of mist which might otherwise have slumbered till morning on the valley; and, though it could not totally disperse the clouds of vapour, yet threw them in confused and changeful masses, now hovering round the heads of the mountains, now filling, as with a dense and voluminous stream of smoke, the various deep gullies where masses of the composite rock, or brescia, tumbling in fragments from the cliffs, have rushed to the valley, leaving each behind its course a rent and torn ravine, resembling a deserted watercourse. The moon, which was now high, and twinkled with all the vivacity of a frosty atmosphere, silvered the windings of the river, and the peaks and precipices which the mist left visible, while her beams seemed, as it were, absorbed by the fleecy whiteness of the

The veil of silver mist it shook,
 And to De Vaux's eager look
 Renew'd that wondrous view.
 For, though the loitering vapour braved
 The gentle breeze, yet oft it waved
 Its mantle's dewy fold ;
 And still, when shook that filmy screen,
 Were towers and bastions dimly seen,
 And Gothic battlements between
 Their gloomy length unroll'd.¹
 Speed, speed, De Vaux, ere on thine eye
 Once more the fleeting vision die !
 —The gallant knight can speed
 As prompt and light as, when the hound
 Is opening, and the horn is wound,
 Careers the hunter's steed.
 Down the steep dell his course amain
 Hath rivall'd archer's shaft ;
 But ere the mound he could attain,

mist, where it lay thick and condensed, and gave to the more light and vapoury specks, which were elsewhere visible, a sort of filmy transparency resembling the lightest veil of silver gauze."—*Waverley Novels—Rob Roy*—vol. viii. p. 267.

"The praise of truth, precision, and distinctness, is not very frequently combined with that of extensive magnificence and splendid complication of imagery; yet, how masterly, and often sublime, is the panoramic display, in all these works, of vast and diversified scenery, and of crowded and tumultuous action," &c.—*Adolphus*, p. 163.]

¹ ["The scenery of the valley, seen by the light of the summer and autumnal moon, is described with an æriality to which we cannot do justice."—*Quarterly Review*.]

The rocks their shapeless form regain,
And, mocking loud his labour vain,
 The mountain spirits laugh'd.
Far up the echoing dell was borne
Their wild unearthly shout of scorn.

XIII.

Wroth wax'd the Warrior.—“ Am I then
Fool'd by the enemies of men,
Like a poor hind, whose homeward way
Is haunted¹ by malicious fay?
Is Triermain become your taunt,
De Vaux your scorn? False fiends, avaunt!”
A weighty curtal-axe he bare;
The baleful blade so bright and square,
And the tough shaft of heben wood,
Were oft in Scottish gore imbrued.
Backward his stately form he drew,
And at the rocks the weapon threw,
Just where one crag's projected crest
Hung proudly balanced o'er the rest.
Hurl'd with main force, the weapon's shock
Rent a huge fragment of the rock.
If by mere strength, 'twere hard to tell,
Or if the blow dissolved some spell,
But down the headlong ruin came,
With cloud of dust and flash of flame.
Down bank, o'er bush, its course was borne,

¹ [MS.—“Is wilder'd.”]

Crush'd lay the copse, the earth was torn,
 Till staid at length, the ruin dread
 Cumber'd the torrent's rocky bed,
 And bade the waters' high-swoln tide
 Seek other passage for its pride.¹

XIV.

When ceased that thunder, Triermain
 Survey'd the mound's rude front again ;
 And, lo ! the ruin had laid bare,
 Hewn in the stone, a winding stair,
 Whose moss'd and fractured steps might lend
 The means the summit to ascend ;
 And by whose aid the brave De Vaux
 Began to scale these magic rocks,
 And soon a platform won,
 Where, the wild witchery to close,
 Within three lances' length arose
 The Castle of Saint John !
 No misty phantom of the air,
 No meteor-blazon'd show was there ;
 In morning splendour, full and fair,
 The massive fortress shone.

XV.

Embattled high and proudly tower'd,
 Shaded by pond'rous flankers, lower'd
 The portal's gloomy way.

¹ [MS.—“ And bade its waters in their pride
 Seek other current for their tide.”]

Though for six hundred years and more,
Its strength had brook'd the tempest's roar,
The scutcheon'd emblems which it bore

Had suffer'd no decay :

But from the eastern battlement
A turret had made sheer descent,
And, down in recent ruin rent,

In the mid torrent lay.

Else, o'er the Castle's brow sublime,
Insults of violence or of time

Unfelt had pass'd away.

In shapeless characters of yore,
The gate this stern inscription bore :

XVI.

INSCRIPTION.

“Patience waits the destined day,
Strength can clear the cumber'd way.
Warrior, who hast waited long,
Firm of soul, of sinew strong,
It is given to thee to gaze
On the pile of ancient days.
Never mortal builder's hand
This enduring fabric plann'd ;
Sign and sigil, word of power,
From the earth raised keep and tower.
View it o'er, and pace it round,
Rampart, turret, battled mound.
Dare no more ! To cross the gate
Were to tamper with thy fate ;

Strength and fortitude were vain,
View it o'er—and turn again.”—

XVII.

“That would I,” said the warrior bold,
“If that my frame were bent and old,
And my thin blood dropp’d slow and cold
As icicle in thaw ;
But while my heart can feel it dance,
Blithe as the sparkling wine of France,
And this good arm wields sword or lance,
I mock these words of awe !”
He said ; the wicket felt the sway
Of his strong hand, and straight gave way,
And, with rude crash and jarring bray,
The rusty bolts withdraw ;
But o’er the threshold as he strode,
And forward took the vaulted road,
An unseen arm, with force amain,
The ponderous gate flung close again,
And rusted bolt and bar
Spontaneous took their place once more,
While the deep arch with sullen roar
Return’d their surly jar.
“Now closed is the gin and the prey within
By the Rood of Lanercost ;
But he that would win the war-wolf’s skin,
May rue him of his boast.”
Thus muttering, on the Warrior went,
By dubious light down steep descent.

XVIII.

Unbarr'd, unlock'd, unwatch'd, a port
 Led to the Castle's outer court :
 There the main fortress, broad and tall,
 Spread its long range of bower and hall,
 And towers of varied size,
 Wrought with each ornament extreme,
 That Gothic art, in wildest dream
 Of fancy, could devise ;
 But full between the Warrior's way
 And the main portal arch, there lay
 An inner moat ;
 Nor bridge nor boat
 Affords De Vaux the means to cross
 The clear, profound, and silent fosse.
 His arms aside in haste he flings,
 Cuirass of steel and hauberk rings,
 And down falls helm, and down the shield,
 Rough with the dints of many a field.
 Fair was his manly form, and fair
 His keen dark eye, and close curl'd hair,
 When, all unarm'd, save that the brand
 Of well-proved metal graced his hand,
 With nought to fence his dauntless breast
 But the close gipon's¹ under vest,
 Whose sullied buff the sable stains
 Of hauberk and of mail retains,—
 Roland De Vaux upon the brim
 Of the broad moat stood prompt to swim.

¹ A sort of doublet, worn beneath the armour.

XIX.

Accoutred thus he dared the tide,
 And soon he reach'd the farther side,
 And enter'd soon the Hold,
 And paced a hall, whose walls so wide
 Were blazon'd all with feats of pride,
 By warriors done of old.
 In middle lists they counter'd here,
 While trumpets seem'd to blow ;
 And there, in den or desert drear,
 They quell'd gigantic foe,¹
 Braved the fierce griffon in his ire,
 Or faced the dragon's breath of fire.
 Strange in their arms, and strange in face,
 Heroes they seem'd of ancient race,
 Whose deeds of arms, and race, and name,
 Forgotten long by later fame,
 Were here depicted, to appall²
 Those of an age degenerate,
 Whose bold intrusion braved their fate
 In this enchanted hall.
 For some short space, the venturous Knight
 With these high marvels fed his sight,
 Then sought the chamber's upper end,
 Where three broad easy steps ascend
 To an arch'd portal door,
 In whose broad folding leaves of state
 Was framed a wicket window-grate,

¹ [MS.—“ They counter'd giant foe.”]

² [MS.—“ Portray'd by limner to appall.”]

And ere he ventured more,
The gallant Knight took earnest view
The grated wicket-window through.

XX.

O, for his arms ! Of martial weed
Had never mortal Knight such need !—
He spied a stately gallery ; all
Of snow-white marble was the wall,
 The vaulting, and the floor ;
And, contrast strange ! on either hand
There stood array'd in sable band
 Four Maids whom Afric bore ;¹
And each a Libyan tiger led,
Held by as bright and frail a thread
 As Lucy's golden hair,
For the leash that bound these monsters dread
 Was but of gossamer.
Each Maiden's short barbaric vest²
Left all unclosed the knee and breast,
 And limbs of shapely jet ;
White was their vest and turban's fold,
On arms and ankles rings of gold
 In savage pomp were set ;
A quiver on their shoulders lay,
And in their hands an assagay.³

¹ [MS.—“ Four Maidens stood in sable band
 The blackest Afrique bore.”]

² [MS.—“ Each Maiden's short and savage vest.”]

³ [The MS. has not this couplet.]

Such and so silent stood they there,
 That Roland wellnigh hoped
 He saw a band of statues rare,
 Station'd the gazer's soul to scare ;
 But, when the wicket oped,
 Each grisly beast 'gan upward draw,
 Roll'd his grim eye, and spread his claw,
 Scented the air, and lick'd his jaw ;
 While these weird Maids, in Moorish tongue,
 A wild and dismal warning sung.

XXI.

“Rash Adventurer, bear thee back !
 Dread the spell of Dahomay !
 Fear the race of Zaharak,¹
 Daughters of the burning day !

“When the whirlwind's gusts are wheeling,
 Ours it is the dance to braid ;
 Zarah's sands in pillars reeling,
 Join the measure that we tread,
 When the Moon has donn'd her cloak,
 And the stars are red to see,
 Shrill when pipes the sad Siroc,
 Music meet for such as we.

“Where the shatter'd columns lie,
 Showing Carthage once had been,
 If the wandering Santon's eye

¹ [Zaharak or Zaharah is the Arab name of the Great Desert.]

Our mysterious rites hath seen,—
Oft he cons the prayer of death,
To the nations preaches doom,
Azrael's brand hath left the sheath!
Moslems, think upon the tomb!

“ Ours the scorpion, ours the snake,
Ours the hydra of the fen,
Ours the tiger of the brake,
All that plagues the sons of men.
Ours the tempest's midnight wrack,
Pestilence that wastes by day—
Dread the race of Zaharak!
Fear the spell of Dahomay!”

XXII.

Uncouth and strange the accents shrill
Rung those vaulted roofs among,
Long it was ere, faint and still,
Died the far-resounding song.
While yet the distant echoes roll,
The Warrior communed with his soul.
“ When first I took this venturous quest,
I swore upon the rood,
Neither to stop, nor turn, nor rest,
For evil or for good.
My forward path too well I ween,
Lies yonder fearful ranks between;
For man unarm'd, 'tis bootless hope
With tigers and with fiends to cope—

Yet, if I turn, what waits me there,
 Save famine dire and fell despair?—
 Other conclusion let me try,
 Since, choose how'er I list, I die.
 Forward, lies faith and knightly fame;
 Behind, are perjury and shame.
 In life or death I hold my word!"
 With that he drew his trusty sword,
 Caught down a banner from the wall,
 And enter'd thus the fearful hall.

XXIII.

On high each wayward Maiden threw
 Her swarthy arm, with wild halloo!
 On either side a tiger sprung—
 Against the leftward foe he flung
 The ready banner, to engage
 With tangling folds the brutal rage;
 The right-hand monster in mid air
 He struck so fiercely and so fair,
 Through gullet and through spinal bone
 The trenchant blade bath sheerly gone.
 His grisly brethren ramp'd and yell'd,
 But the slight leash their rage withheld,
 Whilst, 'twixt their ranks, the dangerous road
 Firmly, though swift, the champion strode.
 Safe to the gallery's bound he drew,
 Safe pass'd an open portal through;
 And when against pursuit he flung
 The gate, judge if the echoes rung!

Onward his daring course he bore,
While, mix'd with dying growl and roar,
Wild jubilee and loud hurra
Pursued him on his venturous way.

XXIV.

“ Hurra, hurra ! Our watch is done !
We hail once more the tropic sun.
Pallid beams of northern day,
Farewell, farewell ! Hurra, hurra !

“ Five hundred years o'er this cold glen
Hath the pale sun come round agen ;
Foot of man, till now, hath ne'er
Dared to cross the Hall of Fear.

“ Warrior ! thou, whose dauntless heart
Gives us from our ward to part,
Be as strong in future trial,
Where resistance is denial.

“ Now for Afric's glowing sky,
Zwenga wide and Atlas high,
Zaharak and Dahomay !——
Mount the winds ! Hurra, hurra !”

XXV.

The wizard song at distance died,
As if in ether borne astray,
While through waste halls and chambers wide

The Knight pursued his steady way,
 Till to a lofty dome he came,
 That flash'd with such a brilliant flame,¹
 As if the wealth of all the world
 Were there in rich confusion hurl'd.
 For here the gold, in sandy heaps,
 With duller earth incorporate, sleeps ;
 Was there in ingots piled, and there
 Coin'd badge of empery it bare ;
 Yonder, huge bars of silver lay,
 Dimm'd by the diamond's neighbouring ray,
 Like the pale moon in morning day ;
 And in the midst four Maidens stand,
 The daughters of some distant land.
 Their hue was of the dark-red dye,
 That fringes oft a thunder sky ;
 Their hands palmetto baskets bare,
 And cotton fillets bound their hair ;
 Slim was their form, their mien was shy,
 To earth they bent the humbled eye,
 Folded their arms, and suppliant kneel'd,
 And thus their proffer'd gifts reveal'd.²

XXVI.

CHORUS.

“ See the treasures Merlin piled,
 Portion meet for Arthur's child.

¹ [MS. ————— “ golden flame.”]

² [MS.—“ And suppliant as on earth they kneel'd,
 The gifts they proffer'd thus reveal'd.”]

Bathe in Wealth's unbounded stream,
Wealth that Avarice ne'er could dream ! ”

FIRST MAIDEN.

“ See these clots of virgin gold !
Sever'd from the sparry mould,
Nature's mystic alchemy
In the mine thus bade them lie ;
And their orient smile can win
Kings to stoop, and saints to sin.” —

SECOND MAIDEN.

“ See these pearls that long have slept ;
These were tears by Naiads wept
For the loss of Marinel.
Tritons in the silver shell
'Treasured them, till hard and white
As the teeth of Amphitrite.” —

THIRD MAIDEN.

“ Does a livelier hue delight ?
Here are rubies blazing bright,
Here the emerald's fairy green,
And the topaz glows between ;
Here their varied hues unite,
In the changeful chrysolite.” —

FOURTH MAIDEN.

“ Leave these gems of poorer shine,
Leave them all and look on mine !

While their glories I expand,
 Shade thine eyebrows with thy hand.
 Mid-day sun and diamond's blaze
 Blind the rash beholder's gaze."—

CHORUS.

"Warrior, seize the splendid store;
 Would 'twere all our mountains bore!
 We should ne'er in future story,
 Read, Peru, thy perish'd glory!"

XXVII.

Calmly and unconcern'd, the Knight
 Waved aside the treasures bright:
 "Gentle Maidens, rise, I pray!
 Bar not thus my destined way.
 Let these boasted brilliant toys
 Braid the hair of girls and boys;¹
 Bid your streams of gold expand
 O'er proud London's thirsty land.
 De Vaux of wealth saw never need,
 Save to purvey him arms and steed,
 And all the ore he deign'd to hoard
 Inlays his helm, and hilts his sword."
 Thus gently parting from their hold,
 He left, unmoved, the dome of gold.

¹ [MS.—"Let those boasted gems and pearls
 Braid the hair of toy-caught girls."]

XXVIII.

And now the morning sun was high,
De Vaux was weary, faint, and dry ;
When, lo ! a plashing sound he hears,
A gladsome signal that he hears
 Some frolic water-run ;
And soon he reach'd a court-yard square,
Where, dancing in the sultry air,
Toss'd high aloft, a fountain fair
 Was sparkling in the sun.
On right and left, a fair arcade,
In long perspective view display'd
Alleys and bowers, for sun or shade ;
 But, full in front, a door,
Low-brow'd and dark, seem'd as it led
To the lone dwelling of the dead,
 Whose memory was no more.

XXIX.

Here stopp'd De Vaux an instant's space,
To bathe his parched lips and face,
 And mark'd with well-pleas'd eye,
Refracted on the fountain stream,
In rainbow hues the dazzling beam
 Of that gay summer sky.
His senses felt a mild control,
Like that which lulls the weary soul,
 From contemplation high
Relaxing, when the ear receives

The music that the greenwood leaves
Make to the breezes' sigh.

XXX.

And oft in such a dreamy mood,
The half-shut eye can frame
Fair apparitions in the wood
As if the Nymphs of field and flood
In gay procession came.
Are these of such fantastic mould,
Seen distant down the fair arcade,
These Maids enlink'd in sister fold,
Who, late at bashful distance staid,
Now tripping from the greenwood shade,
Nearer the musing champion draw,
And, in a pause of seeming awe,
Again stand doubtful now?—
Ah, that sly pause of witching powers!
That seems to say, "To please be ours,
Be yours to tell us how."
Their hue was of the golden glow
That suns of Candahar bestow,
O'er which in slight suffusion flows
A frequent tinge of paly rose;
Their limbs were fashion'd fair and free,
In nature's justest symmetry;
And, wreathed with flowers, with odours graced.
Their raven ringlets reach'd the waist:
In eastern pomp, its gilding pale
The hennah lent each shapely nail,

And the dark sumah gave the eye
More liquid and more lustrous dye.
The spotless veil of misty lawn,
In studied disarrangement, drawn
 The form and bosom o'er,
To win the eye, or tempt the touch,
For modesty show'd all too much—
 Too much—yet promis'd more.

XXXI.

“ Gentle Knight, awhile delay,”
Thus they sung, “ thy toilsome way,
While we pay the duty due
To our Master and to you.
Over Avarice, over Fear,
Love triumphant led thee here ;
Warrior, list to us, for we
Are slaves to Love, are friends to thee.
Though no treasured gems have we,
To proffer on the bended knee,
Though we boast nor arm nor heart,
For the assagay or dart,
Swains allow each simple girl
Ruby lip and teeth of pearl ;
Or, if dangers more you prize,
Flatterers find them in our eyes.

“ Stay, then, gentle Warrior, stay,
Rest till evening steal on day ;
Stay, O, stay !—in yonder bowers

We will braid thy locks with flowers
 Spread the feast and fill the wine,
 Charm thy ear with sounds divine,
 Weave our dances till delight
 Yield to languor, day to night.

“Then shall she you most approve,
 Sing the lays that best you love,
 Soft thy mossy couch shall spread,
 Watch thy pillow, prop thy head,
 Till the weary night be o'er—
 Gentle Warrior, wouldst thou more?
 Wouldst thou more, fair Warrior,—she
 Is slave to Love and slave to thee.”

XXXII.

O, do not hold it for a crime
 In the bold hero of my rhyme,
 For Stoic look,
 And meet rebuke,
 He lack'd the heart or time ;
 As round the band of sirens trip,
 He kiss'd one damsel's laughing lip,¹
 And press'd another's proffer'd hand,
 Spoke to them all in accents bland,
 But broke their magic circle through ;
 “Kind Maids,” he said, “adieu, adieu !

¹ [MS.—“As round the band of sirens press'd,
 One damsel's laughing lip he kiss'd.”]

My fate, my fortune, forward lies."
 He said, and vanish'd from their eyes;
 But, as he dared that darksome way,
 Still heard behind their lovely lay:
 "Fair Flower of Courtesy, depart!
 Go, where the feelings of the heart
 With the warm pulse in concord move;
 Go, where Virtue sanctions Love!"

XXXIII.

Downward De Vaux through darksome ways
 And ruin'd vaults has gone,
 Till issue from their wilder'd maze,
 Or safe retreat, seem'd none,
 And e'en the dismal path he strays
 Grew worse as he went on,
 For cheerful sun, for living air,
 Foul vapours rise and mine-fires glare,
 Whose fearful light the dangers show'd
 That dogg'd him on that dreadful road.
 Deep pits, and lakes of waters dun,
 They show'd, but show'd not how to shun.
 These scenes ¹ of desolate despair,
 These smothering clouds of poison'd air,
 How gladly had De Vaux exchanged,
 Though 'twere to face yon tigers ranged!
 Nay, soothful bards have said,
 So perilous his state seem'd now,

¹ [MS.—"This state," &c.]

He wish'd him under arbour bough
 With Asia's willing maid.
 When joyful sound! at distance near
 A trumpet flourish'd loud and clear,
 And as it ceased, a lofty lay
 Seem'd thus to chide his lagging way.

XXXIV.

“Son of Honour, theme of story,
 Think on the reward before ye!
 Danger, darkness, toil despise;
 'Tis Ambition bids thee rise.

“He that would her heights ascend,
 Many a weary step must wend;
 Hand and foot and knee he tries;
 Thus Ambition's minions rise.

“Lag not now, though rough the way,
 Fortune's mood brooks no delay;
 Grasp the boon that's spread before ye,
 Monarch's power, and Conqueror's glory!”

It ceased. Advancing on the sound,
 A steep ascent the Wanderer found,
 And then a turret stair:
 Nor climb'd he far its steepy round
 Till fresher blew the air,
 And next a welcome glimpse was given,
 That cheer'd him with the light of heaven.

At length his toil had won
 A lofty hall with trophies dress'd,
 Where, as to greet imperial guest,
 Four maidens stood, whose crimson vest
 Was bound with golden zone.

XXXV.

Of Europe seem'd the damsels all ;
 The first a nymph of lively Gaul,
 Whose easy step and laughing eye
 Her borrow'd air of awe belie ;
 The next a maid of Spain,
 Dark-eyed, dark-hair'd, sedate, yet bold ;
 White ivory skin and tress of gold,
 Her shy and bashful comrade told
 For daughter of Almaine.
 These maidens bore a royal robe,
 With crown, with sceptre, and with globe,
 Emblems of empery ;
 The fourth a space behind them stood,
 And leant upon a harp, in mood
 Of minstrel ecstasy.
 Of merry England she, in dress
 Like ancient British Druidess
 Her hair an azure fillet bound,
 Her graceful vesture swept the ground,
 And, in her hand display'd,
 A crown did that fourth Maiden hold,
 But unadorn'd with gems and gold,
 Of glossy laurel made.¹

¹ [MS.—“ Of laurel leaves was made.”]

XXXVI.

At once to brave De Vaux knelt down
 These foremost Maidens three,
 And proffer'd sceptre, robe, and crown,
 Liegedom and seignorie,
 O'er many a region wide and fair,
 Destined, they said, for Arthur's heir ;
 But homage would he none :—¹
 " Rather," he said, " De Vaux would ride,
 A Warden of the Border-side,
 In plate and mail, than, robed in pride,
 A monarch's empire own ;
 Rather, far rather, would he be
 A free-born knight of England free,
 Than sit on despot's throne."
 So pass'd he on, when that fourth Maid,
 As starting from a trance,
 Upon the harp her finger laid ;
 Her magic touch the chords obey'd,
 Their soul awaked at once !

SONG OF THE FOURTH MAIDEN.

" Quake to your foundations deep,
 Stately Towers, and Banner'd Keep,
 Bid your vaulted echoes moan,
 As the dreaded step they own.

" Fiends, that wait on Merlin's spell,
 Hear the foot-fall ! mark it well !

¹ [MS.—" But the firm knight pass'd on."]

Spread your dusky wings abroad,¹
 Boune ye for your homeward road!

“It is HIS, the first who e'er
 Dared the dismal Hall of Fear;
 HIS, who hath the snares defied
 Spread by Pleasure, Wealth, and Pride.

“Quake to your foundations deep,
 Bastion huge, and Turret steep!²
 Tremble, Keep! and totter, Tower!
 This is Gyneth's waking hour.”

XXXVII.

Thus while she sung, the venturous Knight
 Has reach'd a bower, where milder light³

 Through crimson curtains fell;
 Such soften'd shade the hill receives,
 Her purple veil when twilight leaves
 Upon its western swell.

That bower, the gazer to bewitch,
 Had wondrous store of rare and rich

 As e'er was seen with eye;
 For there by magic skill, I wis,
 Form of each thing that living is
 Was limn'd in proper dye.

All seem'd to sleep—the timid hare

¹ [MS.—“Spread your pennons all abroad.”]

² [MS.—“and battled keep.”]

³ [MS.—“soften'd light.”]

On form, the stag upon his lair,
 The eagle in her eyrie fair
 Between the earth and sky.
 But what of pictured rich and rare¹
 Could win De Vaux's eye-glance, where,
 Deep slumbering in the fatal chair,
 He saw King Arthur's child!
 Doubt, and anger, and dismay,
 From her brow had pass'd away,
 Forgot was that fell tourney-day,
 For, as she slept, she smiled:
 It seem'd, that the repentant Seer
 Her sleep of many a hundred year
 With gentle dreams beguiled.

XXXVIII.

That form of maiden loveliness,
 'Twixt childhood and 'twixt youth,
 That ivory chair, that sylvan dress,
 The arms and ankles bare, express
 Of Lyulph's tale the truth.
 Still upon her garment's hem
 Vanoc's blood made purple gem,
 And the warder of command
 Cumber'd still her sleeping hand;
 Still her dark locks dishevell'd flow
 From net of pearl o'er breast of snow;
 And so fair the slumberer seems,
 That De Vaux impeach'd his dreams,

¹ [MS.—“ But what of rich or what of rare.”]

Vapid all and void of might,
 Hiding half her charms from sight.
 Motionless awhile he stands,
 Folds his arms and clasps his hands,
 Trembling in his fitful joy,
 Doubtful how he should destroy
 Long-enduring spell ;
 Doubtful, too, when slowly rise
 Dark-fringed lids of Gyneth's eyes,
 What these eyes shall tell.—
 " St. George ! St. Mary ! can it be,
 That they will kindly look on me ! "

XXXIX.

Gently, lo ! the Warrior kneels,
 Soft that lovely hand he steals,
 Soft to kiss, and soft to clasp—
 But the warder leaves her grasp ;
 Lightning flashes, rolls the thunder !
 Gyneth startles from her sleep,
 Totters Tower, and trembles Keep,
 Burst the Castle-walls asunder !
 Fierce and frequent were the shocks,—
 Melt the magic halls away ;
 —But beneath their mystic rocks,
 In the arms of bold De Vaux,
 Safe the princess lay ;
 Safe and free from magic power,
 Blushing like the rose's flower
 Opening to the day ;

And round the Champion's brows were bound
The crown that Druidess had wound,
 Of the green laurel-bay.
And this was what remain'd of all
The wealth of each enchanted hall,
 The Garland and the Dame :
But where should Warrior seek the meed,
Due to high worth for daring deed,
 Except from LOVE and FAME !

CONCLUSION

I.

MY LUCY, when the Maid is won,
The Minstrel's ta-k, thou know'st, is done ;
 And to require of bard
That to his dregs the tale should run,
 Were ordinance too hard.
Our lovers, briefly be it said,
Wedded as lovers wont to wed,¹
 When tale or play is o'er ;
Lived long and blest, loved fond and true,
And saw a numerous race renew
 The honours that they bore.
Know, too, that when a pilgrim strays,
In morning mist or evening maze,
 Along the mountain lone,
That fairy fortress often mocks
His gaze upon the castled rocks
 Of the Valley of St. John ;
But never man since brave De Vaux

¹ [MS.—“ Yet know, this maid and warrior too
 Wedded as lovers wont to do.”]

The charmed portal won.
 'Tis now a vain illusive show,
 That melts whene'er the sunbeams glow,
 Or the fresh breeze hath blown.¹

71.

But see, my love, where far below
 Our lingering wheels are moving slow,
 The whiles, up-gazing still,
 Our menials eye our steepy way,
 Marvelling, perchance, what whim can stay
 Our steps when eve is sinking grey
 On this gigantic hill.
 So think the vulgar—Life and time
 Ring all their joys in one dull chime
 Of luxury and ease ;
 And, O ! beside these simple knaves,
 How many better-born are slaves
 To such coarse joys as these,
 Dead to the nobler sense that glows
 When nature's grander scenes uncloze
 But, Lucy, we will love them yet,
 The mountain's misty ² coronet,
 The greenwood, and the wold ;
 And love the more, that of their maze
 Adventure high of other days
 By ancient bards is told,

¹ [MS.—“ That melts whene'er the breezes blow,
 Or beams a cloudless sun.”]

² [MS.—“ Sylvan.”]

Bringing, perchance, like my poor tale,
 Some moral truth in fiction's veil:¹
 Nor love them less, that o'er the hill
 The evening breeze, as now, comes chill;—
 My love shall wrap her warm,
 And, fearless of the slippery way,
 While safe she trips the heathy brae,
 Shall hang on Arthur's arm.

THE END OF TRIERMAIN.²

¹ [The MS. has not this couplet.]

² ["The Bridal of Triermain is written in the style of Mr. Walter Scott; and if *in magnis voluisse sat est*, the author, whatever may be the merits of his work, has earned the meed at which he aspires. To attempt a *serious* imitation of the most popular living poet—and this imitation, not a short fragment, in which all his peculiarities might, with comparatively little difficulty, be concentrated—but a long and complete work, with plot, character, and machinery entirely new—and with no manner of resemblance, therefore, to a *parody* on any production of the original author;—this must be acknowledged an attempt of no timid daring."—*Edinburgh Magazine*, 1817.

"The fate of this work must depend on its own merits, for it is not borne up by any of the adventitious circumstances that frequently contribute to literary success. It is ushered into the world in the most modest guise; and the author, we believe, is entirely unknown. Should it fail altogether of a favourable reception, we shall be disposed to abate something of the indignation which we have occasionally expressed against the extravagant gaudiness of modern publications,

and imagine that there are readers whose suffrages are not to be obtained by a work without a name.

“The merit of the *Bridal of Triermain*, in our estimation, consists in its perfect simplicity, and in interweaving the refinement of modern times with the peculiarities of the ancient metrical romance, which are in no respect violated. In point of interest, the first and second cantos are superior to the third. One event naturally arises out of that which precedes it, and the eye is delighted and dazzled with a series of moving pictures, each of them remarkable for its individual splendour, and all contributing more or less directly to produce the ultimate result. The third canto is less profuse of incident, and somewhat more monotonous in its effect. This, we conceive, will be the impression on the first perusal of the poem. When we have leisure to mark the merits of the composition, and to separate them from the progress of the events, we are disposed to think that the extraordinary beauty of the description will nearly compensate for the defect we have already noticed.

“But it is not from the fable that an adequate notion of the merits of this singular work can be formed. We have already spoken of it as an imitation of Mr. Scott’s style of composition; and if we are compelled to make the general approbation more precise and specific, we should say, that if it be inferior in vigour to some of his productions, it equals, or surpasses them, in elegance and beauty; that it is more uniformly tender, and far less infected with the unnatural prodigies and coarsenesses of the earlier romancers. In estimating its merits, however, we should forget that it is offered as an imitation. The diction undoubtedly reminds us of a rhythm and cadence we have heard before; but the sentiments, descriptions, and characters, have qualities that are native and unborrowed.

“In his sentiments, the author has avoided the slight deficiency we ventured to ascribe to his prototype. The pictures of pure description are perpetually illuminated with reflections that bring out their colouring, and increase their moral effect; these reflections are suggested by the scene, produced without effort, and expressed with unaffected sim-

capacity. The descriptions are spirited and striking, possessing an airiness suited to the mythology and manners of the times, though restrained by correct taste. Among the characters, many of which are such as we expect to find in this department of poetry, it is impossible not to distinguish that of Arthur, in which, identifying himself with his original, the author has contrived to unite the valour of the hero, the courtesy and dignity of the monarch, and the amiable weaknesses of any ordinary mortal, and thus to present to us the express lineaments of the flower of chivalry."—*Quarterly Review*, 1813.

“ With regard to this poem, we have often heard, from what may be deemed good authority, a very curious anecdote, which we shall give merely as such, without vouching for the truth of it. When the article entitled, ‘ The Inferno of Altisidora,’ appeared in the Edinburgh Annual Register for 1809, it will be remembered that the last fragment contained in that singular production, is the beginning of the romance of Triermain. Report says, that the fragment *was not meant to be an imitation of Scott, but of Coleridge*; and that, for this purpose, the author borrowed both the name of the hero and the scene from the then unpublished poem of Christabelle: and further, that so few had ever seen the manuscript of that poem, that amongst these few the author of Triermain could not be mistaken. Be that as it may, it is well known, that on the appearance of this fragment in the Annual Register, it was universally taken for an imitation of Walter Scott, and never once of Coleridge. The author perceiving this, and that the poem was well received, instantly set about drawing it out into a regular and finished work; for shortly after it was announced in the papers, and continued to be so for three long years: the author, as may be supposed, having, during that period, his hands occasionally occupied with heavier metal. In 1813, the poem was at last produced, avowedly and manifestly as an imitation of Mr Scott; and it may easily be observed, that from the 27th page onward, it becomes much more decidedly like the manner of that poet, than it is in the preceding part which was published in the Register, and which, undoubtedly

does bear some similarity to Coleridge in the poetry, and more especially in the rhythm, as, *e. g.*—

‘Harpers must lull him to his rest,
With the slow tunes he loves the best,
Till sleep sink down upon his breast,
Like the dew on a summer hill.’

‘It was the dawn of an autumn day;
The sun was struggling with frost-fog gray.
That, like a silvery crape, was spread
Round Skiddaw’s dim and distant head.’

—— ‘What time, or where
Did she pass, that maid with the heavenly brow,
With her look so sweet, and her eyes so fair,
And her graceful step, and her angel air,
And the eagle-plume on her dark-brown hair,
That pass’d from my bower e’en now?’

Although it fell as faint and shy
As bashful maiden’s half-form’d sigh,
When she thinks her lover near.’

‘And light they fell, as when earth receives,
In morn of frost, the wither’d leaves,
That drop when no winds blow.’

‘Or if ’twas but an airy thing,
Such as fantastic slumbers bring,
Framed from the rainbow’s varying dyes,
Or fading tints of western skies.’

“These, it will be seen, are not exactly Coleridge, but they are precisely such an imitation of Coleridge as, we conceive another poet of our acquaintance would write: on that ground we are inclined to give some credit to the anecdote here related, and from it we leave our readers to guess, as we have done, who is the author of the poem.”—*Blackwood’s Magazine*. April, 1817.

APPENDIX

TO THE

BRIDAL OF TRIERMAIN.

NOTE A

———*the Baron of Triermain.*—P. 20.

THIS branch of Vaux, with its collateral alliances, is now represented by the family of Braddyl of Conishead Priory, in the county palatine of Lancaster; for it appears that about the time above mentioned, the house of Triermain was united to its kindred family Vaux of Caterlen, and, by marriage with the heiress of Delamore and Leybourne, became the representative of those ancient and noble families. The male line failing in John de Vaux, about the year 1665, his daughter and heiress, Mabel, married Christopher Richmond, Esq. of Highhead Castle, in the county of Cumberland, descended from an ancient family of that name, Lords of Corby Castle, in the same county, soon after the Conquest, and which they alienated about the 15th of Edward the Second, to Andrea de Harcla, Earl of Carlisle. Of this family was Sir Thomas de Raigemont, (*miles auratus*.) in the reign of King Ed-

ward the First, who appears to have greatly distinguished himself at the siege of Kaerlaveroc, with William, Baron of Leybourne. In an ancient heraldic poem, now extant, and preserved in the British Museum, describing that siege,¹ his arms are stated to be, Or, 2 Bars Gemelles Gules, and a Chief Or, the same borne by his descendants at the present day. The Richmonds removed to their Castle of Highhead in the reign of Henry the Eighth, when the then representative of the family married Margaret, daughter of Sir Hugh Lowther, by the Lady Dorothy de Clifford, only child by a second marriage of Henry Lord Clifford, great grandson of John Lord Clifford by Elizabeth Percy, daughter of Henry (surnamed Hotspur) by Elizabeth Mortimer, which said Elizabeth was daughter of Edward Mortimer, third Earl of Marche, by Philippa, sole daughter and heiress of Lionel, Duke of Clarence.

The third in descent from the above-mentioned John Richmond, became the representative of the families of Vaux, of Triermain, Caterlen, and Torcrossock, by his marriage with Mabel de Vaux, the heiress of them. His grandson Henry Richmond died without issue, leaving five sisters coheiresses, four of whom married; but Margaret, who married William Gale, Esq. of Whitehaven, was the only one who had male issue surviving. She had a son, and a daughter married to Henry Curwen of Workington, Esq., who represented the county of Cumberland for many years in Parliament, and by her had a daughter, married to

¹ [This poem has been recently edited by Sir Nicolas Harris Nicholas, 1833.]

John Christian, Esq. (now Curwen.) John, son and heir of William Gale, married Sarah, daughter and heiress of Christopher Wilson of Bardsea Hall, in the county of Lancaster, by Margaret, aunt and coheir of Thomas Braddyl, Esq. of Braddyl, and Conishead Priory, in the same county, and had issue four sons and two daughters. 1st, William Wilson, died an infant; 2d, Wilson, who upon the death of his cousin, Thomas Braddyl, without issue, succeeded to his estates, and took the name of Braddyl, in pursuance of his will, by the King's sign-manual; 3d. William, died young; and, 4th, Henry Richmond, a lieutenant-general of the army, married Sarah, daughter of the Rev. R. Baldwin; Margaret married Richard Greaves Townley, Esq. of Fulbourne, in the county of Cambridge, and of Bellfield, in the county of Lancaster; Sarah married to George Bigland of Bigland Hall, in the same county. Wilson Braddyl, eldest son of John Gale, and grandson of Margaret Richmond, married Jane, daughter and heiress of Matthias Gale, Esq. of Catgill Hall, in the county of Cumberland, by Jane, daughter and heiress of the Rev. S. Bennet, D. D.; and, as the eldest surviving male branch of the families above mentioned, he quarters, in addition to his own, their paternal coats in the following order, as appears by the records in the College of Arms. 1st, Argent, a fess azure, between 3 saltiers of the same, charged with an anchor between 2 lions' heads erased, or,—Gale. 2d, Or, 2 bars gemelles gules, and a chief or,—Richmond. 3d, Or, a fess chequy, or and gules between 9 gerbes gules,—Vaux of Caterlen. 4th, Gules, a fess chequy, or and gules between 6 gerbes or,—Vaux of Torcrossock. 5th, Argent, (not vert, as stated by Burn,) a bend chequy, or and gules, for Vaux of Triermain.

6th, Gules, a cross patonce, or, Delamore. 7th, Gules, 6 lions rampant argent, 3, 2, and 1, Leybourne. — This more detailed genealogy of the family of Triermain was obligingly sent to the author, by Major Braddyll of Conishead Priory.

END OF APPENDIX TO TRIERMAIN.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS. 1816.

[“Upon another occasion,” says Sir Walter, “I sent up another of these trifles, which, like schoolboys’ kites, served to show how the wind of popular taste was setting. The manner was supposed to be that of a rude minstrel, or Scald, in opposition to the ‘Bridal of Triermain,’ which was designed to belong rather to the Italian school. This new fugitive piece was called ‘Harold the Dauntless;’ and I am still astonished at my having committed the gross error of selecting the very name which Lord Byron had made so famous. It encountered rather an odd fate. My ingenious friend, Mr James Hogg, had published, about the same time, a work called the ‘Poetic Mirror,’ containing imitations of the principal living poets. There was in it a very good imitation of my own style, which bore such a resemblance to ‘Harold the Dauntless,’ that there was no discovering the original from the imitation; and I believe that many who took the trouble of thinking upon the subject, were rather of opinion that my ingenious friend was the true and not the fictitious Simon Pure.”—INTRODUCTION TO THE LORD OF THE ISLES. 1830.]

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is a mood of mind we all have known,
On drowsy eve, or dark and low'ring day,
When the tired spirits lose their sprightly tone,
And nought can chase the lingering hours away.
Dull on our soul falls Fancy's dazzling ray,
And wisdom holds his steadier torch in vain,
Obscured the painting seems, mistuned the lay,
Nor dare we of our listless load complain,
For who for sympathy may seek that cannot tell
of pain?

The jolly sportsman knows such drearihood,
When bursts in deluge the autumnal rain,
Clouding that morn which threatens the heath-
cock's brood ;
Of such, in summer's drought, the anglers plain,
Who hope the soft mild southern shower in vain ;
But, more than all, the discontented fair,
Whom father stern, and sterner aunt, restrain

From county-ball, or race occurring rare,
While all her friends around their vestments gay
prepare.

Ennui!—or, as our mothers call'd thee, Spleen!
To thee we owe full many a rare device;—
Thine is the sheaf of painted cards, I ween,
The rolling billiard-ball, the rattling dice,
The turning-lathe for framing gimcrack nice;
'The amateur's blotch'd pallet thou mayst claim,
Retort, and air-pump, threatening frogs and mice,
(Murders disguised by philosophic name,)
And much of trifling grave, and much of buxom
game.

Then of the books, to catch thy drowsy glance
Compiled, what bard the catalogue may quote!
Plays, poems, novels, never read but once;—
But not of such the tale fair Edgeworth wrote,
That bears thy name, and is thine antidote;
And not of such the strain my Thomson sung,
Delicious dreams inspiring by his note,
What time to Indolence his harp he strung;—
Oh! might my lay be rank'd that happier list
among!¹

¹ [The dry humour, and sort of half Spenserian cast of these, as well as all the other introductory stanzas in the poem, we think excellent, and scarcely outdone by any thing of the kind we know of; and there are few parts, taken separately, that have not something attractive to the lover of

Each hath his refuge whom thy cares assail.
 For me, I love my study-fire to trim,
 And con right vacantly some idle tale,
 Displaying on the couch each listless limb,
 Till on the drowsy page the lights grow dim,
 And doubtful slumber half supplies the theme
 While antique shapes of knight and giant grim,
 Damsel and dwarf, in long procession gleam,
 And the Romancer's tale becomes the Reader's
 dream.

'Tis thus my malady I well may bear,
 Albeit outstretch'd, like Pope's own Paridel,
 Upon the rack of a too-easy chair ;
 And find, to cheat the time, a powerful spell
 In old romaunts of errantry that tell,
 Or later legends of the Fairy-folk,
 Or Oriental tale of Afrite fell,
 Of Genii, Talisman, and broad-wing'd Roc,
 Though taste may blush and frown, and sober
 reason mock.

Oft at such season, too, will rhymes unsought
 Arrange themselves in some romantic lay ;
 The which, as things unfitting graver thought,
 Are burnt or blotted on some wiser day.—

natural poetry,—while any one page will show *how extremely like it is to the manner of Scott.*—*Blackwood's Magazine*, 1817.]

These few survive—and proudly let me say,
Court not the critic's smile, nor dread his frown ;
They well may serve to while an hour away,
Nor does the volume ask for more renown,
Than Ennui's yawning smile. what time she drops
it down.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

LIST to the valorous deeds that were done
By Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son!

Count Witikind came of a regal strain,
And roved with his Norsemen the land and the
main.

Woe to the realms which he coasted! for there
Was shedding of blood, and rending of hair,
Rape of maiden, and slaughter of priest,
Gathering of ravens and wolves to the feast:
When he hoisted his standard black,
Before him was battle, behind him wrack,
And he burn'd the churches, that heathen Dane,
To light his band to their barks again.

II.

On Erin's shores was his outrage known,
The winds of France had his banners blown;

Little was there to plunder, yet still
His pirates had foray'd on Scottish hill :
But upon merry England's coast
More frequent he sail'd, for he won the most.
So wide and so far his ravage they knew,
If a sail but gleam'd white 'gainst the welkin blue,
Trumpet and bugle to arms did call,
Burghers hasten'd to man the wall,
Peasants fled inland his fury to 'scape,
Beacons were lighted on headland and cape,
Bells were toll'd out, and aye as they rung,
Fearful and faintly the grey brothers sung,
" Bless us, St. Mary, from flood and from fire,
From famine and pest, and Count Witikind's
ire ! "

III.

He liked the wealth of fair England so well,
That he sought in her bosom as native to dwell.
He enter'd the Humber in fearful hour,
And disembark'd with his Danish power.
Three Earls came against him with all their
train,—
Two hath he taken, and one hath he slain.
Count Witikind left the Humber's rich strand,
And he wasted and warr'd in Northumberland.
But the Saxon King was a sire in age,
Weak in battle, in council sage ;
Peace of that heathen leader he sought,
Gifts he gave, and quiet he bought ;

And the Count took upon him the peaceable style
Of a vassal and liegeman of Britain's broad isle.

IV.

Time will rust the sharpest sword,
Time will consume the strongest cord
That which moulders hemp and steel,
Mortal arm and nerve must feel.
Of the Danish band, whom Count Witikind led,
Many wax'd aged, and many were dead :
Himself found his armour full weighty to bear,
Wrinkled his brows grew, and hoary his hair ;
He lean'd on a staff, when his step went abroad,
And patient his palfrey, when steed he bestrode.
As he grew feebler, his wildness ceased,
He made himself peace, with prelate and priest ;
Made his peace, and, stooping his head,
Patiently listed the counsel they said :
Saint Cuthbert's Bishop was holy and grave,
Wise and good was the counsel he gave.

V.

“Thou hast murder'd, robb'd, and spoil'd,
Time it is thy poor soul were assoil'd ;
Priests did'st thou slay, and churches burn,
Time it is now to repentance to turn ;
Fiends hast thou worshipp'd, with fiendish rite,
Leave now the darkness, and wend into light :
O, while life and space are given,
Turn thee yet, and think of Heaven !”

That stern old heathen his head he raised,
And on the good prelate he steadfastly gazed ;
“ Give me broad lands on the Wear and the Tyne,
My faith I will leave, and I'll cleave unto thine.”

VI.

Broad lands he gave him on Tyne and Wear,
To be held of the church by bridle and spear ;
Part of Monkwearmouth, of Tynedale part,
To better his will, and to soften his heart :
Count Witikind was a joyful man,
Less for the faith than the lands that he wan.
The high church of Durham is dress'd for the day,
The clergy are rank'd in their solemn array :
There came the Count, in a bear-skin warm,
Leaning on Hilda his concubine's arm.
He kneel'd before Saint Cuthbert's shrine,
With patience unwonted at rites divine ;
He abjured the gods of heathen race,
And he bent his head at the font of grace.
But such was the grisly old proselyte's look,
That the priest who baptized him grew pale and
shook ;
And the old monks mutter'd beneath their hood,
“ Of a stem so stubborn can never spring good !”

VII.

Up then arose that grim convertite,
Homeward he hied him when ended the rite ;
The prelate in honour will with him ride,
And feast in his castle on Tyne's fair side.

Banners and banderols danced in the wind,
 Monks rode before them, and spearmen behind ;
 Onward they pass'd, till fairly did shine
 Pennon and cross on the bosom of Tyne ;
 And full in front did that fortress lour,
 In darksome strength with its buttress and tower
 At the castle gate was young Harold there,
 Count Witikind's only offspring and heir.

VIII.

Young Harold was fear'd for his hardihood,
 His strength of frame, and his fury of mood.
 Rude he was and wild to behold,
 Wore neither collar nor bracelet of gold,
 Cap of vair nor rich array,
 Such as should grace that festal day :
 His doublet of bull's hide was all unbraced,
 Uncover'd his head, and his sandal unlaced :
 His shaggy black locks on his brow hung low,
 And his eyes glanced through them a swarthy
 glow ;
 A Danish club in his hand he bore,
 The spikes were clotted with recent gore ;
 At his back a she-wolf, and her wolf-cubs twain,
 In the dangerous chase that morning slain.
 Rude was the greeting his father he made,
 None to the Bishop,—while thus he said :—

IX.

* What priest-led hypocrite art thou,
 With thy humbled look and thy monkish brow,

Like a shaveling who studies to cheat his vow?
Cans't thou be Witikind the Waster known,
Royal Eric's fearless son,
Haughty Gunhilda's haughtier lord,
Who won his bride by the axe and sword;
From the shrine of St. Peter the chalice who
tore,
And melted to bracelets for Freya and Thor;
With one blow of his gauntlet who burst the
skull,
Before Odin's stone, of the Mountain Bull?
Then ye worshipp'd with rites that to war-gods
belong,
With the deed of the brave, and the blow of the
strong;
And now, in thine age to dotage sunk,
Wilt thou patter thy crimes to a shaven monk,—
Lay down thy mail-shirt for clothing of hair,—
Fasting and scourge, like a slave, wilt thou bear?
Or, at best, be admitted in slothful bower
To batten with priest and with paramour?
Oh! out upon thine endless shame!
Each Scald's high harp shall blast thy fame,
And thy son will refuse thee a father's name!"

x.

Ireful wax'd old Witikind's look,
His faltering voice with fury shook;—
"Hear me, Harold of harden'd heart!
Stubborn and wilful ever thou wert.

Thine outrage insane I command thee to cease,
 Fear my wrath and remain at peace :—
 Just is the debt of repentance I've paid,
 Richly the church has a recompense made,
 And the truth of her doctrines I prove with my
 blade.

But reckoning to none of my actions I owe,
 And least to my son such accounting will show.
 Why speak I to thee of repentance or truth,
 Who ne'er from thy childhood knew reason or
 ruth?

Hence ! to the wolf and the bear in her den ;
 These are thy mates, and not rational men."

XI.

Grimly smiled Harold, and coldly replied,
 " We must honour our sires, if we fear when
 they chide.

For me, I am yet what thy lessons have made,
 I was rocked in a buckler and fed from a blade ;
 An infant, was taught to clasp hands and to shout,
 From the roofs of the tower when the flame had
 broke out ;

In the blood of slain foemen my finger to dip,
 And tinge with its purple my cheek and my lip.—
 'Tis thou know'st not truth, that hast barter'd it
 eld,

For a price, the brave faith that thine ancestors
 held.

When this wolf,"—and the carcass he flung on
 the plain,—

“ Shall awake and give food to her nurslings
again,
The face of his father will Harold review ;
Till then, aged Heathen, young Christian, adieu ! ”

XII.

Priest, monk, and prelate, stood aghast,
As through the pageant the heathen pass'd.
A cross-bearer out of his saddle he flung,
Laid his hand on the pommel, and into it sprung.
Loud was the shriek, and deep the groan,
When the holy sign on the earth was thrown !
The fierce old Count unsheathed his brand,
But the calmer Prelate stay'd his hand.
“ Let him pass free !—Heaven knows its hour.—
But he must own repentance's power,
Pray and weep, and penance bear,
Ere he hold land by the Tyne and the Wear.”
Thus in scorn and in wrath from his father is
gone
Young Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's
son.

XIII.

High was the feasting in Witikind's hall,
Revell'd priests, soldiers, and pagans, and all ;
And e'en the good Bishop was fain to endure
The scandal, which time and instruction might
cure :
It were dangerous, he deem'd, at the first to
restrain,

In his wine and his wassail, a half-christen'd Dane.
The mead flow'd around, and the ale was drain'd
dry,
Wild was the laughter, the song, and the cry ;
With Kyrie Eleison, came clamorously in
The war-songs of Danesmen, Norweyan, and
Finn,
Till man after man the contention gave o'er,
Outstretch'd on the rushes that strew'd the hall
floor ;
And the tempest within, having ceased its wild
rout,
Gave place to the tempest that thunder'd without.

XIV.

Apart from the wassail, in turret alone,
Lay flaxen-hair'd Gunnar, old Ermengarde's son ;
In the train of Lord Harold that Page was the
first,
For Harold in childhood had Ermengarde nursed ;
And grieved was young Gunnar his master should
roam,
Unhoused and unfriended, an exile from home.
He heard the deep thunder, the plashing of rain,
He saw the red lightning through shot-hole and
pane ;
"And oh!" said the Page, "on the shelterless
wold
Lord Harold is wandering in darkness and cold !
What though he was stubborn, and wayward and
wild,

He endured me because I was Ermengarde's
child,

And often from dawn till the set of the sun,
In the chase, by his stirrup, unbidden I run ;
I would I were older, and knighthood could bear,
I would soon quit the banks of the Tyne and the
Wear :

For my mother's command, with her last parting
breath,

Bade me follow her nursling in life and to death.

XV.

"It pours and it thunders, it lightens amain,
As if Lok, the Destroyer, had burst from his chain ;
Accursed by the church, and expell'd by his sire,
Nor Christian nor Dane give him shelter or fire,
And this tempest what mortal may houseless en-
dure ?

Unaided, unmantled, he dies on the moor !

Whate'er comes of Gunnar, he tarries not here."

He leapt from his couch and he grasp'd to his
spear ;

Sought the hall of the feast. Undisturb'd by his
tread,

The wassailers slept fast as the sleep of the dead :

"Ungrateful and bestial !" his anger broke forth,

"To forget 'mid your goblets the pride of the
North !

And you, ye cowl'd priests, who have plenty in
store,

Must give Gunnar for ransom a palfrey and ore.'

XVI.

Then heeding full little of ban or of curse,
He has seized on the Prior of Jorvaux's purse :
Saint Meneholt's Abbot next morning has miss'd
His mantle, deep furr'd from the cape to the wrist :
The Seneschal's keys from his belt he has ta'en,
(Well drench'd on that eve was old Hildebrand's
brain.)

To the stable-yard he made his way,
And mounted the Bishop's palfrey gay,
Castle and hamlet behind him has cast,
And right on his way to the moorland has pass'd.
Sore snorted the palfrey, unused to face
A weather so wild at so rash a pace ;
So long he snorted, so loud he neigh'd,
There answer'd a steed that was bound beside,
And the red flash of lightning show'd there where
lay
His master, Lord Harold, outstretch'd on the clay.

XVII.

Up he started, and thunder'd out, "Stand!"
And raised the club in his deadly hand.
The flaxen-hair'd Gunnar his purpose told,
Show'd the palfrey and proffer'd the gold.
"Back, back, and home, thou simple boy'
Thou canst not share my grief or joy :
Have I not mark'd thee wail and cry
When thou hast seen a sparrow die ?
And canst thou, as my follower should,

Wade ankle-deep through foeman's blood,
Dare mortal and immortal foe,
The gods above, the fiends below,
And man on earth, more hateful still,
The very fountain-head of ill?
Desperate of life, and careless of death,
Lover of bloodshed, and slaughter, and scathe,
Such must thou be with me to roam,
And such thou canst not be—back, and home!"

XVIII.

Young Gunnar shook like an aspen bough,
As he heard the harsh voice and beheld the dark
brow,
And half he repented his purpose and vow.
But now to draw back were bootless shame,
And he loved his master, so urged his claim:
"Alas! if my arm and my courage be weak,
Bear with me awhile for old Ermengarde's sake;
Nor deem so lightly of Gunnar's faith,
As to fear he would break it for peril of death.
Have I not risk'd it to fetch thee this gold,
This surcoat and mantle to fence thee from cold?
And, did I bear a baser mind,
What lot remains if I stay behind?
The priests' revenge, thy father's wrath,
A dungeon, and a shameful death"

XIX.

With gentler look Lord Harold eyed
The Page, then turn'd his head aside;

And either a tear did his eyelash stain,
 Or it caught a drop of the passing rain.
 "Art thou an outcast, then?" quoth he;
 "The meeter page to follow me."
 'Twere bootless to tell what climes they sought,
 Ventures achieved, and battles fought;
 How oft with few, how oft alone,
 Fierce Harold's arm the field hath won.
 Men swore his eye, that flash'd so red
 When each other glance was quench'd with dread,
 Bore oft a light of deadly flame,
 That ne'er from mortal courage came.
 Those limbs so strong, that mood so stern,
 That loved the couch of heath and fern,
 Afar from hamlet, tower, and town,
 More than to rest on driven down;
 That stubborn frame, that sullen mood,
 Men deem'd must come of aught but good;
 And they whisper'd, the great Master Fiend was
 at one
 With Harold the Dauntless, Count Witikind's son.

XX.

Years after years had gone and fled,
 The good old Prelate lies lapp'd in lead;
 In the chapel still is shown
 His sculptured form on a marble stone,
 With staff and ring and scapulaire,
 And folded hands in the act of prayer.
 Saint Cuthbert's mitre is resting now
 On the haughty Saxon, bold Aldingar's brow;

The power of his crozier he loved to extend
O'er whatever would break, or whatever would
bend;

And now hath he clothed him in cope and in pall,
And the Chapter of Durham has met at his call.
"And hear ye not, brethren," the proud Bishop said,
"That our vassal, the Danish Count Witikind's
dead?"

All his gold and his goods hath he given
To holy church for the love of heaven,
And hath founded a chantry with stipend and
dole,
That priests and that beadsmen may pray for his
soul:

Harold his son is wandering abroad,
Dreaded by man and abhorr'd by God;
Meet it is not, that such should heir
The lands of the church on the Tyne and the
Wear,
And at her pleasure, her hallow'd hands
May now resume these wealthy lands."

XXI.

Answer'd good Eustace,¹ a canon old,—
"Harold is tameless, and furious, and bold;

¹ ["It may be worthy of notice, that in Harold the Dauntless there is a wise and good Eustace, as in the Monastery, and a Prior of Jorvaux, who is robbed (*ante*, stanza *xvi.*) as in *Ivanhoe*."]—ADOLPHUS'S *Letters on the Author of Waverley*, 1822, p. 281.]

Ever Renown blows a note of fame,
And a note of fear, when she sounds his name:
Much of bloodshed and much of scathe
Have been their lot who have waked his wrath.
Leave him these lands and lordships still,
Heaven in its hour may change his will;
But if left of gold, and of living bare,
An evil counsellor is despair.”
More had he said, but the Prelate frown'd,
And murmur'd his brethren who sate around,
And with one consent have they given their doom,
That the church should the lands of Saint Cuth-
bert resume.
So will'd the Prelate; and canon and dean
Gave to his judgment their loud amen.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO SECOND.

I.

'Tis merry in greenwood,—thus runs the old lay,—
In the gladsome month of lively May,
When the wild birds' song on stem and spray
 Invites to forest bower ;
Then rears the ash his airy crest,
Then shines the birch in silver vest,
And the beech in glistening leaves is drest,
And dark between shows the oak's proud breast,
 Like a chieftain's frowning tower ;
Though a thousand branches join their screen,
Yet the broken sunbeams glance between.
And tip the leaves with lighter green,
 With brighter tints the flower :
Dull is the heart that loves not then
The deep recess of the wildwood glen,
Where roe and red-deer find sheltering den,
 When the sun is in his power.

II.

Less merry, perchance, is the fading leaf
 That follows so soon on the gather'd sheaf,
 When the greenwood loses the name;
 Silent is then the forest bound,
 Save the redbreast's note, and the rustling sound
 Of frost-nipt leaves that are dropping round,
 Or the deep-mouth'd cry of the distant hound
 That opens on his game:
 Yet then, too, I love the forest wide,
 Whether the sun in splendour ride,
 And gild its many-colour'd side,
 Or whether the soft and silvery haze,
 In vapoury folds, o'er the landscape strays,
 And half involves the woodland maze,
 Like an early widow's veil,
 Where wimpling tissue from the gaze
 The form half hides, and half betrays,
 Of beauty wan and pale.

III.

Fair Metelill was a woodland maid,
 Her father a rover of greenwood shade,
 By forest statutes undismay'd,
 Who lived by bow and quiver;
 Well known was Wulfstane's archery,
 By merry Tyne both on moor and lea,
 Through wooded Weardale's glens so free,
 Well beside Stanhope's wildwood tree,
 And well on Ganlesse river.

Yet free though he trespass'd on woodland game,
More known and more fear'd was the wizard
fame

Of Jutta of Rookhope, the Outlaw's dame ;
Fear'd when she frown'd was her eye of flame,
More fear'd when in wrath she laugh'd ;

For then, 'twas said, more fatal true
To its dread aim her spell-glance flew,
Than when from Wulfstane's bended yew
Sprung forth the grey-goose shaft.

IV.

Yet had this fierce and dreaded pair,
So Heaven decreed, a daughter fair ;
None brighter crown'd the bed,
In Britain's bounds, of peer or prince,
Nor hath perchance a lovelier since
In this fair isle been bred.

And nought of fraud, or ire, or ill,
Was known to gentle Metelill,—

A simple maiden she ;
The spells in dimpled smile that lie,
And a downcast blush, and the darts that fly
With the sidelong glance of a hazel eye,
Were her arms and witchery.

So young, so simple was she yet,
She scarce could childhood's joys forget,
And still she loved, in secret set

Beneath the greenwood tree,
To plait the rushy coronet,

And braid with flowers her locks of jet,
As when in infancy ;—
Yet could that heart, so simple, prove
The early dawn of stealing love :
Ah ! gentle maid, beware !
The power who, now so mild a guest,
Gives dangerous yet delicious zest
To the calm pleasures of thy breast,
Will soon, a tyrant o'er the rest,
Let none his empire share.

V.

One morn, in kirtle green array'd,
Deep in the wood the maiden stray'd,
And, where a fountain sprung,
She sate her down, unseen, to thread
The scarlet berry's mimic braid,
And while the beads she strung,
Like the blithe lark, whose carol gay
Gives a good-morrow to the day,
So lightsomely she sung.

VI.

SONG.

“ LORD WILLIAM was born in gilded bower,
The heir of Wilton's lofty tower ;
Yet better loves Lord William now
To roam beneath wild Rookhope's brow :
And William has lived where ladies fair
With gawds and jewels deck their hair,

Yet better loves the dewdrops still
That pearl the locks of Metelill.

“ The pious Palmer loves, I wis,
Saint Cuthbert’s hallow’d beads to kiss ;
But I, though simple girl I be,
Might have such homage paid to me ;
For did Lord William see me suit
This necklace of the bramble’s fruit,
He fain—but must not have his will—
Would kiss the beads of Metelill.

“ My nurse has told me many a tale,
How vows of love are weak and frail ;
My mother says that courtly youth
By rustic maid means seldom sooth.
What should they mean ? it cannot be,
That such a warning’s meant for me,
For nought—oh ! nought of fraud or ill
Can William mean to Metelill ! ”

VII.

Sudden she stops—and starts to feel
A weighty hand, a glove of steel,
Upon her shrinking shoulders laid ;
Fearful she turn’d, and saw, dismay’d,
A Knight in plate and mail array’d,
His crest and bearing worn and fray’d
His surcoat soil’d and riven,
Form’d like that giant race of yore,

Whose long-continued crimes outwore
 The sufferance of Heaven.
 Stern accents made his pleasure known,
 Though then he used his gentlest tone :
 " Maiden," he said, " sing forth thy glee.
 Start not—sing on—it pleases me."

VIII.

Secured within his powerful hold,
 To bend her knee, her hands to fold,
 Was all the maiden might ;
 And " Oh ! forgive," she faintly said,
 ' The terrors of a simple maid,
 If thou art mortal wight !
 But if—of such strange tales are told,—
 Unearthly warrior of the wold,
 Thou comest to chide mine accents bold,
 My mother, Jutta, knows the spell,
 At noon and midnight pleasing well
 The disembodied ear ;
 Oh ! let her powerful charms atone
 For aught my rashness may have done,
 And cease thy grasp of fear."
 Then laughed the Knight—his laughter's sound
 Half in the hollow helmet drown'd ;
 His barred visor then he raised,
 And steady on the maiden gazed.
 He smooth'd his brows, as best he might,
 ' To the dread calm of autumn night,
 When sinks the tempest roar ;

Yet still the cautious fishers eye
The clouds, and fear the gloomy sky,
And haul their barks on shore.

IX.

"Damsel," he said, "be wise and learn
Matters of weight and deep concern :
From distant realms I come,
And, wanderer long, at length have plann'd
In this my native Northern land
To seek myself a home.
Nor that alone—a mate I seek ;
She must be gentle, soft, and meek,—
No lordly dame for me ;
Myself am something rough of mood,
And feel the fire of royal blood,
And therefore do not hold it good
To match in my degree.
Then, since coy maidens say my face
Is harsh, my form devoid of grace,
For a fair lineage to provide,
'Tis meet that my selected bride
In lineaments be fair ;
I love thine well—till now I ne'er
Look'd patient on a face of fear,
But now that tremulous sob and tear
Become thy beauty rare.
One kiss—nay, damsel, coy it not!--
And now go seek thy parents' cot,
And say, a bridegroom soon I come,
To woo my love, and bear her home."

X.

Home sprung the maid without a pause,
 As leveret 'scaped from greyhound's jaws ;
 But still she lock'd, howe'er distress'd,
 The secret in her boding breast ;
 Dreading her sire, who oft forbade
 Her steps should stray to distant glade.
 Night came—to her accustom'd nook
 Her distaff aged Jutta took,
 And by the lamp's imperfect glow,
 Rough Wulfstane trimm'd his shafts and bow.
 Sudden and clamorous, from the ground
 Upstart'd slumbering brach and hound ;
 Loud knocking next the lodge alarms,
 And Wulfstane snatches at his arms,
 When open flew the yielding door,
 And that grim Warrior press'd the floor.

XI.

“ All peace be here—What ! none replies ?
 Dismiss your fears and your surprise.
 'Tis I—that Maid hath told my tale,—
 Or, trembler, did thy courage fail ?
 It recks not—it is I demand
 Fair Metelill in marriage band ;
 Harold the Dauntless I, whose name
 Is brave men's boast and caitiff's shame.”
 The parents sought each other's eyes,
 With awe, resentment, and surprise :
 Wulfstane, to quarrel prompt, began

The stranger's size and thewes to scan;
But as he scann'd, his courage sunk,
And from unequal strife he shrunk,
Then forth, to blight and blemish, flies
The harmful curse from Jutta's eyes;
Yet, fatal howsoe'er, the spell
On Harold innocently fell!
And disappointment and amaze
Were in the witch's wilder'd gaze.

XII.

But soon the wit of woman woke,
And to the Warrior mild she spoke:
"Her child was all too young."—"A toy,
The refuge of a maiden coy."—
Again, "A powerful baron's heir
Claims in her heart an interest fair."—
"A trifle—whisper in his ear,
That Harold is a suitor here!"—
Baffled at length she sought delay:
"Would not the Knight till morning stay?
Late was the hour—he there might rest
Till morn, their lodge's honour'd guest."
Such were her words,—her craft might cast,
Her honour'd guest should sleep his last:
"No, not to-night—but soon," he swore,
"He would return, nor leave them more."
The threshold then his huge stride crost,
And soon he was in darkness lost.

XIII.

Appall'd awnile the parents stood,
Then changed their fear to angry mood,
And foremost fell their words of ill
On unresisting Metelill :
Was she not caution'd and forbid,
Forewarn'd, implored, accused, and chid,
And must she still to greenwood roam,
To marshal such misfortune home ?
“ Hence, minion—to thy chamber hence—
There prudence learn, and penitence.”
She went—her lonely couch to steep
In tears which absent lovers weep ;
Or if she gain'd a troubled sleep,
Fierce Harold's suit was still the theme
And terror of her feverish dream.

XIV.

Scarce was she gone, her dame and sire
Upon each other bent their ire ;
“ A woodsman thou, and hast a spear,
And couldst thou such an insult bear ?”
Sullen he said, “ A man contends
With men, a witch with sprites and fiends ;
Not to mere mortal wight belong
Yon gloomy brow and frame so strong.
But thou—is this thy promise fair,
That your Lord William, wealthy heir
To Ulrick, Baron of Witton-le-Wear,
Should Metelill to altar bear ?

Do all the spells thou boast'st as thine
Serve but to slay some peasant's kine,
His grain in autumn's storms to steep,
Or thorough fog and fen to sweep,
And hag-ride some poor rustic's sleep ?
Is such mean mischief worth the fame
Of sorceress and witch's name ?
Fame, which with all men's wish conspires,
With thy deserts and my desires,
To damn thy corpse to penal fires ?
Out on thee, witch ! aroint ! aroint !
What now shall put thy schemes in joint ?
What save this trusty arrow's point,
From the dark dingle when it flies,
And he who meets it gasps and dies."

XV.

Stern she replied, "I will not wage
War with thy folly or thy rage ;
But ere the morrow's sun be low,
Wulfstane of Rookhope, thou shalt know,
If I can venge me on a foe.
Believe the while, that whatsoe'er
I spoke, in ire, of bow and spear,
It is not Harold's destiny
The death of pilfer'd deer to die.
But he, and thou, and yon pale moon,
(That shall be yet more pallid soon,
Before she sink behind the dell.)
Thou, she, and Harold too, shall tell

What Jutta knows of charm or spell.”
Thus muttering, to the door she bent
Her wayward steps, and forth she went,
And left alone the moody sire,
To cherish or to slake his ire.

XVI.

Far faster than belong'd to age
Has Jutta made her pilgrimage.
A priest has met her as she pass'd,
And cross'd himself and stood aghast :
She traced a hamlet—not a cur
His throat would ope, his foot would stir ;
By crouch, by trembling, and by groan,
They made her hated presence known !
But when she trode the sable fell,
Were wilder sounds her way to tell,—
For far was heard the fox's yell,
The black-cock waked and faintly crew,
Scream'd o'er the moss the scared curlew :
Where o'er the cataract the oak
Lay slant, was heard the raven's croak ;
The mountain-cat, which sought his prey,
Glared, scream'd, and started from her way.
Such music cheer'd her journey lone
To the deep dell and rocking stone :
There, with unhallow'd hymn of praise,
She call'd a God of heathen days.

XVII.

INVOCATION.

“FROM thy Pomeranian throne,
Hewn in rock of living stone,
Where to thy godhead faithful yet,
Bend Esthonian, Finn, and Lett,
And their swords in vengeance whet,
That shall make thine altars wet,
Wet and red for ages more
With the Christians' hated gore,—
Hear me! Sovereign of the Rock,
Hear me! mighty Zerneck.

“Mightiest of the mighty known,
Here thy wonders have been shown;
Hundred tribes in various tongue
Oft have here thy praises sung;
Down that stone with Runic seam'd,
Hundred victims' blood hath stream'd!
Now one woman comes alone,
And but wets it with her own,
The last, the feeblest of thy flock,—
Hear—and be present, Zerneck!

“Hark! he comes! the night-blast cold
Wilder sweeps along the wold;
The cloudless moon grows dark and dim,
And bristling hair and quaking limb
Proclaim the Master Demon nigh,—

Those who view his form shall die !
 Lo ! I stoop and veil my head ;
 Thou who ridest the tempest dread,
 Shaking hill and rending oak—
 Spare me ! spare me ! Zernebock.

“ He comes not yet ! Shall cold delay
 Thy votaress at her need repay ?
 Thou—shall I call thee god or fiend ?—
 Let others on thy mood attend
 With prayer and ritual—Jutta’s arms
 Are necromantic words and charms ;
 Mine is the spell, that, utter’d once,
 Shall wake Thy Master from his trance,
 Shake his red mansion-house of pain,
 And burst his seven-times-twisted chain !—
 So ! com’st thou ere the spell is spoke ?
 I own thy presence, Zernebock.”—

XVIII.

“ Daughter of dust,” the Deep Voice said,
 —Shook while it spoke the vale for dread,
 Rock’d on the base that massive stone,
 The Evil Deity to own,—
 “ Daughter of dust ! not mine the power
 Thou seek’st on Harold’s fatal hour.
 ’ Twixt heaven and hell there is a strife
 Waged for his soul and for his life,
 And fain would we the combat win,
 And snatch him in his hour of sin.

There is a star now rising red,
That threatens him with an influence dread:
Women, thine arts of malice whet,
To use the space before it set.
Involve him with the church in strife,
Push on adventurous chance his life ;
Ourself will in the hour of need,
As best we may, thy counsels speed.”
So ceased the Voice ; for seven leagues round
Each hamlet started at the sound ;
But slept again, as slowly died
Its thunders on the hill’s brown side.

XIX.

“ And is this all,” said Jutta stern,
“ That thou canst teach and I can learn ?
Hence ! to the land of fog and waste,
There fittest is thine influence placed,
Thou powerless, sluggish Deity !
But ne’er shall Briton bend the knee
Again before so poor a god.”
She struck the altar with her rod ;
Slight was the touch, as when at need
A damsel stirs her tardy steed ;
But to the blow the stone gave place,
And, starting from its balanced base,
Roll’d thundering down the moonlight dell,—
Reëcho’d moorland, rock, and fell ;
Into the moonlight tarn it dash’d,
Their shores the sounding surges lash’d,

And there was ripple, rage, and foam ;
But on that lake, so dark and lone,
Placid and pale the moonbeam shone
As Jutta hied her home.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO THIRD.

I.

GREY towers of Durham! there was once a
time
I view'd your battlements with such vague
hope,
As brightens life in its first dawning prime;
Not that e'en then came within fancy's scope
A vision vain of mitre, throne, or cope;
Yet, gazing on the venerable hall,
Her flattering dreams would in perspective ope
Some reverend room, some prebendary's stall,—
And thus Hope me deceived as she deceiveth all.¹

¹ [In this stanza occurs one of many touches by which, in the introductory passages of *Harold the Dauntless*, as of *Triermain*, Sir Walter Scott betrays his half-purpose of identifying the author with his friend William Erskine. That gentleman, the son of an Episcopalian clergyman, a stanch

Well yet I love thy mix'd and massive piles,
 Half church of God, half castle 'gainst the
 Scot,
 And long to roam these venerable aisles,
 With records stored of deeds long since forgot;
 There might I share my Surtees'¹ happier
 lot,
 Who leaves at will his patrimonial field
 To ransack every crypt and hallow'd spot,
 And from oblivion rend the spoils they yield,
 Restoring priestly chant and clang of knightly
 shield.

Vain is the wish—since other cares demand
 Each vacant hour, and in another clime;
 But still that northern harp invites my hand,
 Which tells the wonder of thine earlier time;
 And fain its numbers would I now command
 To paint the beauties of that dawning fair,
 When Harold, gazing from its lofty stand
 Upon the western heights of Beaurepaire,
 Saw Saxon Eadmer's towers begirt by winding
 Wear.

churchman, and a man of the gentlest habits, if he did not in early life design to follow the paternal profession, might easily be supposed to have nourished such an intention—one which no one could ever have dreamt of ascribing at any period of his days to Sir Walter Scott himself.]

¹ [Robert Surtees of Mainsforth, Esq., F. S. A., author of "The History and Antiquities of the County Palatine of Durham." 3 vols. folio, 1816-20-23.]

II.

Fair on the half-seen streams the sunbeams
 danced,
Betraying it beneath the woodland bank,
And fair between the Gothic turrets glanced
Broad lights, and shadows fell on front and
 flank,
Where tower and buttress rose in martial rank,
And girdled in the massive donjon Keep,
And from their circuit peal'd o'er bush and
 bank
The matin bell with summons long and deep,
And echo answer'd still with long-resounding
 sweep.

III.

The morning mists rose from the ground,
Each merry bird awaken'd round,
 As if in revelry ;
Afar the bugles' clanging sound
Call'd to the chase the lagging hound ;
 The gale breathed soft and free,
And seem'd to linger on its way
To catch fresh odours from the spray,
And waved it in its wanton play
 So light and gamesomely.
The scenes which morning beams reveal,
Its sounds to hear, its gales to feel
In all their fragrance round him steal,
It melted Harold's heart of steel,

And, hardly wotting why,
 He doff'd his helmet's gloomy pride,
 And hung it on a tree beside,
 Laid mace and falchion by,
 And on the greensward sate him down,
 And from his dark habitual frown
 Relax'd his rugged brow—
 Whoever hath the doubtful task
 From that stern Dane a boon to ask,
 Were wise to ask it now.

IV.

His place beside young Gunnar took,
 And mark'd his master's softening look,
 And in his eye's dark mirror spied
 The gloom of stormy thoughts subside,
 And cautious watch'd the fittest tide
 To speak a warning word.
 So when the torrent's billows shrink,
 The timid pilgrim on the brink
 Waits long to see them wave and sink,
 Ere he dare brave the ford,
 And often, after doubtful pause,
 His step advances or withdraws:
 Fearful to move the slumbering ire
 Of his stern lord, thus stood the squire.
 Till Harold raised his eye,
 That glanced as when athwart the shroud
 Of the dispersing tempest-cloud
 The bursting sunbeams fly.

V.

“Arouse thee, son of Ermengarde,
Offspring of prophetess and bard!
Take harp, and greet this lovely prime
With some high strain of Runic rhyme,
Strong, deep, and powerful! Peal it round
Like that loud bell’s sonorous sound,
Yet wild by fits, as when the lay
Of bird and bugle hail the day.
Such was my grandsire Erick’s sport,
When dawn gleam’d on his martial court.
Heymar the Scald, with harp’s high sound,
Summon’d the chiefs who slept around;
Couch’d on the spoils of wolf and bear,
They roused like lions from their lair,
Then rush’d in emulation forth
To enhance the glories of the north.—
Proud Erick, mightiest of thy race,
Where is thy shadowy resting-place?
In wild Valhalla hast thou quaff’d
From foeman’s skull metheglin draught,
Or wander’st where thy cairn was piled
To frown o’er oceans wide and wild?
Or have the milder Christians given
Thy refuge in their peaceful heaven?
Where’er thou art, to thee are known
Our toils endured, our trophies won,
Our wars, our wanderings, and our woes.”
He ceased, and Gunnar’s song arose.

VI.

SONG.

“HAWK and osprey scream'd for joy
O'er the beetling cliffs of Hoy,
Crimson foam the beach o'erspread,
The heath was dyed with darker red,
When o'er Erick, Inguar's son,
Dane and Northman piled the stone ;
Singing wild the war-song stern,
'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn !'

“Where eddying currents foam and boil
By Bersa's burgh and Græmsay's isle,
The seaman sees a martial form
Half-mingled with the mist and storm.
In anxious awe he bears away
To moor his bark in Strömna's bay,
And murmurs from the bounding stern,
'Rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn !'

“What cares disturb the mighty dead?
Each honour'd rite was duly paid ;
No daring hand thy helm unlaced,
Thy sword, thy shield, were near thee placed,
Thy flinty couch no tear profaned,
Without, with hostile blood was stain'd ;
Within, 'twas lined with moss and fern,—
Then rest thee, Dweller of the Cairn !—

“He may not rest : from realms afar
Comes voice of battle and of war,
Of conquest wrought with bloody hand
On Carmel’s cliffs and Jordan’s strand,
When Odin’s warlike son could daunt
The turban’d race of Termagaunt.”——

VII.

“Peace,” said the Knight, “the noble Scald
Our warlike father’s deeds recall’d,
But never strove to soothe the son
With tales of what himself had done.
At Odin’s board the bard sits high
Whose harp ne’er stoop’d to flattery ;
But highest he whose daring lay
Hath dared unwelcome truths to say.”
With doubtful smile young Gunnar eyed
His master’s looks, and nought replied—
But well that smile his master led
To construe what he left unsaid.
“Is it to me, thou timid youth,
Thou fear’st to speak unwelcome truth ?
My soul no more thy censure grieves
Than frosts rob laurels of their leaves.
Say on—and yet—beware the rude
And wild distemper of my blood ;
Loath were I that mine ire should wrong
The youth that bore my shield so long,
And who, in service constant still,
Though weak in frame, art strong in will.”——

"Oh!" quoth the page, "even there depends
 My counsel—there my warning tends—
 Oft seems as of my master's breast
 Some demon were the sudden guest ;
 Then at the first misconstrued word
 His hand is on the mace and sword,
 From her firm seat his wisdom driven,
 His life to countless dangers given.—
 O! would that Gunnar could suffice
 To be the fiend's last sacrifice,
 So that, when glutted with my gore,
 He fled and tempted thee no more!"

VIII.

Then waved his hand, and shook his head
 The impatient Dane, while thus he said :
 " Profane not, youth—it is not thine
 To judge the spirit of our line—
 The bold Berserker's rage divine,
 Through whose inspiring, deeds are wrought
 Past human strength and human thought.
 When full upon his gloomy soul
 The champion feels the influence roll,
 He swims the lake, he leaps the wall—
 Heeds not the depth, nor plumbs the fall—
 Unshielded, mail-less, on he goes
 Singly against a host of foes ;
 Their spears he holds like wither'd reeds,
 Their mail like maiden's silken weeds ;
 One 'gainst a hundred will he strive,

Take countless wounds, and yet survive.
Then rush the eagles to his cry
Of slaughter and of victory,—
And blood he quaffs like Odin's bowl,
Deep drinks his sword,—deep drinks his soul ;
And all that meet him in his ire
He gives to ruin, rout, and fire,
Then, like gorged lion, seeks some den,
And couches till he's man agen.—
'Thou know'st the signs of look and limb,
When 'gins that rage to overbrim—
Thou know'st when I am moved, and why ;
And when thou seest me roll mine eye,
Set my teeth thus, and stamp my foot,
Regard thy safety and be mute ;
But else speak boldly out whate'er
Is fitting that a knight should hear.
I love thee, youth. Thy lay has power
Upon my dark and sullen hour ;—
So Christian monks are wont to say
Demons of old were charm'd away ;
Then fear not I will rashly deem
Ill of thy speech, whate'er the theme."

IX.

As down some strait in doubt and dread
The watchful pilot drops the lead,
And, cautious in the midst to steer,
The shoaling channel sounds with fear ;
So, lest on dangerous ground be swerved,

The Page his master's brow observed,
Pausing at intervals to fling
His hand on the melodious string,
And to his moody breast apply
The soothing charm of harmony,
While hinted half, and half exprest,
This warning song convey'd the rest.

SONG.

1.

"Ill fares the bark with tackle riven,
And ill when on the breakers driven,—
Ill when the storm-sprite shrieks in air,
And the scared mermaid tears her hair;
But worse when on her helm the hand
Of some false traitor holds command.

2.

"Ill fares the fainting Palmer, placed
'Mid Hebron's rocks or Rana's waste,—
Ill when the scorching sun is high,
And the expected font is dry,—
Worse when his guide o'er sand and heath,
The barbarous Copt has plann'd his death.

3.

"Ill fares the Knight with buckler cleft,
And ill when of his helm bereft,—
Ill when his steed to earth is flung,
Or from his grasp his falchion wrung;

But worse, if instant ruin token,
When he lists rede by woman spoken.”—

X.

“How now, fond boy?—Canst thou think ill,”
Said Harold, “of fair Metelill?”—
“She may be fair,” the Page replied,
As through the strings he ranged,—
“She may be fair; but yet,”—he cried,
And then the strain he changed,—

SONG.

1.

“She may be fair,” he sang, “but yet
Far fairer have I seen
Than she, for all her locks of jet,
And eyes so dark and sheen.
Were I a Danish knight in arms,
As one day I may be,
My heart should own no foreign charms,—
A Danish maid for me.

2.

“I love my father’s northern land,
Where the dark pine-trees grow,
And the bold Baltic’s echoing strand
Looks o’er each grassy oe.¹
I love to mark the lingering sun,

¹ *Oe*—Island.

From Denmark loath to go,
And leaving on the billows bright,
To cheer the short-lived summer night,
A path of ruddy glow.

3.

“But most the northern maid I love,
With breast like Denmark’s snow,
And form as fair as Denmark’s pine,
Who loves with purple heath to twine
Her locks of sunny glow;
And sweetly blend that shade of gold
With the cheek’s rosy hue,
And Faith might for her mirror hold
That eye of matchless blue.

4.

“’Tis hers the manly sports to love
That southern maidens fear,
To bend the bow by stream and grove,
And lift the hunter’s spear.
She can her chosen champion’s flight
With eye undazzled see,
Clasp him victorious from the strife,
Or on his corpse yield up her life,—
A Danish maid for me!”

XI.

Then smiled the Dane—“Thou canst so well
The virtues of our maidens tell,

Half could I wish my choice had been
 Blue eyes and hair of golden sheen,
 And lofty soul ;—yet what of ill
 Hast thou to charge on Metelill ?”—
 “ Nothing on her,”¹ young Gunnar said,
 “ But her base sire’s ignoble trade.
 Her mother, too—the general fame
 Hath given to Jutta evil name,
 And in her grey eye is a flame
 Art cannot hide, nor fear can tame.—
 That sordid woodman’s peasant cot
 Twice have thine honour’d footsteps sought,
 And twice return’d with such ill rede
 As sent thee on some desperate deed.”—

XII.

“ Thou errest ; Jutta wisely said,
 He that comes suitor to a maid,
 Ere link’d in marriage should provide,
 Lands and a dwelling for his bride—
 My father’s by the Tyne and Wear
 I have reclaimed.”—“ O, all too dear,
 And all too dangerous the prize,
 E’en were it won,” young Gunnar cries ;
 “ And then this Jutta’s fresh device,
 That thou shouldst seek, a heathen Dane,
 From Durham’s priests a boon to gain,

¹ [“ Nothing on her,” is the reading of the interleaved copy of 1831—“ On her nought,” in all the former editions.]

When thou hast left their vassals slain
In their own halls !”—Flash’d Harold’s eye,
Thunder’d his voice—“ False Page, you lie !
The castle, hall and tower, is mine,
Built by old Witikind on Tyne.
The wild-cat will defend his den,
Fights for her nest the timid wren ;
And think’st thou I’ll forego my right
For dread of monk or monkish knight ?—
Up and away, that deepening bell
Doth of the Bishop’s conclave tell.
Thither will I, in manner due,
As Jutta bade, my claim to sue ;
And, if to right me they are loath,
Then woe to church and chapter both !”
Now shift the scene, and let the curtain fall,
And our next entry be St. Cuthbert’s hall.

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO FOURTH.

I.

FULL many a bard hath sung the solemn gloom
Of the long Gothic aisle and stone-ribb'd roof,
O'er-canopying shrine, and gorgeous tomb,
Carved screen, and altar glimmering far aloof,
And blending with the shade—a matchless
proof
Of high devotion, which hath now wax'd cold;¹
Yet legends say, that Luxury's brute hoof
Intruded oft within such sacred fold,

¹["All is hush'd, and still as death—'tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight. The tombs

Like step of Bel's false priest, track'd in his fane
of old.¹

Well pleased am I, howe'er, that when the route
Of our rude neighbours whilome deign'd to
come,

Uncall'd, and eke unwelcome, to sweep out
And cleanse our chancel from the rags of Rome.
They spoke not on our ancient fane the doom
To which their bigot zeal gave o'er their own,
But spared the martyr'd saint and storied tomb,
Though papal miracles had graced the stone,
And though the aisles still loved the organ's swell-
ing tone.

And deem not, though 'tis now my part to paint
A prelate sway'd by love of power and gold,
That all who wore the mitre of our Saint
Like to ambitious Aldingar I hold:
Since both in modern times and days of old
It sate on those whose virtues might atone
Their predecessors' frailties trebly told:
Matthew and Morton we as such may own—
And such (if fame speak truth) the honour'd Bar-
rington.²

And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart."

CONGREVE'S *Mourning Bride*, Act II. sc. 1.

See also Joanna Baillie's "De Montfort," Acts IV. and V.¹

¹ [See, in the Apocryphal Books, "The History of Bel and the Dragon."]

² [See, for the lives of Bishop Matthew and Bishop Morton,

II.

But now to earlier and to ruder times,
 As subject meet, I tune my rugged rhymes,
 Telling how fairly the chapter was met,
 And rood and books in seemly order set ;
 Huge brass-clasp'd volumes, which the hand
 Of studious priest but rarely scann'd,
 Now on fair carved desk display'd,
 'Twas theirs the solemn scene to aid.
 O'erhead with many a scutcheon graced,
 And quaint devices interlaced,
 A labyrinth of crossing rows,
 The roof in lessening arches shows ;
 Beneath its shade placed proud and high,
 With footstool and with canopy,
 Sate Aldingar, and prelate ne'er
 More haughty graced Saint Cuthbert's chair ;
 Canons and deacons were placed below,
 In due degree and lengthen'd row.
 Unmoved and silent each sat there,
 Like image in his oaken chair ;
 Nor head, nor hand, nor foot they stirr'd,
 Nor lock of hair, nor tress of beard ;
 And of their eyes severe alone
 The twinkle show'd they were not stone.

here alluded to, Mr. Surtees's History of the Bishopric of Durham: the venerable Shute Barrington, their honoured predecessor, ever a kind friend of Sir Walter Scott, died in 1791.

III.

The Prelate was to speech address'd,
 Each head sunk reverent on each breast ;
 But ere his voice was heard—without
 Arose a wild tumultuous shout,
 Offspring of wonder mix'd with fear,
 Such as in crowded streets we hear
 Hailing the flames, that, bursting out,
 Attract yet scare the rabble rout.
 Ere it had ceased, a giant hand
 Shook oaken door and iron band,
 Till oak and iron both gave way,
 Clash'd the long bolts, the hinges bray,
 And, ere upon angel or saint they can call,
 Stands Harold the Dauntless in midst of the hall.

IV.

“ Now save ye, my masters, both rocket and rood,
 From Bishop with mitre to Deacon with hood !
 For here stands Count Harold, old Witikind's son,
 Come to sue for the lands which his ancestors
 won.”
 The Prelate look'd round him with sore troubled
 eye,
 Unwilling to grant, yet afraid to deny ;
 While each Canon and Deacon who heard the
 Dane speak,
 To be safely at home would have fasted a week :—
 Then Aldingar roused him, and answer'd again,

“Thou suest for a boon which thou canst not
obtain;
The church hath no fiefs for an unchristen'd Dane.
Thy father was wise, and his treasure hath given,
That the priests of a chantry might hymn him to
heaven;
And the fiefs which whilome he possess'd as his
due,
Have lapsed to the church, and been granted anew
To Anthony Conyers and Alberic Vere,
For the service St. Cutlibert's bless'd banner to
bear,
When the bands of the North come to foray the
Wear;
Then disturb not our conclave with wrangling or
blame,
But in peace and in patience pass hence as ye
came.”

v.

Loud laugh'd the stern Pagan,—“They're free
from the care
Of fief and of service, both Conyers and Vere,—
Six feet of your chancel is all they will need,
A buckler of stone and a corslet of lead.—
Ho, Gunnar!—the tokens!”—and, sever'd anew,
A head and a hand on the altar he threw.
Then shudder'd with terror both Canon and Monk,
They knew the glazed eye and the countenance
shrunken,

And of Anthony Conyers the half-grizzled hair,
 And the scar on the hand of Sir Alberic Vere.
 There was not a churchman or priest that was
 there,
 But grew pale at the sight, and betook him to
 prayer.

VI.

Count Harold laugh'd at their looks of fear:
 "Was this the hand should your banner bear?
 Was that the head should wear the casque
 In battle at the church's task?
 Was it to such you gave the place
 Of Harold with the heavy mace?
 Find me between the Wear and Tyne
 A knight will wield this club of mine,—
 Give him my fiefs, and I will say
 There's wit beneath the cowl of gray."
 He raised it, rough with many a stain,
 Caught from crush'd skull and spouting brain;
 He wheel'd it that it shrilly sung,
 And the aisles echoed as it swung,
 Then dash'd it down with sheer descent,
 And split King Osric's monument.—
 "How like ye this music? How trow ye the
 hand
 That can wield such a mace may be reft of its
 land?
 No answer?—I spare ye a space to agree,
 And Sairt Cuthbert inspire you, a saint if he be,

Ten strides through your chancel, ten strokes on
your bell,
And again I am with you—grave fathers, fare-
well.”

VII.

He turn'd from their presence, he clash'd the oak
door,
And the clang of his stride died away on the
floor ;
And his head from his bosom the Prelate uprears
With a ghost-seer's look when the ghost disappears.
“Ye Priests of Saint Cuthbert, now give me your
rede,
For never of counsel had Bishop more need !
Were the arch-fiend incarnate in flesh and in bone,
The language, the look, and the laugh, were his
own.
In the bounds of Saint Cuthbert there is not a
knight
Dare confront in our quarrel yon goblin in fight ;
Then rede me aright to his claim to reply,
'Tis unlawful to grant, and 'tis death to deny.”

VIII.

On ven'son and malmsie that morning had fed
The Cellarer Vinsauf—'twas thus that he said ;
“Delay till to-morrow the Chapter's reply ;
Let the feast be spread fair, and the wine be
pour'd high :

If he's mortal he drinks,—if he drinks, he is
ours—

His bracelets of iron,—his bed in our towers.”
This man had a laughing eye,
Trust not, friends, when such you spy ;
A beaker's depth he well could drain,
Revel, sport, and jest amain—
The haunch of the deer and the grape's bright dye
Never bard loved them better than I ;
But sooner than Vinsauf fill'd me my wine,
Pass'd me his jest, and laugh'd at mine,
Though the buck were of Bearpark, of Bordeaux
the vine,
With the dullest hermit I'd rather dine
On an oaken cake and a draught of the Tyne.

IX.

Walwayn the Leech spoke next—he knew
Each plant that loves the sun and dew,
But special those whose juice can gain
Dominion o'er the blood and brain ;
The peasant who saw him by pale moonbeam
Gathering such herbs by bank and stream,
Deem'd his thin form and soundless tread
Were those of wanderer from the dead.—
“Vinsauf, thy wine,” he said, “hath power,
Our gyves are heavy, strong our tower ;
Yet three drops from this flask of mine,
More strong than dungeons, gyves, or wine,
Shall give him prison under ground

More dark, more narrow, more profound.
 Short rede, good rede, let Harold have—
 A dog's death and a heathen's grave."
 I have lain on a sick man's bed,
 Watching for hours for the leech's tread,
 As if I deem'd that his presence alone
 Were of power to bid my pain begone ;
 I have listed his words of comfort given,
 As if to oracles from heaven ;
 I have counted his steps from my chamber
 door,
 And bless'd them when they were heard no
 more ;—
 But sooner than Walwayn my sick couch should
 nigh,
 My choice were by leech-craft unaided to die.

x.

"Such service done in fervent zeal
 The Church may pardon and conceal,"
 The doubtful Prelate said, "but ne'er
 The counsel ere the act should hear.—
 Anselm of Jarrow, advise us now,
 The stamp of wisdom is on thy brow ;
 Thy days, thy nights, in cloister pent,
 Are still to mystic learning lent ;—
 Anselm of Jarrow, in thee is my hope,
 Thou well mayst give counsel to Prelate or
 Pope."

XI.

Answer'd the Prior—" 'Tis wisdom's use
 Still to delay what we dare not refuse ;
 Ere granting the boon he comes hither to ask,
 Shape for the giant gigantic task ;
 Let us see how a step so sounding can tread
 In paths of darkness, danger, and dread ;
 He may not, he will not, impugn our decree,
 That calls but for proof of his chivalry ;
 And were Guy to return, or Sir Bevis the Strong,
 Our wilds have adventure might cumber them
 long—

The Castle of Seven Shields"—" Kind Anselm,
 no more !

The step of the Pagan approaches the door."
 The churchmen were hush'd.—In his mantle of
 skin,
 With his mace on his shoulder, Count Harold
 strode in.

There was foam on his lips, there was fire in his
 eye,
 For, chafed by attendance, his fury was nigh.
 " Ho ! Bishop," he said, " dost thou grant me my
 claim ?
 Or must I assert it by falchion and flame ?"—

XII.

" On thy suit, gallant Harold," the Bishop replied
 In accents which trembled, " we may not decide,



Until proof of your strength and your valour we
saw—

"Tis not that we doubt them, but such is the
law."—

"And would you, Sir Prelate, have Harold make
sport

For the cowls and the shavelings that herd in thy
court?

Say what shall he do?—From the shrine shall he
tear

The lead bier of thy patron, and heave it in air,
And through the long chancel make Cuthbert take
wing,

With the speed of a bullet dismiss'd from the
sling?"—

"Nay, spare such probation," the Cellarer said,

"From the mouth of our minstrels thy task shall
be read.

While the wine sparkles high in the goblet of gold,
And the revel is loudest, thy task shall be told ;
And thyself, gallant Harold, shall, hearing it, tell
That the Bishop, his cowls, and his shavelings,
meant well."

XIII.

Loud revell'd the guests, and the goblets loud rang,
But louder the minstrel, Hugh Meneville, sang ;
And Harold, the hurry and pride of whose soul,
E'en when verging to fury, own'd music's control,
Still bent on the harper his broad sable eye,

And often untasted the goblet passed by ;
 Than wine, or than wassail, to him was more dear
 The minstrel's high tale of enchantment to hear ;
 And the Bishop that day might of Vinsaüf complain
 That his art had but wasted his wine-casks in
 vain.

XIV.

THE CASTLE OF THE SEVEN SHIELDS.

A BALLAD.

THE Druid Urien had daughters seven,
 Their skill could call the moon from heaven ;
 So fair their forms and so high their fame,
 That seven proud kings for their suitors came.

King Mador and Rhys came from Powis and
 Wales,
 Unshorn was their hair, and unpruned were their
 nails ;
 From Strath-Clwyde was Ewain, and Ewain was
 lame ;
 And the red-bearded Donald from Galloway came.

Lot, King of Lodon, was hunchback'd from youth ;
 Dunmail of Cumbria had never a tooth ;
 But Adolf of Bambrough, Northumberland's heir,
 Was gay and was gallant, was young and was fair.

There was strife 'mongst the sisters, for each one
would have
For husband King Adolf, the gallant and brave ;
And envy bred hate, and hate urged them to
blows,
When the firm earth was cleft, and the Arch-
fiend arose !

He swore to the maidens their wish to fulfil—
They swore to the foe they would work by his
will.
A spindle and distaff to each hath he given,
“ Now hearken my spell,” said the Outcast of
heaven.

“ Ye shall ply these spindles at midnight hour,
And for every spindle shall rise a tower,
Where the right shall be feeble, the wrong shall
have power,
And there shall ye dwell with your paramour.”

Beneath the pale moonlight they sate on the wold,
And the rhymes which they chanted must never
be told ;
And as the black wool from the distaff they sped,
With blood from their bosom they moisten'd the
thread.

As light danced the spindles beneath the cold
gleam,
The castle arose like the birth of a dream—

The seven towers ascended like mist from the
ground,
Seven portals defend them, seven ditches sur-
round.

Within that dread castle seven monarchs were
wed,
But six of the seven ere the morning lay dead ;
With their eyes all on fire, and their daggers all
red,
Seven damsels surround the Northumbrian's bed

“ Six kingly bridegrooms to death we have done,
Six gallant kingdoms King Adolf hath won,
Six lovely brides all his pleasure to do,
Or the bed of the seventh shall be husbandless
too.”

Well chanced it that Adolf the night when he
wed
Had confess'd and had sain'd him ere boune to his
bed ;
He sprung from the couch and his broadsword he
drew,
And there the seven daughters of Urien he slew.

The gate of the castle he bolted and seal'd,
And hung o'er each arch-stone a crown and a
shield ;

To the cells of St. Dunstan then wended his way,
And died in his cloister an anchorite gray.

Sever monarchs' wealth in that castle lies stow'd,
The foul fiends brood o'er them like raven and
toad.

Whoever shall guesten these chambers within,
From curfew till matins, that treasure shall win.

But manhood grows faint as the world waxes
old!

There lives not in Britain a champion so bold,
So dauntless of heart, and so prudent of brain,
As to dare the adventure that treasure to gain.

The waste ridge of Cheviot shall wave with the
rye,
Before the rude Scots shall Northumberland fly,
And the flint cliffs of Bambro' shall melt in the
sun,
Before that adventure be peril'd and won.¹

¹ ["The word 'peril,' is continually used as a verb by both writers:

'Nor peril aught for me agen.'

Lady of the Lake. Canto ii. st. 26.

'I peril'd thus the helpless child.'

Lord of the Isles. Canto v. st. 10.

'Were the blood of all my ancestors in my veins, I
would have peril'd it in this quarrel.'

Waverley.

XV.

“And is this my probation?” wild Harold he
said,

“Within a lone castle to press a lone bed?—

Good even, my Lord Bishop, Saint Cuthbert to
borrow,

The Castle of Seven Shields receives me to-mor-
row.”

‘I were undeserving his grace, did I not peril it for his
good.’

Ivanhoe.

&c. &c.”—*Adolphus's Letters on the Author of Waverley.*]

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS

CANTO FIFTH.

I.

DENMARK'S sage courtier to her princely youth,
Granting his cloud an ouzel or a whale,¹
Spoke, though unwittingly, a partial truth ;
For Fantasy embroiders Nature's veil.
The tints of ruddy eve, or dawning pale,
Of the swart thunder-cloud, or silver haze,
Are but the groundwork of the rich detail
Which Fantasy with pencil wild portrays,
Blending what seems and is, in the wrapt muser's
gaze.

¹ ["*Hamlet*. Do you see yonder cloud, that's almost in shape of a camel ?

Polonius. By the mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weasel.

Pol. It is back'd like a weasel.

Ham. Or, like a whale ?

Pol. Very like a whale."

Hamlet.]

Nor are the stubborn forms of earth and stone
 Less to the Sorceress's empire given ;
 For not with unsubstantial hues alone,
 Caught from the varying surge, or vacant
 heaven,
 From bursting sunbeam, or from flashing levin,
 She limns her pictures : on the earth, as air,
 Arise her castles, and her car is driven ;
 And never gazed the eye on scene so fair,
 But of its boasted charms gave Fancy half the
 share.

II.

Up a wild pass went Harold, bent to prove,
 Hugh Meneville, the adventure of thy lay ;
 Gunnar pursued his steps in faith and love,
 Ever companion of his master's way.
 Midward their path, a rock of granite gray
 From the adjoining cliff had made descent,—
 A barren mass—yet with her drooping spray
 Had a young birch-tree crown'd its battlement,
 Twisting her fibrous roots through cranny, flaw,
 and rent.

This rock and tree could Gunnar's thought en-
 gage
 Till Fancy brought the tear-drop to his eye,
 And at his master ask'd the timid Page,
 "What is the emblem that a bard shou'd spy
 In that rude rock and its green canopy?"

And Harold said, " Like to the helmet brave
 Of warrior slain in fight it seems to lie,
 And these same drooping boughs do o'er it wave
 Not all unlike the plume his lady's favour
 gave."—

" Ah, no !" replied the Page ; " the ill-starr'd
 love
 Of some poor maid is in the emblem shown,
 Whose fates are with some hero's interwove,
 And rooted on a heart to love unknown :
 And as the gentle dews of heaven alone
 Nourish those drooping boughs, and as the scathe
 Of the red lightning rends both tree and stone,
 So fares it with her unrequited faith,—
 Her sole relief is tears—her only refuge death."—

III.

" Thou art a fond fantastic boy,"
 Harold replied, " to females coy,
 Yet prating still of love ;
 Even so amid the clash of war
 I know thou lovest to keep afar,
 Though destined by thy evil star
 With one like me to rove,
 Whose business and whose joys are found
 Upon the bloody battle-ground.
 Yet, foolish trembler as thou art,
 Thou hast a nook of my rude heart,
 And thou and I will never part :—

Harold would wrap the world in flame
Ere injury on Gunnar came."

IV.

The grateful Page made no reply,
But turn'd to Heaven his gentle eye,
And clasp'd his hands, as one who said,
" My toils—my wanderings are o'erpaid !"
Then in a gayer, lighter strain,
Compell'd himself to speech again ;
 And, as they flow'd along,
His words took cadence soft and slow,
And liquid, like dissolving snow,
 They melted into song.

V.

" What though through fields of carnage wide
I may not follow Harold's stride,
Yet who with faithful Gunnar's pride
 Lord Harold's feats can see ?
And dearer than the couch of pride
He loves the bed of gray wolf's hide,
When slumbering by Lord Harold's side
 In forest, field, or lea."—

VI.

" Break off !" said Harold, in a tone
Where hurry and surprise were shown,
 With some slight touch of fear,—
" Break off, we are not here alone ;

A Palmer form comes slowly on !
By cowl, and staff, and mantle known,
 My monitor is near.
Now mark him, Gunnar, heedfully ,
He pauses by the blighted tree—
Dost see him youth?—Thou couldst not see
When in the vale of Galilee
 I first beheld his form,
Nor when we met that other while
In Cephalonia's rocky isle,
 Before the fearful storm,—
Dost see him now?"—The Page distraught
With terror, answered, "I see nought,
 And there is nought to see,
Save that the oak's scathed boughs fling
 down
Upon the path a shadow brown,
That, like a pilgrim's dusky gown,
 Waves with the waving tree."

VII.

Count Harold gazed upon the oak
As if his eyestrings would have broke,
 And then resolvedly said,—
"Be what it will yon phantom gray—
Nor heaven, nor hell, shall ever say
That for their shadows from his way
 Count Harold turn'd dismay'd :
I'll speak him, though his accents fill
My heart with that unwonted thrill

Which vulgar minds call fear.¹
 I will subdue it!"—Forth he strode,
 Paused where the blighted oak-tree show'd
 Its sable shadow on the road,
 And, folding on his bosom broad
 His arms, said, "Speak—I hear."

VIII.

The Deep Voice² said, "O wild of will,
 Furious thy purpose to fulfil—
 Heart-sear'd and unrepentant still,
 How long, O Harold, shall thy tread
 Disturb the slumbers of the dead?
 Each step in thy wild way thou makest,
 The ashes of the dead thou wakest;
 And shout in triumph o'er thy path
 The fiends of bloodshed and of wrath.
 In this thine hour yet turn and hear!
 For life is brief and judgment near."

IX.

Then ceased The Voice.—The Dane replied
 In tones where awe and inborn pride
 For mastery strove,—"In vain ye chide

¹ ["I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape."
Hamlet.]

² ["Why sit'st thou by that ruin'd hall,
 Thou aged carle, so stern and gray?

— — — —
 'Know'st thou not me?' the Deep Voice cried."
Waverley Novels—Antiquary, vol. v., p. 145.]

The wolf for ravaging the flock,
 Or with its hardness taunt the rock,—
 I am as they—my Danish strain
 Sends streams of fire through ev'ry vein.
 Amid thy realms of goule and ghost,
 Say, is the fame of Erick lost,
 Or Witikind's the Waster, known
 Where fame or spoil was to be won;
 Whose galleys ne'er bore off a shore
 They left not black with flame?—
 He was my sire,—and, sprung of him,
 That rover merciless and grim,
 Can I be soft and tame?
 Part hence, and with my crimes no more upbraid
 me,
 I am that Waster's son, and am but what he made
 me."

x.

The Phantom groan'd ;—the mountain shook
 around,
 The fawn and wild-doe started at the sound,
 The gorse and fern did wildly round them wave,
 As if some sudden storm the impulse gave.
 "All thou hast said is truth—Yet on the head
 Of that bad sire let not the charge be laid,
 'That he, like thee, with unrelenting pace,
 From grave to cradle ran the evil race :—
 Relentless in his avarice and ire,
 Churches and towns he gavꝑ to sword and fire ;

Shed blood like water, wasted every land,
 Like the destroying angel's burning brand ;
 Fulfill'd whate'er of ill might be invented,
 Yes—all these things he did—he did, but he
 REPENTED !

Perchance it is part of his punishment still,
 That his offspring pursues his example of ill.
 But thou, when thy tempest of wrath shall next
 shake thee,
 Gird thy loins for resistance, my son, and awake
 thee ;
 If thou yield'st to thy fury, how tempted soever,
 The gate of repentance shall ope for thee
 NEVER !"—

XI.

“ He is gone,” said Lord Harold, and gazed as he
 spoke ;
 “ There is nought on the path but the shade of the
 oak.
 He is gone, whose strange presence my feeling
 oppress'd
 Like the night-hag that sits on the slumberer's
 breast.
 My heart beats as thick as a fugitive's tread,
 And cold dews drop from my brow and my head.—
 Ho ! Gunnar, the flasket yon almoner gave ;
 He said that three drops would recall from the
 grave.
 For the first time Count Harold owns leech-craft
 has power,

Or, his courage to aid, lacks the juice of a flower!"
The page gave the flasket, which Walwayn had fill'd
With the juice of wild roots that his art had dis-
till'd—

So baneful their influence on all that had breath,
One drop had been frenzy, and two had been death.
Harold took it, but drank not; for jubilee shrill,
And music and clamour were heard on the hill,
And down the steep pathway, o'er stock and o'er
stone,

The train of a bridal came blithesomely on;
There was song, there was pipe, there was timbrel,
and still

The burden was, "Joy to the fair Metelill!"

XII.

Harold might see from his high stance,
Himself unseen, that train advance
With mirth and melody;—
On horse and foot a mingled throng,
Measuring their steps to bridal song
And bridal minstrelsy;
And ever when the blithesome rout
Lent to the song their choral shout,
Redoubling echoes roll'd about,
While echoing cave and cliff sent out
The answering symphony
Of all those mimic notes which dwell
In hollow rock and sounding dell.

XIII.

Joy shook his torch above the band,
 By many a various passion fann'd ;—
 As elemental sparks can feed
 On essence pure and coarsest weed,
 Gentle, or stormy, or refined,
 Joy takes the colours of the mind.
 Lightsome and pure, but unrepres'd,
 He fired the bridgroom's gallant breast ;
 More feebly strove with maiden fear,
 Yet still joy glimmer'd through the tear
 On the bride's blushing cheek, that shows
 Like dewdrop on the budding rose ;
 While Wulfstane's gloomy smile declared
 The glee that selfish avarice shared,
 And pleased revenge and malice high
 Joy's semblance took in Jutta's eye.
 On dangerous adventure sped,
 The witch deem'd Harold with the dead,
 For thus that morn her Demon said :—
 " If, ere the set of sun, be tied
 The knot 'twixt bridegroom and his bride,
 The Dane shall have no power of ill
 O'er William and o'er Metelill."
 And the pleased witch made answer, " Then
 Must Harold have pass'd from the paths of
 men !
 Evil repose may his spirit have,—
 May hemlock and mandrake find root in his
 grave,—

May his death-sleep be dogged by dreams of
dismay,
And his waking be worse at the answering day."

XIV.

Such was their various mood of glee
Blent in one shout of ecstasy.
But still when Joy is brimming highest,
Of Sorrow and Misfortune nighest,
Of Terror with her ague cheek,
And lurking Danger, sages speak :—
These haunt each path, but chief they lay
Their snares beside the primrose way.—
Thus found that bridal band their path
Beset by Harold in his wrath.
'Trembling beneath his maddening mood,
High on a rock the giant stood ;
His shout was like the doom of death
Spoke o'er their heads that pass'd beneath.
His destined victims might not spy
The reddening terrors of his eye,—
The frown of rage that writhed his face,—
The lip that foam'd like boar's in chase ;—
But all could see—and, seeing, all
Bore back to shun the threaten'd fall—
The fragment which their giant foe
Rent from the cliff and heaved to throw.

XV.

Backward they bore ;—yet are there two
For battle who prepare :

No pause of dread Lord William knew
 Ere his good blade was bare ;
 And Wulfstane bent his fatal yew,
 But ere the silken cord he drew,
 As hurl'd from Hecla's thunder, flew
 That ruin through the air !
 Full on the outlaw's front it came,
 And all that late had human name,
 And human face, and human frame,
 That lived, and moved, and had free will
 To choose the path of good or ill,
 Is to its reckoning gone ;
 And nought of Wulfstane rests behind,
 Save that beneath that stone,
 Half-buried in the dinted clay,
 A red and shapeless mass there lay
 Of mingled flesh and bone !

XVI.

As from the bosom of the sky
 The eagle darts amain,
 Three bounds from yonder summit high
 Placed Harold on the plain.
 As the scared wild-fowl scream and fly,
 So fled the bridal train ;
 As 'gainst the eagle's peerless might
 The noble falcon dares the fight,
 But dares the fight in vain,
 So fought the bridegroom ; from his hand
 The Dane's rude mace has struck his brand,

Its glittering fragments strew the sand,
 Its lord lies on the plain.
 Now, Heaven! take noble William's part,
 And melt that yet unmelted heart,
 Or, ere his bridal hour depart,
 The hapless bridegroom's slain!

XVII.

Count Harold's frenzied rage is high,
 There is a death-fire in his eye,
 Deep furrows on his brow are trench'd,
 His teeth are set, his hand is clench'd,
 The foam upon his lip is white,
 His deadly arm is up to smite!
 But, as the mace aloft he swung,
 To stop the blow young Gunnar sprung,
 Around his master's knees he clung,
 And cried, "In mercy spare!
 O, think upon the words of fear
 Spoke by that visionary Seer,
 The crisis he foretold is here,—
 Grant mercy,—or despair!"
 This word suspended Harold's mood,
 Yet still with arm upraised he stood,
 And visage like the headsman's rude
 That pauses for the sign.
 "O mark thee with the blessed rood,"
 The Page implored; "Speak word of good,
 Resist the fiend, or be subdued!"
 He sign'd the cross divine—

Instant his eye hath human light,
 Less red, less keen, less fiercely bright ;
 His brow relax'd the obdurate frown,
 The fatal mace sinks gently down,
 He turns and strides away ;
 Yet oft, like revellers who leave
 Unfinished feast, looks back to grieve,
 As if repenting the reprieve
 He granted to his prey.
 Yet still of forbearance one sign hath he given,
 And fierce Witikind's son made one step towards
 heaven.

XVIII.

But though his dreaded footsteps part,
 Death is behind and shakes his dart ;
 Lord William on the plain is lying,
 Beside him Metelill seems dying !—
 Bring odours—essences in haste—
 And lo ! a flasket richly chased,—
 But Jutta the elixir proves
 Ere pouring it for those she loves—
 Then Walwayn's potion was not wasted,
 For when three drops the hag had tasted,
 So dismal was her yell,
 Each bird of evil omen woke,
 The raven gave his fatal croak,
 And shriek'd the night-crow from the oak,
 The screech-owl from the thicket broke,
 And flutter'd down the dell !

So fearful was the sound and stern,
 The slumbers of the full-gorged erne
 Were startled, and from furze and fern
 Of forest and of fell,
 The fox and famish'd wolf replied,
 (For wolves then prowl'd the Cheviot side,)
 From mountain head to mountain head
 The unhallow'd sounds around were sped;¹
 But when their latest echo fled,
 The sorceress on the ground lay dead.

XIX.

Such was the scene of blood and woes,
 With which the bridal morn arose
 Of William and of Metelill;
 But oft, when dawning 'gins to spread,
 The summer-morn peeps dim and red
 Above the eastern hill,
 Ere, bright and fair, upon his road
 The King of Splendour walks abroad;
 So, when this cloud had pass'd away,
 Bright was the noontide of their day,
 And all serene its setting ray.

¹ [See a note on the Lord of the Isles, in vol. v. an.
 p. 212.]

HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

CANTO SIXTH.

L.

WELL do I hope that this my minstrel tale
Will tempt no traveller from southern fields,
Whether in tilbury, barouche, or mail,
To view the Castle of these Seven Proud
Shields.

Small confirmation its condition yields
To Meneville's high lay,—No towers are seen
On the wild heath, but those that Fancy builds,
And, save a fosse that tracks the moor with
green,

Is nought remains to tell of what may there have
been.

And yet grave authors, with the no small waste
Of their grave time, have dignified the spot
By theories, to prove the fortress placed
By Roman bands, to curb the invading Scot.

Hutchinson, Horsley, Camden, I might quote,
 But rather choose the theory less civil
 Of boors, who, origin of things forgot,
 Refer still to the origin of evil,

And for their master-mason choose that master-
 fiend the Devil.

II.

Therefore, I say, it was on fiend-built towers
 That stout Count Harold bent his wondering
 gaze,

When evening dew was on the heather flowers,
 And the last sunbeams made the mountain blaze.
 And tinged the battlements of other days
 With the bright level light ere sinking down.—
 Illumined thus, the dauntless Dane surveys
 The Seven Proud Shields that o'er the portal
 frown,

And on their blazons traced high marks of old
 renown.

A wolf North Wales had on his armour-coat,
 And Rhys of Powis-land a couchant stag;
 Strath-Clwyd's strange emblem was a stranded
 boat,

Donald of Galloway's a trotting nag;
 A corn-sheaf gilt was fertile Lodon's brag;
 A dudgeon-dagger was by Dunmail worn;
 Northumbrian Adolf gave a sea-beat crag
 Surmounted by a cross—such signs were borne

Upon these antique shields, all wasted now and
worn.

III.

These scann'd, Count Harold sought the castle-
door,
Whose ponderous bolts were rusted to decay ;
Yet till that hour adventurous knight forbore
The unobstructed passage to essay.
More strong than armed warders in array,
And obstacle more sure than bolt or bar,
Sate in the portal Terror and Dismay,
While Superstition, who forbade to war
With foes of other mould than mortal clay,
Cast spells across the gate, and barr'd the onward
way.

Vain now those spells ; for soon with heavy
clank
The feebly-fasten'd gate was inward push'd,
And, as it oped, through that emblazon'd rank
Of antique shields, the wind of evening rush'd
With sound most like a groan, and then was
hush'd.
Is none who on such spot such sounds could
hear
But to his heart the blood had faster rush'd ;
Yet to bold Harold's breast that throb was
dear—
It spoke of danger nigh, but had no touch of fear.

IV.

Yet Harold and his Page no signs have traced
Within the castle, that of danger show'd ;
For still the halls and courts were wild and
waste,
As through their precincts the adventurers
trode.
The seven huge towers rose stately, tall, and
broad
Each tower presenting to their scrutiny
A hall in which a king might make abode,
And fast beside, garnish'd both proud and high,
Was placed a bower for rest in which a king
might lie.

As if a bridal there of late had been,
Deck'd stood the table in each gorgeous hall ;
And yet it was two hundred years, I ween,
Since date of that unhallow'd festival.
Flagons, and ewers, and standing cups, were all
Of tarnish'd gold, or silver nothing clear,
With throne begilt, and canopy of pall,
And tapestry clothed the walls with fragments
sear—
Frail as the spider's mesh did that rich woof ap-
pear.

V.

In every bower, as round a hearse, was hung
A dusky crimson curtain o'er the bed,
And on each couch in ghastly wise were flung

The wasted relics of a monarch dead ;
 Barbaric ornaments around were spread,
 Vests twined with gold, and chains of precious
 stone,
 And golden circlets, meet for monarch's head ;
 While grinn'd, as if in scorn amongst them
 thrown,
 The wearer's fleshless skull, alike with dust be-
 strown.

For these were they who, drunken with delight,
 On pleasure's opiate pillow laid their head,
 For whom the bride's shy footstep, slow and
 light,
 Was changed ere morning to the murderer's
 tread.
 For human bliss and woe in the frail thread
 Of human life are all so closely twined,
 That till the shears of Fate the texture shred,
 The close succession cannot be disjoin'd,
 Nor dare we, from one hour, judge that which
 comes behind.

VI.

But where the work of vengeance had been
 done,
 • In that seventh chamber, was a sterner sight ;
 There of the witch-brides lay each skeleton,
 Still in the posture as to death when dight.
 For this lay prone, by one blow slain outright

And that, as one who struggled long in dying ;
 One bony hand held knife, as if to smite ;
 One bent on fleshless knees, as mercy crying ;
 One lay across the door, as kill'd in act of flying.¹

The stern Dane smiled this charnel-house to
 see,—
 For his chated thought return'd to Metelill ;—
 And “ Well,” he said, “ hath woman's perfidy,
 Empty as air, as water volatile,
 Been here avenged.—The origin of ill
 Through woman rose, the Christian doctrine
 saith ;
 Nor deem I, Gunnar, that thy minstrel skill
 Can show example where a woman's breath
 Hath made a true-love vow, and, tempted, kept
 her faith.”

VII.

The minstrel-boy half smiled, half sigh'd,
 And his half-filling eyes he dried,
 And said, “ The theme I should but wrong,

¹ [“ In an invention like this we are hardly to look for probabilities, but all these preparations and ornaments are not quite consistent with the state of society two hundred years before the Danish Invasion, as far as we know any thing of it. In these matters, however, the author is never very scrupulous, and has too little regarded propriety in the minor circumstances ; thus Harold is clad in a kind of armour not worn until some hundred years after the era of the poem, and many of the scenes described, like that last quoted,

Unless it were my dying song,
 (Our Scalds have said, in dying hour
 The Northern harp has treble power,)
 Else could I tell of woman's faith,
 Defying danger, scorn, and death.
 Firm was that faith,—as diamond stone
 Pure and unflaw'd,—her love unknown,
 And unrequited;—firm and pure,
 Her stainless faith could all endure;
 From clime to clime,—from place to place,—
 Through want, and danger, and disgrace,
 A wanderer's wayward steps could trace.—
 All this she did, and guerdon none
 Required, save that her burial-stone
 Should make at length the secret known,
 'Thus hath a faithful woman done.'—
 Not in each breast such truth is laid,
 But Eivir was a Danish maid."—

VIII.

"Thou art a wild enthusiast," said
 Count Harold, "for thy Danish maid;
 And yet, young Gunnar, I will own
 Hers were a faith to rest upon.
 But Eivir sleeps beneath her stone,
 And all resembling her are gone.

(stanzas iv. v. vi.) belong even to a still later period. At least *this* defect is not an imitation of Mr Scott, who, being a skilful antiquary, is extremely careful as to niceties of this sort."—*Critical Review.*]

What maid e'er show'd such constancy
 In plighted faith, like thine to me?
 But couch thee, boy ; the darksome shade
 Falls thickly round, nor be dismay'd

Because the dead are by.

They were as we ; our little day
 O'erspent, and we shall be as they.
 Yet near me, Gunnar, be thou laid,
 Thy couch upon my mantle made,
 That thou mayst think, should fear invade,

Thy master slumbers nigh."

Thus couch'd they in that dread abode,
 Until the beams of dawning glow'd.

IX.

An alter'd man Lord Harold rose,
 When he beheld that dawn unclose—

There's trouble in his eyes,

And traces on his brow and cheek
 Of mingled awe and wonder speak :

" My page," he said, " arise ;—

Leave we this place, my page."—No more
 He utter'd till the castle door

They cross'd—but there he paused and said,
 " My wildness hath awaked the dead—

Disturb'd the sacred tomb !

Methought this night I stood on high,
 Where Hecla roars in middle sky,
 And in her cavern'd gulfs could spy
 The central place of doom ;

And there before my mortal eye
 Souls of the dead came flitting by,
 Whom fiends, with many a fiendish cry,
 Bore to that evil den!
 My eyes grew dizzy, and my brain
 Was wilder'd as the elvish train,
 With shriek and howl, dragg'd on amain
 Those who had late been men.

X.

“ With haggard eyes and streaming hair,
 Jutta the Sorceress was there,
 And there pass'd Wulfstane, lately slain,
 All crush'd and foul with bloody stain.—
 More had I seen, but that uprose
 A whirlwind wild, and swept the snows;
 And with such sound as when at need
 A champion spurs his horse to speed,
 Three armed knights rush on, who lead
 Caparison'd a sable steed.
 Sable their harness, and there came
 Through their closed visors sparks of flame
 'The first proclaim'd, in sounds of fear,
 'Harold the Dauntless, welcome here!'
 The next cried, 'Jubilee! we've won
 Count Witikind the Waster's son!'
 And the third rider sternly spoke,
 'Mount, in the name of Zerneck!—
 From us, O Harold, were thy powers,—
 Thy strength, thy dauntlessness, are ours;

Nor think, a vassal thou of hell,
With hell can strive.' The fiend spoke true!
My inmost soul the summons knew,
 As captives know the knell
That says the headsman's sword is bare,
And, with an accent of despair,
 Commands them quit their cell.
I felt resistance was in vain,
My foot had that fell stirrup ta'en,
My hand was on the fatal mane,
 When to my rescue sped
That Palmer's visionary form,
And—like the passing of a storm—
 The demons yell'd and fled!

XI.

“ His sable cowl, flung back, reveal'd
The features it before conceal'd ;
 And, Gunnar, I could find
In him whose counsels strove to stay
So oft my course on wilful way,
 My father Witikind !
Doom'd for his sins, and doom'd for mine,
A wanderer upon earth to pine
Until his son shall turn to grace,
And smooth for him a resting-place.—
Gunnar, he must not haunt in vain
This world of wretchedness and pain :
I'll tame my wilful heart to live
In peace—to pity and forgive—

And thou, for so the Vision said,
Must in thy Lord's repentance aid.
Thy mother was a prophetess,
He said, who by her skill could guess
How close the fatal textures join
Which knit thy thread of life with mine ;
Then, dark, he hinted of disguise
She framed to cheat too curious eyes,
That not a moment might divide
Thy fated footsteps from my side.
Methought while thus my sire did teach,
I caught the meaning of his speech,
Yet seems its purport doubtful now."
His hand then sought his thoughtful brow.
Then first he mark'd, that in the tower
His glove was left at waking hour.

XII.

Trembling at first, and deadly pale,
Had Gunnar heard the vision'd tale ;
But when he learn'd the dubious close,
He blush'd like any opening rose,
And, glad to hide his tell-tale cheek,
Hied back that glove of mail to seek ;
When soon a shriek of deadly dread
Summon'd his master to his aid.

XIII.

What sees Count Harold in that bower,
So late his resting-place?—

The semblance of the Evil Power,
Adored by all his race !
Odin in living form stood there,
His cloak the spoils of Polar bear ;
For plummy crest a meteor shed
Its gloomy radiance o'er his head,
Yet veil'd its haggard majesty
To the wild lightnings of his eye.
Such height was his, as when in stone
O'er Upsal's giant altar shown :
So flow'd his hoary beard ;
Such was his lance of mountain-pine,
So did his sevenfold buckler shine ;—
But when his voice he rear'd,
Deep, without harshness, slow and strong,
The powerful accents roll'd along,
And, while he spoke, his hand was laid
On captive Gunnar's shrinking head.

XIV.

“ Harold,” he said, “ what rage is thine,
To quit the worship of thy line,
To leave thy Warrior-God ?—
With me is glory or disgrace,
Mine is the onset and the chase,
Embattled hosts before my face
Are wither'd by a nod.
Wilt thou then forfeit that high seat
Deserved by many a dauntless feat,
Among the heroes of thy line.

Eric and fiery Thorarine?—
 Thou wilt not. Only I can give
 The joys for which the valiant live,
 Victory and vengeance—only I
 Can give the joys for which they die,
 The immortal tilt—the banquet full,
 The brimming draught from foeman's skull.
 Mine art thou, witness this thy glove,
 The faithful pledge of vassal's love.”—

XV.

“ Tempter,” said Harold, firm of heart,
 “ I charge thee, hence ! whate'er thou art,
 I do defy thee—and resist
 The kindling frenzy of my breast,
 Waked by thy words ; and of my mail,
 Nor glove, nor buckler, splent, nor nail,
 Shall rest with thee—that youth release,
 And God, or Demon, part in peace.”—
 “ Eivir,” the Shape replied, “ is mine,
 Mark'd in the birth-hour with my sign.
 Think'st thou that priest with drops of spray
 Could wash that blood-red mark away ?
 Or that a borrow'd sex and name
 Can abrogate a godhead's claim ?”
 Thrill'd this strange speech through Harold's
 brain,
 He clench'd his teeth in high disdain,
 For not his new-born faith subdued
 Some tokens of his ancient mood.—

“Now, by the hope so lately given
Of better trust and purer heaven,
I will assail thee, fiend !”—Then rose
His mace, and with a storm of blows
The mortal and the Demon close.

XVI.

Smoke roll'd above, fire flash'd around,
Darken'd the sky and shook the ground ;
 But not the artillery of hell,
The bickering lightning, nor the rock
Of turrets to the earthquake's shock,
 Could Harold's courage quell.
Sternly the Dane his purpose kept,
And blows on blows resistless heap'd,
 Till quail'd that Demon Form,
And—for his power to hurt or kill
Was bounded by a higher will—
 Evanish'd in the storm.
Nor paused the Champion of the North,
But raised, and bore his Eivir forth,
From that wild scene of fiendish strife,
To light, to liberty, and life !

XVII.

He placed her on a bank of moss,
 A silver runnel bubbled by,
And new-born thoughts his soul engross,
And tremors yet unknown across
 His stubborn sinews fly,

The while with timid hand the dew
 Upon her brow and neck he threw,
 And mark'd how life with rosy hue
 On her pale cheek revived anew,
 And glimmer'd in her eye.
 Inly he said, "That silken tress,—
 What blindness mine that could not guess!
 Or how could page's rugged dress
 That bosom's pride belie?
 O, dull of heart, through wild and wave,
 In search of blood and death to rave,
 With such a partner nigh!"¹

XVIII.

Then in the mirror'd pool he peer'd,
 Blamed his rough locks and shaggy beard,
 The stains of recent conflict clear'd,—
 And thus the Champion proved,
 That he fears now who never fear'd,
 And loves who never loved.
 And Eivir—life is on her cheek,
 And yet she will not move or speak,
 Nor will her eyelid fully ope;
 Perchance it loves, that half-shut eye,
 Through its long fringe, reserved and shy,

¹ [Mr. Adolphus, in his Letters on the Author of Waverley p. 230, remarks on the coincidence between "the catastrophe of 'The Black Dwarf,' the recognition of Mortham's lost son in the Irish orphan of 'Rokeby,' and the conversion of Harold's page into a female,"—all which he calls "specimens of unsuccessful contrivance, at a great expense of probability."]

Affection's opening dawn to spy ;
And the deep blush, which bids its dye
O'er cheek, and brow, and bosom fly,
Speaks shame-facedness and hope.

XIX.

But vainly seems the Dane to seek
For terms his new-born love to speak,—
For words, save those of wrath and wrong,
Till now were strangers to his tongue ;
So, when he raised the blushing maid,
In blunt and honest terms he said,
(’Twere well that maids, when lovers woo,
Heard none more soft, were all as true,)
“Eivir! since thou for many a day
Hast follow’d Harold’s wayward way,
It is but meet that in the line
Of after-life I follow thine.
To-morrow is Saint Cuthbert’s tide,
And we will grace his altar’s side
A Christian knight and Christian bride ;
And of Witikind’s son shall the marvel be said,
That on the same morn he was christen’d and wed.”

CONCLUSION.

AND now, Ennui, what ails thee, weary maid?
And why these listless looks of yawning sorrow?
No need to turn the page, as if 'twere lead,
Or fling aside the volume till to-morrow.—
Be cheer'd—'tis ended—and I will not borrow,
To try thy patience more, one anecdote
From Bartholine, or Perinskiold, or Snorro.
Then pardon thou thy minstrel, who hath wrote
A Tale six cantos long, yet scorn'd to add a note.¹

¹ [“ ‘Harold the Dauntless,’ like ‘The Bridal of Trierman,’ is a tolerably successful imitation of some parts of the style of Mr. Walter Scott; but, like all imitations, it is clearly distinguishable from the prototype; it wants the life and seasoning of originality. To illustrate this familiarly from the stage: We have all witnessed a hundred imitations of popular actors—of Kemble, for instance, in which the voice, the gesture, and somewhat even of the look, were copied. In externals the resemblance might be sufficiently correct; but where was the informing soul, the mind that dictated the

action and expression? Who could endure the tedium of seeing the imitator go through a whole character? In 'Harold the Dauntless,' the imitation of Mr. Scott is pretty obvious, but we are weary of it before we arrive near the end. The author has talent, and considerable facility in versification, and on this account it is somewhat lamentable, not only that he should not have selected a better model, but that he should copy the parts of that model which are least worthy of study. Perhaps it was not easy to equal the energy of Mr. Scott's line, or his picturesque descriptions. His peculiarities and defects were more attainable, and with these the writer of this novel in verse has generally contented himself; he will also content a certain number of readers, who merely look for a few amusing or surprising incidents. In these, however, 'Harold the Dauntless' does not abound so much as 'The Bridal of Triermain.' They are indeed romantic enough to satisfy all the parlour-boarders of ladies' schools in England; but they want that appearance of probability which should give them interest." *Critical Review*, April, 1817.

"We had formerly occasion to notice, with considerable praise, *The Bridal of Triermain*. We remarked it as a pretty close imitation of Mr. Scott's poetry; and as that great master seems for the present to have left his lyre unstrung, a substitute, even of inferior value, may be welcomed by the public. It appears to us, however, and still does, that the merit of the present author consists rather in the soft and wildly tender passages, than in those rougher scenes of feud and fray, through which the poet of early times conducts his reader. His war-horse follows with somewhat of a hobbling pace, the proud and impetuous courser whom he seeks to rival. Unfortunately, as it appears to us, the last style of poetical excellence is rather more aimed at here than in the former poem; and as we do not discover any improvement in the mode of treating it, *Harold the Dauntless* scarcely appears to us to equal the *Bridal of Triermain*. It contains,

indeed, passages of similar merit, but not quite so numerous; and such, we suspect, will ever be the case while the author continues to follow after this line of poetry."—*Scots Mag.*, Feb. 1817.

"This is an elegant, sprightly, and delightful little poem, written apparently by a person of taste and genius, but who either possesses not the art of forming and combining a plot, or regards it only as a secondary and subordinate object. In this we do not widely differ from him, but are sensible, meantime, that many others will; and that the rambling and uncertain nature of the story will be the principal objection urged against the poem before us, as well as the greatest bar to its extensive popularity. The character of Mr. Scott's romances has effected a material change in our mode of estimating poetical compositions. In all the estimable works of our former poets, from Spenser down to Thomson and Cowper, the plot seems to have been regarded as good or bad, only in proportion to the advantages which it furnished for poetical description; but, of late years, one half, at least, of the merit of a poem is supposed to rest on the interest and management of the tale.

"We speak not exclusively of that numerous class of readers who peruse and estimate a new poem, or any poem, with the same feelings, and precisely on the same principles, as they do a novel. It is natural for such persons to judge only by the effect produced by the incidents; but we have often been surprised that some of our literary critics, even those to whose judgment we were most disposed to bow, should lay so much stress on the probability and fitness of every incident which the fancy of the poet may lead him to embellish in the course of a narrative poem, a great proportion of which must necessarily be descriptive. The author of *Harold the Dauntless* seems to have judged differently from these critics; and in the lightsome rapid strain of poetry which he has chosen, we feel no disposition to quarrel with him on account of the easy and careless manner in which he has arranged his story. In many instances he undoubtedly

shows the hand of a master, and has truly studied and seized the essential character of the antique—his attitudes and draperies are unconfined, and varied with demitints, possessing much of the lustre, freshness, and spirit of Rembrandt. The air of his heads have grace, and his distances something of the lightness and keeping of Salvator Rosa. The want of harmony and union in the carnations of his females is a slight objection, and there is likewise a meagre *sheetiness* in his contrasts of *chiaroscuro*; but these are all redeemed by the felicity, execution, and master traits, distinguishable in his grouping, as in a Murillo or Carraveggio.

“But the work has another quality, and though its leading one, we do not know whether to censure or approve it. It is an avowed imitation, and therefore loses part of its value, if viewed as an original production. On the other hand, regarded solely as an imitation, it is one of the closest and most successful, without being either a caricature or a parody, that perhaps ever appeared in any language. Not only is the general manner of Scott ably maintained throughout, but the very structure of the language, the associations, and the train of thinking, appear to be precisely the same. It was once alleged by some writers, that it was impossible to imitate Mr. Scott's style, but it is now fully proved to the world, that there is no style more accessible to imitation; for it will be remarked, (laying parodies aside, which any one may execute,) that Mr. Davidson and Miss Halford, as well as Lord Byron and Wordsworth, each in one instance, have all, without, we believe, intending it, imitated him with considerable closeness. The author of the Poetic Mirror has given us one specimen of his most polished and tender style, and another, still more close, of his rapid and careless manner; but *all of them fall greatly short of The Bridal of Triermain, and the poem now before us*. We are sure the author will laugh heartily in his sleeve at our silliness and want of perception, when we confess to him, that we never could open either of these works, and peruse his pages for two minutes with attention, and at the same time divest our minds of the idea, that we were engaged in an early or experimental work of that great master. That they are generally inferior to the works

of Mr. Scott, in vigour and interest, admits not of dispute; still they have many of his wild and softer beauties; and if they fail to be read and admired, we shall not on that account think the better of the taste of the age."—*Blackwood's Magazine*, April, 1817.]

END OF HAROLD THE DAUNTLESS.

THE
FIELD OF WATERLOO.

A POEM.

“Though Valois braved young Edward’s gentle hand,
And Albert rush’d on Henry’s way-worn band,
With Europe’s chosen sons, in arms renown’d,
Yet not on Vere’s bold archers long they look’d,
Nor Audley’s squires nor Mowbray’s yeomen brook’d,—
They saw their standard fall, and left their monarch bound.”

AKENSIDE.

A D V E R T I S E M E N T .

It may be some apology for the imperfections of this poem, that it was composed hastily, and during a short tour upon the Continent, when the Author's labours were liable to frequent interruption ; but its best apology is, that it was written for the purpose of assisting the Waterloo Subscription.

Abbotsford, 1815.

TO
HER GRACE
THE
DUCHESS OF WELLINGTON
PRINCESS OF WATERLOO,

ſc. ſc. ſc.

THE FOLLOWING VERSES
ARE MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

BY
THE AUTHOR.

THE
FIELD OF WATERLOO.

I.

FAIR Brussels, thou art far behind,
Though, lingering on the morning wind,
 We yet may hear the hour
Peal'd over orchard and canal,
With voice prolong'd and measured fall,
 From proud St. Michael's tower ;
Thy wood, dark Soignies, holds us now,¹
Where the tall beeches' glossy bough
 For many a league around,
With birch and darksome oak between,

¹ ["The wood of Soignies is supposed to be a remnant of the forest of Ardennes, famous in Boiardo's Orlando, and immortal in Shakspeare's 'As you Like it.' It is also celebrated in Tacitus as being the spot of successful defence by the Germans against the Roman encroachments."—BYRON.]

Spreads deep and far a pathless screen,
 Of tangled forest ground.
 Stems planted close by stems defy
 The adventurous foot—the curious eye
 For access seeks in vain ;
 And the brown tapestry of leaves,
 Strew'd on the blighted ground, receives
 Nor sun nor air, nor rain.
 No opening glade dawns on our way,
 No streamlet glancing to the ray,
 Our woodland path has cross'd ;
 And the straight causeway which we tread,
 Prolongs a line of dull arcade,
 Unvarying through the unvaried shade
 Until in distance lost.

II.

A brighter, livelier scene succeeds ;¹
 In groups the scattering wood recedes,

¹ [“ Southward from Brussels lies the field of blood,
 Some three hours' journey for a well-girt man :
 A horseman who in haste pursued his road
 Would reach it as the second hour began.
 The way is through a forest deep and wide,
 Extending many a mile on either side.

“ No cheerful woodland this of antic trees,
 With thickets varied and with sunny glade.
 Look where he will, the weary traveller sees
 One gloomy, thick, impenetrable shade
 Of tall straight trunks, which move before his sight,
 With interchange of lines of long green light.

Hedge-rows, and huts, and sunny meads,
 And corn-fields, glance between ;
 The peasant, at his labour blithe,
 Plies the hook'd staff and shorten'd scythe :—¹
 But when these ears were green,
 Placed close within destruction's scope,
 Full little was that rustic's hope
 Their ripening to have seen !
 And, lo, a hamlet and its fane :—
 Let not the gazer with disdain
 Their architecture view ;
 For yonder rude ungraceful shrine,
 And disproportioned spire, are thine,²
 Immortal WATERLOO !³

“ Here, where the woods receding from the road
 Have left on either hand an open space
 For fields and gardens, and for man's abode,
 Stands Waterloo; a little lowly place
 Obscure till now, when it hath risen to fame,
 And given the victory its English name.”

SOUTHEY'S *Pilgrimage to Waterloo.*]

¹ The reaper in Flanders carries in his left hand a stick with an iron hook, with which he collects as much grain as he can cut at one sweep with a short scythe, which he holds in his right hand. They carry on this double process with great spirit and dexterity.

² [MS.—“ Let not the stranger with disdain

Its misproportions view ;

Yon { rudely form'd } ungraceful shrine
 { awkward and }

And yonder humble spire, are thine.”]

³ [“ What time the second Carlos ruled in Spain,
 Last of the Austrian line by fate decreed,

III.

Fear not the heat, though full and high
 The sun has scorch'd the autumn sky,
 And scarce a forest straggler now
 To shade us spreads a greenwood bough ;
 These fields have seen a hotter day
 Than e'er was fired by sunny ray.¹
 Yet one mile on—yon shatter'd hedge
 Crests the soft hill whose long smooth ridge
 Looks on the field below,
 And sinks so gently on the dale,
 That not the folds of Beauty's veil
 In easier curves can flow.
 Brief space from thence, the ground again
 Ascending slowly from the plain,
 Forms an opposing screen,
 Which, with its crest of upland ground,
 Shuts the horizon all around.
 The soften'd vale between
 Slopes smooth and fair for courser's tread :
 Not the most timid maid need dread

Here Castanaza rear'd a votive fane,
 Praying the patron saints to bless with seed
 His childless sovereign. Heaven denied an heir,
 And Europe mourn'd in blood the frustrate prayer."

SOUTHEY.

To the original chapel of the Marquis of Castanaza has now been added a building of considerable extent, the whole interior of which is filled with monumental inscriptions for the heroes who fell in the battle.]

¹ [The MS. has not this couplet.]

To give her snow-white palfrey head
 On that wide stubble-ground ;¹
 Nor wood, nor tree, nor bush, are there,
 Her course to intercept or scare,
 Nor fosse nor fence are found,
 Save where, from out her shatter'd bowers,
 Rise Hougomont's dismantled towers.²

IV.

Now, see'st thou aught in this lone scene
 Can tell of that which late hath been?—
 A stranger might reply,
 "The bare extent of stubble-plain
 Seems lately lighten'd of its grain;
 And yonder sable tracks remain
 Marks of the peasant's ponderous wain,
 When harvest-home was nigh."³

¹ ["As a plain, Waterloo seems marked out for the scene of some great action, though this may be mere imagination. I have viewed with attention those of Platea, Troy, Mantinea, Leuctra, Chæronea, and Marathon; and the field around Mont St. Jean and Hougomont appears to want little but a better cause, and that indefinable but impressive halo which the lapse of ages throws around a consecrated spot, to vie in interest with any or all of these, except, perhaps, the last mentioned." BYRON.]

² [MS.—"Save where, { its } fire-scattered bowers among,
 { the }
 Rise the rent towers of Hougomont."']

³ ["Is the spot mark'd with no colossal bust,
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
 None: But the moral's truth tells simpler so.

On these broad spots of trampled ground,
 Perchance the rustics danced such round
 As Teniers loved to draw ;
 And where the earth seems scorch'd by flame,
 To dress the homely feast they came,
 And toil'd the kerchief'd village dame
 Around her fire of straw."

V.

So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
 Of that which is from that which seems :—
 But other harvest here,
 Than that which peasant's scythe demands,
 Was gather'd in by sterner hands,
 With bayonet, blade, and spear.

As the ground was before, thus let it be;—
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !
 And is this all the world has gain'd by thee,
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?"

BYRON.

" Was it a soothing or a mournful thought,
 Amid this scene of slaughter as we stood,
 Where armies had with recent fury fought,
 To mark how gentle Nature still pursued
 Her quiet course, as if she took no care
 For what her noblest work had suffer'd there ?

The pears had ripen'd on the garden wall ;
 Those leaves which on the autumnal earth were spread,
 The trees, though pierced and scared with many a ball,
 Had only in their natural season shed ;
 Flowers were in seed, whose buds to swell began
 When such wild havoc here was made by man."

SOUTHEY.]

No vulgar crop was theirs to reap,
 No stinted harvest thin and cheap !
 Heroes before each fatal sweep
 Fell thick as ripen'd grain ;
 And ere the darkening of the day,
 Piled high as autumn shocks, there lay
 The ghastly harvest of the fray,
 The corpses of the slain.¹

VI.

Ay, look again—that line so black
 And trampled marks the bivouack,
 Yon deep-graved ruts the artillery's track,
 So often lost and won ;
 And close beside, the harden'd mud
 Still shows where, fetlock-deep in blood,
 The fierce dragoon, through battle's flood,
 Dash'd the hot war-horse on.

¹ [“ Earth had received into her silent womb
 Her slaughter'd creatures: horse and man they lay,
 And friend and foe, within the general tomb.
 Equal had been their lot; one fatal day
 For all, . . . one labour, . . . and one place of rest
 They found within their common parent's breast.

The passing seasons had not yet effaced
 The stamp of numerous hoofs impress'd by force
 Of cavalry, whose path might still be traced.
 Yet Nature everywhere resumed her course;
 Low pansies to the sun their purple gave,
 And the soft poppy blossom'd on the grave.”

SOUTHEY.]

These spots of excavation tell
 The ravage of the bursting shell—
 And feel'st thou not the tainted steam,
 That reeks against the sultry beam,
 From yonder trenched mound?
 The pestilential fumes declare
 That Carnage has replenish'd there
 Her garner-house profound.

VII.

Far other harvest-home and feast,
 Than claims the boor from scythe released,
 On these scorch'd fields were known!
 Death hover'd o'er the maddening rout,
 And, in the thrilling battle-shout,
 Sent for the bloody banquet out
 A summons of his own.
 Through rolling smoke the Demon's eye
 Could well each destined guest espy,
 Well could his ear in ecstasy
 Distinguish every tone
 That fill'd the chorus of the fray—
 From cannon-roar and trumpet-bray,
 From charging squadrons' wild hurra,
 From the wild clang that mark'd their way,—
 Down to the dying groan,
 And the last sob of life's decay,
 When breath was all but flown.

VIII.

Feast on, stern foe of mortal life,
 Feast on!—but think not that a strife,
 With such promiscuous carnage rife,
 Protracted space may last ;
 The deadly tug of war at length
 Must limits find in human strength,
 And cease when these are past.
 Vain hope!—that morn's o'erclouded sun
 Heard the wild shout of fight begun
 Ere he attain'd his height,
 And through the war-smoke, volumed high,
 Still peals that unremitted cry,
 Though now he stoops to night.
 For ten long hours of doubt and dread,
 Fresh succours from the extended head
 Of either hill the contest fed ;
 Still down the slope they drew,
 The charge of columns paused not,
 Nor ceased the storm of shell and shot ;
 For all that war could do
 Of skill and force was proved that day,
 And turn'd not yet the doubtful fray
 On bloody Waterloo.

IX.

Pale Brussels ! then what thoughts were thine,

¹ It was affirmed by the prisoners of war, that Bonaparte had promised his army, in case of victory, twenty-four hours plunder of the city of Brussels.

When ceaseless from the distant line
 Continued thunders came ;
 Each burgher held his breath to hear
 These forerunners¹ of havoc near,
 Of rapine and of flame.

What ghastly sights were thine to meet,
 When rolling² through thy stately street,
 'The wounded show'd their mangled plight'³
 In token of the unfinish'd fight,
 And from each anguish-laden wain
 The blood-drops laid thy dust like rain !⁴

¹ [MS.—“ Harbingers.”]

² [MS.—“ Streaming.”]

³ [MS.—“ Bloody plight.”]

⁴ [“ Within those walls there linger'd at that hour,
 Many a brave soldier on the bed of pain,
 Whom aid of human art should ne'er restore
 To see his country and his friends again ;
 And many a victim of that fell debate,
 Whose life yet waver'd in the scales of fate.

“ Others in wagons borne abroad I saw,
 Albeit recovering, still a mournful sight ;
 Languid and helpless, some were stretch'd on straw
 Some more advanced, sustain'd themselves upright,
 And with bold eye and careless front, methought,
 Seem'd to set wounds and death again at nought.

“ What had it been, then, in the recent days
 Of that great triumph, when the open wound
 Was festering, and along the crowded ways,
 Hour after hour was heard the incessant sound
 Of wheels, which o'er the rough and stony road
 Convey'd their living, agonizing load !

How often in the distant drum
 Heard'st thou the fell Invader come,
 While Ruin, shouting to his band,
 Shook high her torch and gory brand!—
 Cheer thee, fair City! From yon stand,
 Impatient, still his outstretch'd hand
 Points to his prey in vain,
 While maddening in his eager mood,
 And all unwont to be withstood,
 He fires the fight again.

X.

“On! On!” was still his stern exclaim;
 “Confront the battery's jaws of flame!
 Rush on the levell'd gun!
 My steel-clad cuirassiers, advance!
 Each Hulan forward with his lance,
 My Guard—my Chosen—charge for France,
 France and Napoleon!”¹

“Hearts little to the melting mood inclined,
 Grew sick to see their sufferings; and the thought
 Still comes with horror to the shuddering mind,
 Of those sad days, when Belgian ears were taught
 The British soldier's cry, half groan, half prayer,
 Breath'd when his pain is more than he can bear.”

SOUTHEY.]

¹ The characteristic obstinacy of Napoleon was never more fully displayed than in what we may be permitted to hope will prove the last of his fields. He would listen to no advice, and allow of no obstacles. An eyewitness has given the following account of his demeanour towards the end of the action:—

Loud answer'd their acclaiming shout,
 Greeting the mandate which sent out
 Their bravest and their best to dare
 The fate their leader shunn'd to share.¹

“ It was near seven o'clock ; Bonaparte, who till then had remained upon the ridge of the hill whence he could best behold what passed, contemplated with a stern countenance the scene of this horrible slaughter. The more that obstacles seemed to multiply, the more his obstinacy seemed to increase. He became indignant at these unforeseen difficulties ; and, far from fearing to push to extremities an army whose confidence in him was boundless, he ceased not to pour down fresh troops, and to give orders to march forward—to charge with the bayonet—to carry by storm. He was repeatedly informed, from different points, that the day went against him, and that the troops seemed to be disordered ; to which he only replied—‘ *En-avant! En-avant!* ’

“ One general sent to inform the Emperor that he was in a position which he could not maintain, because it was commanded by a battery, and requested to know, at the same time, in what way he should protect his division from the murderous fire of the English artillery. ‘ Let him storm the battery,’ replied Bonaparte, and turned his back on the aide-de-camp who brought the message.”—*Relatione de la Bataille de-Mont-St-Jean. Par un Témoin Oculaire.* Paris, 1815, 8vo, p. 51.

¹ It has been reported that Bonaparte charged at the head of his guards, at the last period of this dreadful conflict. This, however, is not accurate. He came down indeed to a hollow part of the high road, leading to Charleroi, within less than a quarter of a mile of the farm of La Haye Sainte, one of the points most fiercely disputed. Here he harangued the guards, and informed them that his preceding operations had destroyed the British infantry and cavalry, and that they had only to support the fire of the artillery, which they were to attack with the bayonet. This exhortation was received with shouts of *Vive l'Empereur*, which were heard over all our line, and

But HE, his country's sword and shield,
 Still in the battle-front reveal'd,
 Where danger fiercest swept the field,
 Came like a beam of light,
 In action prompt, in sentence brief—
 "Soldiers, stand firm," exclaim'd the Chief,
 "England shall tell the fight!"¹

XI.

On came the whirlwind—like the last
 But fiercest sweep of tempest-blast—

led to an idea that Napoleon was charging in person. But the guards were led on by Ney; nor did Bonaparte approach nearer the scene of action than the spot already mentioned, which the rising banks on each side rendered secure from all such balls as did not come in a straight line. He witnessed the earlier part of the battle from places yet more remote, particularly from an observatory which had been placed there by the King of the Netherlands, some weeks before, for the purpose of surveying the country.² It is not meant to infer from these particulars that Napoleon showed, on that memorable occasion, the least deficiency in personal courage; on the contrary, he evinced the greatest composure and presence of mind during the whole action. But it is no less true that report has erred in ascribing to him any desperate efforts of valour for recovery of the battle; and it is remarkable, that during the whole carnage, none of his suite were either killed or wounded, whereas scarcely one of the Duke of Wellington's personal attendants escaped unhurt.

¹ In riding up to a regiment which was hard pressed, the Duke called to the men, "Soldiers, we must never be beat,—what will they say in England?" It is needless to say how this appeal was answered.

² The mistakes concerning this observatory have been mutual. The English supposed it was erected for the use of Bonaparte: and a French writer affirms it was constructed by the Duke of Wellington.

On came the whirlwind—steel-gleams broke
 Like lightning through the rolling smoke ;
 The war was waked anew,
 Three hundred cannon-mouths roar'd loud,
 And from their throats, with flash and cloud,
 Their showers of iron threw.
 Beneath their fire, in full career,
 Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier,
 The lancer couch'd his ruthless spear,
 And hurrying as to havoc near,
 The cohorts' eagles flew.
 In one dark torrent, broad and strong,
 The advancing onset roll'd along,
 Forth harbinger'd by fierce acclaim,
 That, from the shroud of smoke and flame,
 Peal'd wildly the imperial name.

XII.

But on the British heart were lost
 The terrors of the charging host ;
 For not an eye the storm that view'd
 Changed its proud glance of fortitude,
 Nor was one forward footstep staid,
 As dropp'd the dying and the dead.¹
 Fast as their ranks the thunders tear,
 Fast they renew'd each serried square ;
 And on the wounded and the slain
 Closed their diminish'd files again,

¹ [MS.—“ Nor was one forward footstep stopp'd,
 Though close beside a comrade dropp'd.”]

Till from their line scarce spears' lengths three,
Emerging from the smoke they see
Helmet, and plume, and panoply,—

Then waked their fire at once!

Each musketeer's revolving knell,
As fast, as regularly fell,
As when they practise to display
Their discipline on festal day.

Then down went helm and lance,
Down were the eagle banners sent,
Down reeling steeds and riders went,
Corslets were pierced, and pennons rent;

And, to augment the fray,

Wheel'd full against their staggering flanks,
The English horsemen's foaming ranks

Forced their resistless way.

Then to the musket-knell succeeds
The clash of swords—the neigh of steeds—
As plies the smith his clanging trade,¹
Against the cuirass rang the blade;²
And while amid their close array
The well-served cannon rent their way,³

¹ A private soldier of the 95th regiment compared the sound which took place immediately upon the British cavalry mingling with those of the enemy, to "*a thousand tinkers at work mending pots and kettles.*"

² ["I heard the broadswords' deadly clang,
As if an hundred anvils rang!"]

Lady of the Lake.]

³ [MS.—"Beneath that storm, in full career,
Rush'd on the ponderous cuirassier;

And while amid their scatter'd band
 Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
 Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
 Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
 Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host,
 Their leaders fall'n, their standards lost.

XIII.

Then, WELLINGTON! thy piercing eye
 This crisis caught of destiny—
 The British host had stood
 That morn 'gainst charge of sword and lance¹

The lancer { came with levell'd } spear,
 { couch'd his fatal }
 Sworn { each } to do or die;
 { all }

But not an instant would they bear

The { thunders } of each serried square,
 { vollies }

They halt, they turn, they fly!

Not even their chosen brook to feel

The British shock of levell'd steel;

Enough that through their close array

The well-plied cannon tore their way;

Enough that mid their broken band

The horsemen plied the bloody brand,

Recoil'd," &c.]

¹ ["The cuirassiers continued their dreadful onset, and rode up to the squares in the full confidence, apparently, of sweeping every thing before the impetuosity of their charge. Their onset and reception was like a furious ocean pouring itself against a chain of insulated rocks. The British squares stood unmoved, and never gave fire until the cavalry were within ten yards, when men rolled one way, horses galloped another and the cuirassiers were in every instance driven back."—*Life of Bonaparte*, vol. viii. p. 487.]

As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said "Advance!"

They were their ocean's flood.—

O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide
The terrors of yon rushing tide?

Or will thy chosen brook to feel
The British shock of levell'd steel,¹

Or dost thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresher thunders wake the war,

¹ No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The Imperial Guards, in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment, "The Guards never yield—they die." The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence of St. Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and intrenchments which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respects curious, was written by an eyewitness, he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and ditch which run along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticizing this work, that the writer mentions the Chateau of Hougomont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself; but the British (a detachment of the Guards, under the command of Colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of Colonel Home) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the Duke of Wellington's right flank.

And while amid their scatter'd band
 Raged the fierce rider's bloody brand,
 Recoil'd in common rout and fear,
 Lancer and guard and cuirassier,
 Horsemen and foot,—a mingled host,
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The British shock of levell'd steel;

Enough that through their close array

The well-plied cannon tore their way;

Enough that mid their broken band

The horsemen plied the bloody brand,

Recoil'd," &c.]

¹ ["The cuirassiers continued their dreadful onset, and rode up to the squares in the full confidence, apparently, of sweeping every thing before the impetuosity of their charge. Their onset and reception was like a furious ocean pouring itself against a chain of insulated rocks. The British squares stood unmoved, and never gave fire until the cavalry were within ten yards, when men rolled one way, horses galloped another and the cuirassiers were in every instance driven back."—*Life of Bonaparte*, vol. viii. p. 487.]

As their own ocean-rocks hold stance,
But when thy voice had said "Advance!"

They were their ocean's flood.—

O Thou, whose inauspicious aim
Hath wrought thy host this hour of shame,
Think'st thou thy broken bands will bide
The terrors of yon rushing tide?
Or will thy chosen brook to feel
The British shock of level'd steel,¹

Or dost thou turn thine eye
Where coming squadrons gleam afar,
And fresher thunders wake the war,

¹ No persuasion or authority could prevail upon the French troops to stand the shock of the bayonet. The Imperial Guards, in particular, hardly stood till the British were within thirty yards of them, although the French author, already quoted, has put into their mouths the magnanimous sentiment, "The Guards never yield—they die." The same author has covered the plateau, or eminence of St. Jean, which formed the British position, with redoubts and intrenchments which never had an existence. As the narrative, which is in many respects curious, was written by an eyewitness, he was probably deceived by the appearance of a road and ditch which run along part of the hill. It may be also mentioned, in criticizing this work, that the writer mentions the Chateau of Hougomont to have been carried by the French, although it was resolutely and successfully defended during the whole action. The enemy, indeed, possessed themselves of the wood by which it is surrounded, and at length set fire to the house itself; but the British (a detachment of the Guards, under the command of Colonel Macdonnell, and afterwards of Colonel Home) made good the garden, and thus preserved, by their desperate resistance, the post which covered the return of the Duke of Wellington's right flank.

And other standards fly?—
 Think not that in yon columns, file
 Thy conquering troops from Distant Dyle—
 Is Blucher yet unknown?
 Or dwells not in thy memory still,
 (Heard frequent in thine hour of ill,
 What notes of hate and vengeance thrill
 In Prussia's trumpet tone?—¹
 What yet remains?—shall it be thine
 To head the relics of thy line
 In one dread effort more?—
 The Roman lore thy leisure loved,²

¹ [MS.—“ Or can thy memory fail to quote,
 Heard to thy cost, the vengeful note
 Of Prussia's trumpet tone.”]

² [“ We observe a certain degree of similitude in some passages of Mr. Scott's present work, to the compositions of Lord Byron, and particularly his Lordship's Ode to Bonaparte; and we think that whoever peruses 'The Field of Waterloo,' with that Ode in his recollection, will be struck with this new resemblance. We allude principally to such passages as that which begins,

‘ The Roman lore thy leisure loved,’ &c.

and to such lines as,

‘ Now, see'st thou aught in this loved scene,
 Can tell of that which late hath been? ’

‘ So deem'st thou—so each mortal deems,
 Of that which is, from that which seems; ’

lines, by the way, of which we cannot express any very great admiration. This sort of influence, however, over even the principal writers of the day, (whether they are conscious of the influence or not,) is one of the surest tests of genius, and one of the proudest tributes which it receives.”—*Monthly Review.*]

And thou canst tell what fortune proved
That Chieftain, who, of yore,
Ambition's dizzy paths essay'd,
And with the gladiators' aid
For empire enterprised—
He stood the cast his rashness play'd,
Left not the victims he had made,
Dug his red grave with his own blade,
And on the field he lost was laid,
Abhorr'd—but not despised.¹

¹ ["When the engagement was ended, it evidently appeared with what undaunted spirit and resolution Catiline's army had been fired; for the body of every one was found on that very spot which, during the battle, he had occupied; those only excepted who were forced from their posts by the Prætorian cohort; and even they, though they fell a little out of their ranks, were all wounded before. Catiline himself was found, far from his own men, amidst the dead bodies of the enemy, breathing a little, with an air of that fierceness still in his face which he had when alive. Finally, in all his army, there was not so much as one free citizen taken prisoner, either in the engagement or in flight; for they spared their own lives as little as those of the enemy. The army of the republic obtained the victory, indeed, but it was neither a cheap nor a joyful one, for their bravest men were either slain in battle or dangerously wounded. As there were many, too, who went to view the field, either out of curiosity or a desire of plunder, in turning over the dead bodies, some found a friend, some a relation, and some a guest; others there were likewise who discovered their enemies; so that, through the whole army, there appeared a mixture of gladness and sorrow, joy and mourning."—SALLUST.]

XIV.

But if revolves thy fainter thought
 On safety—howsoever bought,
 Then turn thy fearful rein and ride,
 Though twice ten thousand men have died
 On this eventful day,
 To gild the military fame
 Which thou, for life, in traffic tame
 Wilt barter thus away.
 Shall future ages tell this tale
 Of inconsistency faint and frail?
 And art thou He of Lodi's bridge,
 Marengo's field, and Wagram's ridge!
 Or is thy soul like mountain-tide,
 That, swell'd by winter storm and shower,
 Rolls down in turbulence of power,
 A torrent fierce and wide;
 Reft of these aids, a rill obscure,
 Shrinking unnoticed, mean and poor,
 Whose channel shows display'd
 The wrecks of its impetuous course,
 But not one symptom of the force
 By which these wrecks were 'made!

XV.

Spur on thy way!—since now thine ear
 Has brook'd thy veterans' wish to hear,
 Who, as thy flight they eyed,
 Exclaim'd,—while tears of anguish came,
 Wrung forth by pride, and rage, and shame,—

"O, that he had but died!"¹
 But yet, to sum this hour of ill,
 Look, ere thou leavest the fatal hill,
 Back on yon broken ranks—
 Upon whose wild confusion gleams
 The moon, as on the troubled streams
 When rivers break their banks,
 And, to the ruin'd peasant's eye,
 Objects half seen roll swiftly by,
 Down the dread current hurl'd—
 So mingle banner, wain, and gun,
 Where the tumultuous flight rolls on
 Of warriors, who, when morn begun,²
 Defied a banded world.

XVI.

List—frequent to the hurrying rout,
 The stern pursuers' vengeful shout
 Tells, that upon their broken rear

[The MS. adds,

"That pang survived, refuse not then
 To humble thee before the men,
 Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
 Who shall thy once-imperial fate
 Make wordy theme of vain debate
 And chaffer for thy crown;
 As usurers wont, who suck the all
 Of the fool-hardy prodigal,
 When on the giddy dice's fall
 His latest hope has flown.
 But yet, to sum," &c.]

* [MS.—"Where in one tide of terror run
 The warriors that, wher morn begun."]

Rages the Prussian's bloody spear.
 So fell a shriek was none,
 When Beresina's icy flood
 Redden'd and thaw'd with flame and blood,¹
 And, pressing on thy desperate way,
 Raised oft and long their wild hurra,
 The children of the Don.
 Thine ear no yell of horror cleft
 So ominous, when, all bereft
 Of aid, the valiant Polack left—²
 Ay, left by thee—found soldier's grave³
 In Leipsic's corpse-encumber'd wave.
 Fate, in those various perils past,
 Reserved thee still some future cast;
 On the dread die thou now hast thrown,
 Hangs not a single field alone,
 Nor one campaign—thy martial fame,
 Thy empire, dynasty, and name,
 Have felt the final stroke;
 And now, o'er thy devoted head
 The last stern vial's wrath is shed,
 The last dread seal is broke.⁴

[MS.—“ So ominous a shriek was none,
 Not even when Beresina's flood
 Was thaw'd by streams of tepid blood.”]

² [For an account of the death of Poniatowski at Leipsic
 see Sir Walter Scott's *Life of Bonaparte*, vol. vii. p. 588.]

³ [MS.—“ Not such were heard, when, all bereft
 Of aid, the valiant Polack left—
 Ay, left by thee—found gallant grave.”]

⁴ [“ I, who with faith unshaken from the first,
 Even when the tyrant seem'd to touch the skies,

XVII.

Since live thou wilt—refuse not now
 Before these demagogues to bow,
 Late objects of thy scorn and hate,
 Who shall thy once imperial fate
 Make wordy theme of vain debate.—
 Or shall we say, thou stoop'st less low
 In seeking refuge from the foe,
 Against whose heart, in prosperous life,
 Thine hand hath ever held the knife?

Such homage hath been paid
 By Roman and by Grecian voice,
 And there were honour in the choice,
 If it were freely made.

Then safely come—in one so low,—
 So lost,—we cannot own a foe;
 Though dear experience bid us end,
 In thee we ne'er can hail a friend.—
 Come, howso'er—but do not hide
 Close in thy heart that germ of pride,
 Erewhile, by gifted bard espied,¹
 That “yet imperial hope;”²

Had look'd to see the high-blown bubble burst,
 And for a fall conspicuous as his rise,
 Even in that faith had look'd not for defeat
 So swift, so overwhelming, so complete.”—SOUTHEY]

¹ [MS. ————“ but do not hide
 Once more that secret germ of pride,
 Which erst yon gifted bard espied.”]

² [“ The Desolator desolate!
 The Victor overthrown !

XX.

Look forth, once more, with soften'd heart,
 Ere from the field of fame we part ;¹
 Triumph and Sorrow border near,
 And joy oft melts into a tear.
 Alas ! what links of love that morn
 Has War's rude hand asunder torn !
 For ne'er was field so sternly fought,
 And ne'er was conquest dearer bought.
 Here piled in common slaughter sleep
 Those whom affection long shall weep :
 Here rests the sire, that ne'er shall strain
 His orphans to his heart again ;
 The son, whom, on his native shore,
 The parent's voice shall bless no more ;
 The bridegroom, who has hardly press'd
 His blushing consort to his breast ;
 The husband, whom through many a year
 Long love and mutual faith endear.
 Thou canst not name one tender tie,
 But here dissolved its relics lie !
 O ! when thou see'st some mourner's veil
 Shroud her thin form and visage pale,
 Or mark'st the Matron's bursting tears

¹[" We left the field of battle in such mood
 As human hearts from thence should bear away ;
 And musing thus, our purposed route pursued,
 Which still through scenes of recent bloodshed lay,
 Where Prussia late, with strong and stern delight,
 Hung on her fated foes to persecute their flight."]

SOUTHEY.]

Stream when the stricken drum she hears ;
 Or see'st how manlier grief, suppress'd,
 Is labouring in a father's breast,—
 With no enquiry vain pursue
 The cause, but think on Waterloo !

XXI.

Period of honour as of woes,
 What bright careers 'twas thine to close !—
 Mark'd on thy roll of blood what names
 To Britain's memory, and to Fame's,
 Laid there their last immortal claims !
 Thou saw'st in seas of gore expire
 Redoubted PICTON's soul of fire—
 Saw'st in the mingled carnage lie
 All that of PONSONBY could die—
 DE LANCEY change Love's bridal-wreath,
 For laurels from the hand of Death—¹
 Saw'st gallant MILLER's ² failing eye
 Still bent where Albion's banners fly,

¹ [The Poet's friend, Colonel Sir William De Lancey, married the beautiful daughter of Sir James Hall, Bart., in April, 1815, and received his mortal wound on the 18th of June. See Captain B. Hall's affecting narrative in the first series of his "Fragments of Voyages and Travels," vol. ii. p. 369.]

² Colonel Miller, of the Guards—son to Sir William Miller, Lord Glenlee. When mortally wounded in the attack on the Bois de Bossu, he desired to see the colours of the regiment once more ere he died. They were waved over his head, and 'he expiring officer declared himself satisfied.]

And CAMERON,¹ in the shock of steel,
 Die like the offspring of Lochiel ;
 And generous GORDON,² 'mid the strife,
 Fall while he watch'd his leader's life.—
 Ah ! though her guardian angel's shield
 Fenced Britain's hero through the field,
 Fate not the less her power made known,
 Through his friends' hearts to pierce his own !

XXII.

Forgive, brave Dead, the imperfect lay !
 Who may your names, your numbers, say ?
 What high-strung harp, what lofty line,
 'To each the dear-earn'd praise assign,
 From high-born chiefs of martial fame
 To the poor soldier's lowlier name ?
 Lightly ye rose that dawning day,
 From your cold couch of swamp and clay,
 To fill, before the sun was low,
 The bed that morning cannot know.—
 Oft may the tear the green sod steep,
 And sacred be the heroes' sleep,
 Till time shall cease to run ;

¹ [" Colonel Cameron, of Fassiefern, so often distinguished in Lord Wellington's despatches from Spain, fell in the action at Quatre Bras, (16th June, 1815,) while leading the 92d, or Gordon Highlanders, to charge a body of cavalry, supported by infantry."—*Paul's Letters*, p. 91.]

² [Colonel the Honourable Sir Alexander Gordon, brother to the Earl of Aberdeen, who has erected a pillar on the spot where he fell by the side of the Duke of Wellington.]

And ne'er beside their noble grave,
 May Britain pass and fail to crave
 A blessing on the fallen brave
 Who fought with Wellington!

XXIII.

Farewell, sad Field! whose blighted face
 Wears desolation's withering trace;
 Long shall my memory retain
 Thy shatter'd huts and trampled grain,
 With every mark of martial wrong,
 That scathe thy towers, fair Hougomont!¹

¹ ["Beyond these points the fight extended not,
 Small theatre for such a tragedy!
 Its breadth scarce more, from eastern Popelot
 To where the groves of Hougomont on high
 Rear in the west their venerable head,
 And cover with their shade the countless dead.

"But wouldst thou tread this celebrated ground,
 And trace with understanding eyes a scene
 Above all other fields of war renown'd,
 From western Hougomont thy way begin;
 There was our strength on that side, and there first,
 In all its force, the storm of battle burst.—SOUTHEY.

Mr. Southey adds, in a note on these verses: "So important a battle, perhaps, was never before fought within so small an extent of ground. I computed the distance between Hougomont and Popelot at three miles: in a straight line it might probably not exceed two and a half.

"Our guide was very much displeas'd at the name which the battle had obtained in England,—'Why call it the battle of Waterloo?' he said,—'Call it Hougomont, call it La Haye Sainte, call it Popelot,—anything but Waterloo.'"—*Pilgrim age to Waterloo.*]

Yet though thy garden's green arcade
The marksman's fatal post was made,
Though on thy shatter'd beeches fell
The blended rage of shot and shell,
Though from thy blacken'd portals torn,
Their fall thy blighted fruit-trees mourn,
Has not such havoc bought a name
Immortal in the rolls of fame?
Yes—Agincourt may be forgot,
And Cressy be an unknown spot,
 And Blenheim's name be new ;
But still in story and in song,
For many an age remember'd long,
Shall live the towers of Hougomont,
 And Field of Waterloo.

CONCLUSION.

STERN tide of human Time! that know'st not rest,
But, sweeping from the cradle to the tomb,
Bear'st ever downward on thy dusky breast
Successive generations to their doom;
While thy capacious stream has equal room
For the gay bark where Pleasure's streamers
sport,
And for the prison-ship of guilt and gloom,
The fisher-skiff, and barge that bears a court,
Still wafting onward all to one dark silent port;—

Stern tide of Time! through what mysterious
change

Of hope and fear have our frail barks been
driven!

For ne'er, before, vicissitude so strange

Was to one race of Adam's offspring given.

And sure such varied change of sea and heaven,

Such unexpected bursts of joy and woe,

Such fearful strife as that where we have striven.

Succeeding ages ne'er again shall know,
 Until the awful term when Thou shalt cease to flow

Well hast thou stood, my Country!—the brave
 fight
 Hast well maintain'd through good report and ill ;
 In thy just cause and in thy native might,
 And in Heaven's grace and justice constant still ;
 Whether the banded prowess, strength, and skill
 Of half the world against thee stood array'd,
 Or when, with better views and freer will,
 Beside thee Europe's noblest drew the blade,
 Each emulous in arms the Ocean Queen to aid.

Well art thou now repaid—though slowly rose,
 And struggled long with mists thy blaze of fame,
 While like the dawn that in the orient glows
 On the broad wave its earlier lustre came ;¹
 Then eastern Egypt saw the growing flame,
 And Maida's myrtles gleam'd beneath its ray,
 Where first the soldier, stung with generous
 shame,
 Rivall'd the heroes of the wāt'ry way,
 And wash'd in foemen's gore unjust reproach away.

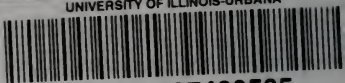
Now, Island Empress, wave thy crest on high,
 And bid the banner of thy Patron flow,
 Gallant Saint George, the flower of Chivalry,

¹ [MS.—“ On the broad ocean first its lustre came.”]

For thou hast faced, like him, a dragon foe,
And rescued innocence from overthrow,
And trampled down, like him, tyrannic might,
And to the gazing world mayst proudly show
The chosen emblem of thy sainted Knight,
Who quell'd devouring pride, and vindicated right.

Yet 'mid the confidence of just renown,
Renown dear-bought, but dearest thus acquired,
Write, Britain, write the moral lesson down:
'Tis not alone the heart with valour fired,
The discipline so dreaded and admired,
In many a field of bloody conquest known;
—Such may by fame be lured, by gold be
hired—
'Tis constancy in the good cause alone,
Best justifies the meed thy valiant sons have won.

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